

A

MANUAL

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

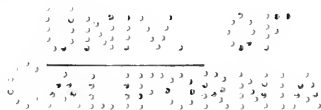
DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS OF ADVANCED GRADES.

BY

N. K. ROYSE,

AUTHOR OF "A MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."



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PREFACE.

IF the *matter* of the present work shall fail to apologize satisfactorily for its appearance in the already numerous family of manuals of English literature, it is still hoped that the *manner* in which such matter is presented—the *arrangement* of the work—will commend it as something unlike and possibly superior to its sister manuals as a *normal* guide to the student.

The author believes that the study of any literature properly begins with the writings of its living authors, and proceeds from these to those of modern, and from modern to those of early authors, the earliest coming last. And he rests his belief in this matter on the indisputable fact that the literature most readily comprehensible to any student is that of his own country and his own age; for the literary atmosphere—the peculiar idioms, the natural surroundings, the moral, æsthetical, social, and political ideas and sentiments—breathed by living, native authors is the same that is breathed by himself. An American student, therefore, should commence his study of literature with the writings of living American authors.* This done, the student's next step evidently is to take up the writings of living English authors, and from them, as from its mouth, to ascend the successive levels of the great stream of English literature to its fountain head. To facilitate this accomplishment is the purpose of the present manual.

* With a view to promote this end the author prepared, some years ago, his "Manual of American Literature."

It may be objected to the foregoing plan that the literature of no age can be intelligently studied without at the same time taking into account the national and social bearings upon it of preceding literary epochs. This is undoubtedly true; and to obviate the difficulty the author has devoted the first part of this work to a sketch of the *history* of English literature, beginning at its remote source and descending in chronological order to its present Amazonian mouth; for a satisfactory understanding of which the student need not to be acquainted with the writings of any author. The plan of the work, therefore, naturally divides itself into two parts—part first being a sketch of the history of English literature, chronologically considered, and part second an epitome of the lives and works of the representative writers of English literature, treated of in an inverse chronological order.

Another peculiarity of the present manual is, that it brings into prominent notice only such writers as are universally acknowledged to be *representative*. Life is not long enough—especially student life—for an exhaustive study of any literature; and if it were, it is questionable whether the wisest policy would not restrict one to a study of the works of the most eminent writers. Such, at any rate, is the policy of the present work, only fifty-three writers being treated of at length. Writers of less importance are scarcely more than named, classified, and located.

N. K. ROYSE.

CINCINNATI, 1881.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART I.



A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART I.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Celts.—The earliest inhabitants of the British Islands of whom we have any knowledge consisted of various branches—the Gaelic, the Cymric, the Teutonic, and the Scandinavian—of the great Celtic family, which, issuing from the East, had long before the Christian era fixed, in so far as their nomadic instinct would allow, their residence in those portions of northern and western Europe that border the Baltic and North seas. These pristine people, whom we shall now call Britons, at the time when Greek and Roman navigators made their acquaintance, had acquired in the southern and level portions of the island some rude knowledge of agriculture, and in their dwellings, in their implements of war, and their tools, and in their dress, had made some slight advance upon their aboriginal simplicity. But in the mountainous and less arable regions of the north and west, they very generally led the wandering life of herdsmen, tattooed their bodies, clothed themselves in skins of beasts, and lodged in miserable and temporary huts.

The entire people were divided into small tribes, each under the nominal control of a chieftain; for their innate spirit of independence would brook only the slightest political restraints. War was their almost constant employment; and consequently the attainment of physical strength and the skillful use of warlike weapons were the great objects of their ambition. Their religion was superstitious in the extreme, and their priests—the Druids—exercised, in a most absolute manner, the offices of religious and secular teachers, lawgivers, and judges.

Roman Domination.—But even these barbarians excited the cupidity of Julius Cæsar, and a portion of them at least, in 55 B.C., fell under the Roman yoke. The ensuing five hundred years, during which the conquerors maintained a more or less perfect control of the southern and central portions of the island, were productive of material changes in the manners and customs of the subjugated Britons. Their primitive mantle of skins was replaced by the toga, a vest, tunic, and trowsers of cloth; the rude hut and frail boat, made of osiers and skins, gave place to comparatively substantial and comfortable dwellings and serviceable galleys; a coined currency supplanted the practice of bartering; Christianity displaced Druidical worship; and not a few of the native youth repaired to Rome for their education, and, returning, did much toward promoting—what daily intercourse between the Romans and Britons had from the beginning necessitated—the introduction of divers Latin words and grammatical forms into their vernacular.

But this imposed and largely superficial civilization was doomed to an almost complete extinction; for when the Romans, in 448 A.D., withdrew from Britain, to defend their menaced empire at home, the aboriginal barbarians of the island—now known as Picts and Scots—swept like an avalanche from the mountain fastnesses of Caledonia and Wales, southward and eastward, desolating in a day, as it were, the exogenous growths of nearly five centuries.

The Saxon Conquest.—The Britons, enervated by the late domination of the Romans, called on the Saxons, the most formidable of those cognate Celtic tribes that inhabited the sea-coast from the mouth of the Rhine to Jutland, to assist them in repelling the invasion of the native barbarians. The Saxons readily responded; but having accomplished the work to which they were invited, next subjugated the Britons also; and subsequently, being reinforced by numerous swarms of their tribe from the Continent, they established, in a comparatively brief space, the Saxon Heptarchy.

Early Celtic Literature.—The fierce struggles which attended the Saxon triumph were productive of the earliest fruits of insular Celtic literature. The battle of Cattraeth, supposed to have been fought in 570, was celebrated by ANEURIN, one of the foremost of the ancient bards, in his poem of *Gododin*. Urien, the great Cymric chief of the north of England, had his warlike exploits sung by LLYWARCH the Old; while in the south, King Arthur's achievements were extolled by MERLIN.

Indeed, it is certain that, from the earliest centuries of the Chris-

tian era, there existed a distinct literary class among the Celts of the British Isles. The officially recognized poet, and the historian by hereditary descent, no less than the Druid and the chief, constituted essential features of the tribal establishment. A vivid and bold imagination, that sought expression in figurative language; delight in bright colors and in music; a high sense of honor, and a fervid religious enthusiasm,—these were the leading elements of the Celtic mind.

The Saxon conquest effectually drove the Celts of the north and west, and also many of the Britons, into the mountains of Wales, the highlands of Scotland, and across the sea into Ireland; and here, to-day, we find in the patois and old legends of the rustic population the nearest approximation to the speech and literature of the primitive inhabitants of the British Isles. The participation of the ancient Celtic speech in the present constitution of the English language is quite inappreciable, only a very small number of our words being traceable directly to the Celtic; and the influence of its rude and scanty literature it is beyond the nicest discernment to detect.

The Saxons.—The Saxons, who for the next four hundred years maintained rule in England, were a branch of the great Teutonic race which occupied western and north-western Europe. With heavy bodies, fierce blue eyes, flaxen hair, of a cold temperament, given to drunkenness and gluttony, and quarrelsome, it may be readily supposed that they were little, if any, superior to the supplanted Britons. But underneath these grossnesses there were large capabilities and noble tendencies. Earnestness, a spirit of self-reliance, fidelity to duty, a high sense of chastity, a masculine strength of will, and courage, were some of the native qualities of these inchoate Englishmen.

The Saxons, however, were not alone in their occupancy of England. Closely following them, there came to such portions of the island as lay opposite their continental homes, Scandinavians, Danes, and Frisians—the latter the ancestors of the modern Dutch,—all Teutonic tribes. These all, after some contention, through community of interest and intermarriages, very naturally fused together as one people, under the foreign name of ANGLO-SAXONS—the term meaning only English Saxon—but under the domestic name of ENGLISH. The inevitable result of this merging of tribes into a common people was a fusion also of the various Teutonic dialects, which these several tribes employed and which were closely related, into one common speech, which at home was called, after the people, English, and abroad, Anglo-Saxon.

Early Anglo-Saxon Literature.—These Teutonic immigrants brought to England, along with their weapons of war, savage customs, and pagan worship, certain rude battle-songs, and a heroic legend concerning a chief named *Beowulf*. After the fusion of tribes and dialects to which we have alluded had been accomplished, probably in the seventh century, this saga, or poem, was translated into the new tongue, and thus became *one of the most ancient monuments of Anglo-Saxon, or, as it is sometimes called, First English Literature.**

As early as the fourth century, it is pretty certain that Christian missionaries, both native and continental, began their pious labors in the British Isles. Such, of the native Celtic stock, were Morgan of England, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales. Indeed, it was mainly through Celtic teachers that the English of the north received their first religious instruction; and under these spiritual influences sprang up about 670 the second great poem of Anglo-Saxon literature—*Caedmon's Paraphrase.†*

In both of the foregoing poems, as well as in all others of an Anglo-Saxon origin, there was neither rhyme nor a regular recurrence of syllables of varying lengths. The sole secret of their mechanism lay in bringing together in the same line a certain number of words—two or three—beginning with the same letter, a species of meter called *alliteration*.

If we except two collections of Anglo-Saxon poems, known as the *Exeter Book* and the *Vercelli Book*, the writings of the period extending from the time of Caedmon to the Norman Conquest were, for the most part, produced by monastics in Latin, this language being most emphatically at that time the medium of the learned. Of such writers were Aldhelm, the "venerable" Bede, Wilfred, Alcuin, and John Scotus, surnamed Erigena. The most important of their writings was Bede's *Ecclesiastical History.‡*

* The poem describes the expedition of Beowulf, a prince of divine origin, from England to Norway, for the purpose of destroying a monster that secretly wrought havoc at night among the warrior sleepers in the royal hall. The hero succeeds in driving the monster, whose name was Grendel, back into his native fen. Afterward he himself becomes ruler, encounters another dragon, by which he is slain, and is finally buried under a great barrow on a lofty promontory. The incidents of the poem, though manifestly fictitious, vividly set forth the genuine lives of the Scandinavian and Danish chiefs of those days; the peculiar customs, ceremonies, and conversation of the old banquet hall, where were gathered the chief and his hearth-sharers, being graphically delineated.

† In this poem its author sings of Creation, the War in Heaven, Satan, the Fall of Man, the Flood, Abraham, the Passage of the Red Sea, and events of the Book of Daniel, closing the epic with Belshazzar's Feast.

‡ "Bede did not doubt reported miracles, and that part of the religious faith of his time supplies details which we should be glad now to exchange for other infor-

King Alfred, either personally or as a patron, also contributed much toward the literary advancement of his age by his translations of good and useful Latin writings, and by his establishment of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.

"The best Anglo-Saxon writers were purists in style, and reluctantly admitted Latin words into their vocabulary. Hence the number of such in the Anglo-Saxon Gospels, the works of Alfric and of Alfred, and, indeed, in all the native literature of England, so long as Anglo-Saxon continued to be a written language, is very small.

"Although the Anglo-Saxon is the bubbling well-spring whose sweet waters have given a specific flavor to the broader and more impetuous current of our maternal speech, yet the literature of ancient Anglia stands in no such relation to that of modern England. *Beowulf*, and the songs of Caedmon and Cynewulf, and even the relics of the great Alfred, were buried out of sight and forgotten long before any work, now recognized as distinctively English in spirit, had been conceived in the imagination of its author. The earliest truly English writers borrowed neither imagery nor thought nor plan, seldom even form, from older native models, and hence Anglo-Saxon literature, so far from being the mother, was not even the nurse of the infant genius which opened its eyes to the sun of England five centuries ago."*

The Norman Conquest.—The latter part of the eleventh century witnessed a momentous event for England, in its subjugation by the Normans under William the Conqueror. These Normans, though originally descended from the same Teutonic stock as were the Anglo-Saxons, had, by proximity of residence to and intercourse with the people of southern and interior Europe, imbibed from them no small draughts of civilization and culture. Their rude vernacular they had exchanged for a dialect of the great Romance speech, then prevalent in south-western Europe, and which was a modification of classical Latin. Their predatory and nomadic habits as Northmen, they had discarded for the systematic institutions of Feudalism, and their rugged sagas were displaced by the *lais*, *romances*, and *fabliaux* of the literature of chivalry.

These feudal institutions and this chivalresque literature and

mation upon matters whereof he gives too bare a chronicle; but whatever its defects, he has left us a history of the early years of England, succinct, yet often warm with life; business-like, and yet childlike in its tone; at once practical and spiritual, simply just, and the work of a true scholar, breathing love to God and man. We owe to Bede alone the knowledge of much that is most interesting in our early history. Bede died in the year 735, three years after the completion of his history."—*A First Sketch of English Literature*.—MORLEY.

* *The English Language and its Early Literature*.—MARSH.

language the Normans transplanted into England at the time of the Conquest. Superiority of skill in civic and military affairs remained with the conquerors, superiority of numbers with the conquered. The imported language—the Norman-French—became, therefore, the speech of the court and governing class; the native Anglo-Saxon continued to be the language of the masses; while Latin, as formerly, constituted the vehicle of the writings of monastics and the learned generally. Consequently, for about two hundred years after the Conquest, England presented the interesting spectacle of three distinct languages, each maintained by a class efficient either in point of intellectual or numerical force, subsisting side by side with but slight evidence of any intermixture. Of these three the Latin maintained a predominance as a written language. The chief authors were ecclesiastics.*

But the common people, as well as the cloistered and privileged classes, had their literary purveyors. Walter Map rendered into Anglo-Saxon, and, it is conceded, largely vitalized and gave present interest to, the romances concerning Arthur; while in the department of original vernacular poetry, we meet with Layamon, author of *Brut*,† a poem of 32,250 lines; Ormin, author of the poem *Ormulum*, and Nicholas of Guildford, author of *The Owl and the Nightingale*. Beside these, there sprung up *homilies*, *creeds*, *pater-nosters*, *gaudia*, and devotional poems in no small number. Translations also of popular French romances into the Anglo-Saxon were made in the reign of Henry III. Such, for example, were *King Horn*,

* Of such writers, we may name as the most prominent, Ordericus Vitalus, author of an *Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*; William of Malmesbury, author of the *History of the Kings of England*; Geoffrey of Monmouth, author of *History of British Kings*; John of Salisbury, Athelard of Bath, writers on mathematics and science; Ralph Glanville, author of a treatise *Upon the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom of England*; Joseph of Exeter and Alexander Neckam, authors of Latin poems; Geoffrey de Vinsauf, whose work, *De Nova Poetria*, was the earliest piece of literary criticism; Giraldus Cambrensis, author of *History of the Conquest of Ireland*; Roger Bacon, the great philosopher of his day, as attested by his works, *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium*. Other representatives of Anglo-Norman literature were, of theologians and schoolmen, Lanfranc, Anselm, Peter of Blois, Alexander Hales, John Scotus, William of Occam; of chroniclers, William of Poitiers, Henry of Huntingdon, Matthew Paris, Ralph Higden; of poets, Hilarius and Walter Mapes.

† "This commenced with the destruction of Troy and the flight of Æneas, from whom descended Brutus, the founder of the British monarchy, and extends to the reign of Athelstan. The authorities on which Layamon founds his narrative, as he himself states, are the English book that St. Beda made. The versification is irregular, sometimes unrhymed and alliterative, like that of the Anglo-Saxons, and sometimes rhymed like that of Wace; sometimes merely rhythmical, sometimes in lines composed of regular feet, thus showing, in the structure of the verse as well as in the syntax, evidences of Norman influence. The rhymed lines bear but a small proportion to the alliterative, and in general the rhythm follows that of Anglo-Saxon models."—*The English Language and its Early Literature*.—MARSH.

and the *Romance of Alexander*. To this period also belong the first *Miracle Plays* enacted in England, which were imported from France by Hilarius, an Englishman.

A New Language.—The potent influence exerted by a gradual commingling of social and political interests forbade that the linguistic barriers between ecclesiastic Latin, courtly Norman-French, and democratic Anglo-Saxon should long remain unbroken. The transaction of the ordinary affairs of life demanded a verbal understanding and communication between sovereign and subject, between knight and vassal, between priest and layman. This understanding and this communication were established by mutual sacrifices, principally of the structural peculiarities of the speech of each of the peoples brought into contact. Even before the Conquest, changes had begun to appear in the orthography of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; as, for instance, the substitution of the vowel *e* for the different inflectional terminations.

The Conquest brought about a large influx of French and Latin words, which found a permanent place in the subsequent language, either by crowding out vernaculars or else by expanding the vocabulary. Then, in the early and awkward attempts of each people to speak the language of the other, there arose marked contractions and modifications in pronunciation and orthography; inflections were ignorantly omitted; their places being taken by articles, auxiliaries, and prepositions. In this manner a new language began to assert itself in England, composed, as to its philological elements, of Norman-French, classic Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, and characterized, in grammatical structure, by the employment of particles and auxiliaries of relationship in place of the ancient inflections.*

In some such condition was the language when Chaucer, about the middle of the fourteenth century, seized on its yet plastic elements, and with a strong and skillful hand moulded them into definite and symmetrical structures. A special chapter will here-

* "The Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French, from the union of which the English is chiefly derived, were inflected languages, and had the syntactical peculiarities common to most grammars with inflections; but in the friction between the two, the variable and more loosely attached growths of both were rubbed off, and the speech of England, in becoming stamped as distinctively English, dropped so many native, and supplied their place with so few borrowed, verbal and nominal endings, that it ceased to belong to the inflected class of tongues, and adopted a grammar, founded in a considerable degree upon principles which characterize that of neither of the parent stocks from which it is derived. It is altogether a new philological individual, distinct in linguistic character from all other European speeches, and not theoretically to be assimilated to them."—*The English Language and its Early Literature*.—MARSH.

after be devoted to the writings of this illustrious pioneer of English literature.

Though, as we have seen, most of the writings now known to us, of the period reaching from the Conquest to Chaucer, were the works of ecclesiastics, and were composed in Latin, the sympathies of the masses demanded for their excitement, and realized too, compositions wrought in the vernacular dialect, and breathing a free and native spirit and fancy. Such were Richard Rolle's poem, *The Pricke of Conscience*, the war epics of Lawrence Minot, and Robert Langlande's *Vision of Piers Ploughman** (1360-1370).

The most considerable literary figure of this epoch, however, was John Gower, who wrote three great poetical works, *Speculum Meditantis*, in French; *Vox Clamantis*, in Latin; and *Confessio Amantis*, in English.†

English Prose Literature received its first contribution from Sir John de Mandeville, a traveler of extensive experience in Oriental lands. The account of his travels was dedicated to Edward III., in 1356.‡

* "*The Vision of Piers Ploughman* derives its interest, not from the absolute novelty of its revelation, but partly from its literary form, partly from the moral and social bearings of its subject—the corruptions of the nobility and of the several departments of the government, the vices of the clergy, and the abuses of the church; in short, from its connection with the actual life and opinion of its time, into which it gives us a clearer insight than many a labored history. Its dialect, its tone, and its poetic dress alike conspired to secure to the *Vision* a wide circulation among the commonalty of the realm. The movement of the poem is, to a considerable extent, dialogistic, and in these portions the dialect is evidently colloquial, though the characters are not sufficiently individualized to give the performance much of dramatic effect; but it seems extremely well calculated to influence the class for whose use it was chiefly intended, and the success it met with sufficiently proves that, in spite of its Latin quotations, it was, in the main, well suited to their comprehension."—*The English Language and its Early Literature*.—MARSH.

† "Of original imaginative power, the poem shows not the slightest trace, and its principal merit lies in the sententious passages which are here and there interspersed, and which, whether borrowed or original, are often pithy and striking. The *Confessio Amantis* did not directly aid in enlarging the vocabulary or improving the syntax of English; and it did not introduce new metrical forms or enrich the poetical diction. But it was useful in diffusing a knowledge of the new literary tongue, in familiarizing the English speech as a written language to those whose proper heritage it was—but who had been taught alien accents through a foreign nurse—thus giving to it its just and lawful predominance in the land where it was cradled, and had now grown to a strong and luxuriant adolescence.

"Gower was rather an imitator of Chaucer than the creator of his own literary style; but his works, as being of a higher moral tone, or at least of higher moral pretensions, and at the same time of less artificial refinement, were calculated to reach and influence a somewhat larger class than that which would be attracted by the poems of Chaucer, and, consequently, they seem to have had a wider circulation."—G. P. MARSH.

‡ Although the style and grammatical structure of Mandeville are idiomatic, yet the proportion of words of Latin and French origin employed by him in his straightforward, unpoetical, and unadorned narrative, is greater than that found in the

One more achievement, and that of primary importance, remains to be noticed; namely, *the translation of the Bible* into the new tongue, about 1380, by John de Wycliffe. The Anglo-Saxons had long before possessed a translation into their vernacular of the Gospels, and there were extant numerous translations of fragments of Scripture in the French; but, excepting the Psalter, there existed up to the time of which we now speak no translation into the new or English tongue of any considerable portion of the sacred writings. Grateful, no doubt, for the service the knowledge of God's word had rendered him, in enlightening his conscience and preparing his mind for an apprehension of the fallacies, presumptions, and corruptions of the priesthood and papacy, this pious, learned, and courageous priest resolved by his own labor, however vast, to place in the hands of the common people the same infallible safeguard of their sacred rights.*

The New Nation.—Concurrent with the development of the English language was the evolution of the English people. Just as the native Anglo-Saxon words came to take place side by side with Norman-French and scholarly Latin in the constitution of the new language, so the native people, either by coalition with disaffected Norman nobles, or by bold, independent struggles, succeeded gradually in raising themselves above the mean condition of serfs and vassals, to the enjoyment of personal liberty, the possession of political rights and property, and the exercise of official functions. The insular and continental wars waged by the Plantagenets discovered, in their most striking light, the sturdy energies and sterling virtues of the indigenous yeomanry of England; and it was soon realized by the ruling class that he who would insure control in the future affairs of the realm must respect and foster the welfare of the masses.

Out of this reciprocity of interests there speedily issued a spirit of unity and nationality,—each constituent element of the nationality parting, as in the fusion of the separate languages, with minor peculiarities, to assume harmonious relations in a new whole. Thus, about the middle of the fourteenth century, England dis-

works of Langlande, Chaucer, Gower, or any other English poet of that century.”—G. P. MARSH.

* “One of the most important effects produced by the Wycliffe versions on the English language was the establishment of what is called the sacred or religious dialect, which was first fixed in those versions, and has, with little variation, continued to be the language of devotion and of scriptural translation to the present day.

“Although Langlande and the school of Wycliffe are not to be looked upon as great immediate agencies in the general improvement of written English, or as standards of the literary dialect in their own age, there can be little doubt that they did exercise a direct influence upon the diction of Chaucer, and, through him, on the whole literature of the nation.”—G. P. MARSH.

closes the grand spectacle of the simultaneous rise of a new nation, a new language, and a new literature,—each to be hereafter known as *English*.*

From Chaucer to Elizabeth.—The fourteenth century, with its stirring events and splendid literary productions, having passed, there succeeded a protracted barren period in the history of English literature. This is to be attributed largely to the internecine struggles and the exhausting civil wars that characterized this epoch of English history, and which, as it were, constituted the final encounter between declining and enfeebled feudalism, and the rising and lusty spirit of the modern life. Among the great events that contributed to the triumph of the latter, were the invention of printing, the discovery of a passage around the Cape of Good Hope, the unveiling of the American continent, and the breaking out of the Reformation. Though these events were tardy in producing discernible effects in the life and literature of the English; yet, by largely expanding the intellectual vision, by augmenting knowledge, by multiplying ideas, by enlightening the conscience and calling into action moral sentiments, and by promoting intellectual and social intercourse, they prepared the way for the incoming of the glorious literary epoch of the reign of Elizabeth.

The fifteenth century may be said to have contributed less, both in amount and value, to the national literature than any previous century since the Norman conquest. It was rather a conservative and an accumulative era than a productive one. It was, pre-eminently, the age of the establishment of institutions of learning. Forty new universities are reckoned to have been founded in different parts of the continent; and in England there sprung up the colleges of Lincoln, All Souls', Magdalen, King's, and Queen's; and in Scotland, those of St. Andrew's and Glasgow. Within these institutions, toward the close of the fifteenth century, and much more fully during the sixteenth, the study of the classic languages and literatures was inaugurated; thus introducing among the dull abstractions of scholastic philosophy and the dry formularies of canon law the enchanting forms and the poetic details of pagan mythology.

To the close of this century belongs the introduction into Eng-

* To indicate approximately the boundaries of the successive linguistic changes that have occurred in England, the following summary may be of some service:

I. Anglo-Saxon, or First English, from A. D. 450 to 1066.

II. Semi-Saxon, or Second English, from A. D. 1066 to 1250.

III. Old English, from A. D. 1250 to 1350.

IV. Middle English, from A. D. 1350 to 1550.

V. Modern English, from A. D. 1550 to the present time.

Old, Middle, and Modern English have also been styled Third English.

land of the printing-press by William Caxton. The first work of this deft handmaid of literature was to multiply copies of such books as were then in the greatest demand. These were religious treatises and imported romances; the reading public at that time being restricted to the ecclesiastical and aristocratical classes. The successor of Caxton in the printing business was Wunken de Worde, who, among his first publications, gave to the public, about 1490, the earliest collection of Robin Hood ballads, called *Å Lytel Geste of Robyn Hode*.*

The best known of the English poets of the early part of the period we are now considering were Occleve and Lydgate. The first is supposed to have flourished about 1420. His works, which survive chiefly in manuscript, indicate a very meager endowment of poetic feeling, are prevailing didactic in character, and are, to a great extent, translations. Lydgate, who attained his greatest fame about 1430, was a monk well skilled in the language and literature, not only of England, but also of Italy and France. He would seem to have followed rhyming as a trade, his verses being very numerous, and embracing a vast variety of subjects. Owing to the celebrity of his subjects, *The Falls of Princes*, *The Storie of Thebes*, and the *Troy Book*, his poems obtained the most considerable circulation of any of the century. The first was borrowed from Boccaccio, and the other two were adaptations from the classic narratives of the middle ages.

Scotland's contribution to the poets of the century comprised, among others, Andrew of Wynton, James I., Dunbar, Douglas, Henryson, Barbour, and "Blind Harry."†

The prose writers of the greater part of the fifteenth century

* Robin Hood is said to be a corruption of the name of Robert Fitzooth, reputed Earl of Huntingdon, who, having squandered his patrimony, and having been outlawed for debt, lived in the woods the life of a freebooter, setting at defiance the stringent forest laws of the Norman kings. With his hundred dexterous archers, and with his trusty friends Little John, William Scadlock, George a Green Pinder, Much, and Friar Tuck, all obedient to the magic summons of his bugle-horn, Robin Hood impersonated, in his lawless but magnanimous career, the unconquerable spirit of the Saxon yeomanry. The *Ballads* commemorate the heroic deeds of these foresters in a species of verse inimitable for its simplicity, its pathos, its ardor, and the picturesqueness of its descriptions. The authors of these ballads were uncouth, wandering minstrels, who, similarly to the troubadours or jongleurs of Spain and France, recited their compositions with animated movements of the face and body in the midst of a circle of their countrymen, who, with joined hands, imitated the gestures and movements of the poet. Their varying movements to and fro, and from side to side, gave rise to the name of this sort of minstrelsy, *ballare* meaning to incline to this side and that. The ballads of *The Battle of Otterburn* and *Chevy Chase* had a Northern, Scottish, or Border origin; but were of the same general poetic character as those of Robin Hood. The delightful colloquial ballad of *The Nut-Brown Maid* was composed about the close of the fifteenth century.

† James I., who was seized in his youth by Henry IV., and held as a prisoner in

were neither numerous nor eminent. The age appears to have been too tumultuous and too illiberal to foster the freedom of opinion inaugurated by Wycliffe. Yet one writer of spirit arose in the person of Pecoek, who, in his principal work, *The Repressor of over-much Blaming of the Clergy*, written about 1450, while he combated the extreme opinions of the followers of Wycliffe—the Lollards, denied the infallibility of the decisions of ecumenical councils, maintained the supreme authority of the Bible in matters of faith, and denounced religious dogmas based simply on the *ipse dixit* of papal authority. His work is esteemed the ablest example of philosophical argumentation that had appeared up to that time in England, as well as one of the best illustrations of the superior theological dialect of the day.

The last quarter of the fifteenth century, as previously remarked, witnessed the introduction of printing into England by Caxton. Within the first sixteen years following this event, some sixty-seven editions of works were published, most of them copies of English writings of the preceding century. Of original English works of this period there appears to have been none.

The sixteenth century, the ante-Elizabethan portion of it, though more productive of literary works than its predecessor, must likewise be characterized as a period of acquisition. It seemed to have been the effort of the English mind in this age to possess itself of the superior knowledge and culture of the peoples of the Continent, even at the sacrifice of independent thought. It was this bent,

England for some twenty years, wrote a poem of about fourteen hundred lines, called *King's Quair*—that is, the king's book. This is a rhapsody on the lady Joanna Beaufort, whom he afterward married, and whom he first saw from his prison window. The style is largely allegorical; and, in smoothness and skill of versification, in delicacy of feeling, and in poetic merits generally, it is regarded as the best specimen of English verse that appeared prior to the second half of the sixteenth century.

Dunbar was the author of *The Thistle and the Rose*, a court poem in Chaucer's stanza; *The Golden Terge*; *Lament for the Makars*, or poets, a poem "warm with religious feeling and a sense of human fellowship, speaking high thought in homely prose, with a true poet's blending of pathos and good humor;" the *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, a metrical contention in dialogue; and the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, a fantastical allegory. "In *The Thistle and the Rose* and *The Golden Terge*, he is gracefully conventional; in all his other poetry he is himself; he utters thoughts of his own, and illustrates the life of his own time. No poet from Chaucer till his own time equaled Dunbar in the range of genius. He could pass from broad jest to a pathos truer for its homeliness. He had a play of fancy reaching to the nobler heights of thought, a delicacy joined with a terse vigor of expression in short poems that put the grace of God into their worldly wisdom."—HENRY MORLEY.

Henryson imitated Chaucer in his *Testament of Cresseid*, and was author of the lovely pastoral *Robene and Makyne*. Henry the Minstrel, or "Blind Harry," as he was commonly called, composed a poem of 12,000 lines commemorating the exploits of *William Wallace*. In this poem there is manifest a vigor of expression and ruggedness of versification which, combined with its independent spirit and its national theme, mark it as the most original and Scottish production of the times.

doubtless, that carried it in the pursuit of classical erudition, particularly the Greek language and literature, to a positively mischievous extent. Further along, toward the close of the reign of Henry VIII., the same acquisitive impulse brought about an intimate acquaintance with, and an imitation of the literature of, the great Italian poets, Dante, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Petrarch.

From the mental inertness and complacent literary servility which threatened to follow this infatuation for foreign literatures, the century was happily delivered by the electric thrill of the Reformation. This, while it perpetrated some wrongs, set men a thinking, challenged their best reasoning and criticising powers, and opened their eyes to the necessity and surpassing beauty of holy living. The literary fruits of this innovating and rousing influence were spirited, as well as learned, discussions, and wholesome, as well as pungent and extravagant, satires.

To this epoch of English literature belongs its *first comedy*. This was *Ralph Roister Doister*, a hearty jest at worldly vanity, written by Nicholas Udall. *Masques*,—pantomimic performances by persons in disguise,—and *Interludes*,—satirical dialogues pronounced between men at the banquet for the entertainment of the guests,—though not originating at this time, came into more general practice during the reign of Henry VIII., than during any previous time. The chief writer of *Interludes* at this time was John Heywood.

During the first quarter of the sixteenth century, we encounter, among its significant literary effects, Lord Berners' *Translation of the Chronicles of Froissart*.^{*} It is said to have been executed at the command of Henry VIII., who hoped that the vivid and interesting sketches given by the prince of chroniclers, Froissart, of the chivalrous achievements of the Black Prince, might reconcile his subjects to the expenses of a war with France, for the recovering thence of the ancient patrimony of the Norman dynasty of England.

The most classical piece of secular prose composition yet produced was the *Life of Richard III.*, ascribed to Sir Thomas More.

* "Lord Berners' translation of Froissart was the first really important work printed in the English language relating to modern history. It was almost the only accessible source of information respecting the local history of England and her relations to the Continental powers in the fourteenth century; for though the scene is for the most part laid in France and Spain, yet it contains a pretty full account of the wars of Edward III. with the Scots, and of the insurrectionary movements in the time of Richard II.; and, moreover, England was a direct party to almost every event which it narrates as belonging more immediately to the domestic history of France or of Spain. It must, therefore, independently of its philological worth, be considered as a work of great importance in English literary history, because it undoubtedly contributed essentially to give direction to literary pursuits in England, and thus to lay the foundation of an entire and very prominent branch of native literature."—*The English Language and its Early Literature*.—MARSH.

Aside from the historical value of the work, its author succeeded in investing it with a purity of diction and grammatical regularity hitherto attained only in theological writings. But the work by which this learned and good man was best known was his *Utopia*. This is a fiction,—originally written (1515) in Latin, but afterward (in 1551) translated into English,—wherein the author attempts, after the manner of Plato, to picture an ideal republic, whose laws and regulations, both social and political, are philosophically perfect. His religious controversial writings were very generally marred, both in phraseology and thought, by the bitterness and violence of his sectarian zeal.

Tyndale's translation of the *New Testament*, executed with uncommon accuracy, as well as with vigor, purity, and eloquence of style, appeared in 1526. Of the writings of the great leaders of the English Reformation,—Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer,—those of Latimer are most worthy of attention for the simplicity and familiarity both of the language employed and the topics considered; these being such as were daily in use among the common people. As exponents, therefore, of the state of the spoken language and of the actual life of his times, they are invaluable.

As a writer in whose correct and graceful style were exhibited the legitimate effects of classical culture, we may instance Sir John Cheke, professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and author of the *Hurt of Sedition*. Last of the noteworthy prose writers of this epoch we may name Roger Ascham, author of *Toxophilus*. His aim in this work was to recommend to Englishmen the use of their old national weapon, the bow; and at the same time he would, by his own example, recommend a recurrence to a pure style and a more vernacular diction in writing. He also wrote a treatise on teaching, entitled the *Schoolmaster*.

The Poets figuring most prominently in this epoch were Skelton, Hawes, Surrey, Wyatt, and Lyndsay,—all of whom flourished in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.

John Skelton (1460–1529), author of the *Booke of Colin Clout*, *Why Come ye not to Court*, and the *Bouge of Court*, was esteemed by Erasmus as “the light and ornament of English letters.” His English writings consisted largely of satires upon popular abuses, several of them being directed against Cardinal Wolsey. In these poems Skelton proves himself a master of ribaldry and coarse invective. “Even in the most reckless of these compositions, however, he rattles along, through sense and nonsense, with a vivacity that had been a stranger to our poetry for many a weary day; and his freedom and spirit, even where most unrefined, must have been

exhilarating after the long fit of somnolency in which the English muse had dozed away the last hundred years. But much even of Skelton's satiric verse is instinct with genuine poetic vigor, and a fancy alert, sparkling, and various to a wonderful degree."* His non-satirical poetry is quite destitute of invention, and is insufferably tame and pedantic.

Stephen Hawes, the principal poet of the reign of Henry VII., was author of several poems, the chief of which was the allegory, *The Pastime of Pleasure*. He was a scholarly man; was well versed in the poetry of England, France, and Italy, and was a great admirer as well as imitator of Lydgate; but was possessed of very little poetic individuality.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was born about 1517, and is accredited as being *the first English writer who employed blank verse*. The subject of his experiment was the second and fourth books of the "*Æneid*," which he translated into ten-syllabled lines of meter without rhyme, after a new fashion in Italian literature. His original works, of a secular character, were a *Satire against the Citizens of London*, and *Sonnets*, and love-poems imitative of the erotic class of Italian poetry; also, of a religious sort, *Paraphrases* of the first five chapters of *Ecclesiastes*, and several *Psalms*.

That species of metrical composition called the *Sonnet* was introduced into English literature by Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder (1503-1542). His poetry comprised songs, sonnets, ballads, rondeaux, and complaints, delicate and varied in melody, that closely resembled the class of poems then fashionable in Italy and France.†

The Age of Elizabeth and James I.—The age of Feudalism had now passed away. The gloomy castles and battlemented fortresses, with their garrisons of mailed and helmeted warriors, had become converted into cheerful and ornate palaces, of Gothic and Italian styles of architecture, filled with magnificently costumed and decorously behaving gentlemen and ladies. The cheerful industries of peace had pushed aside the grim employments of war, and men found opportunity and inducement for cultivating the nobler parts of their natures. With security of life and property, and freedom of action, came a desire to enjoy life, and to multiply its comforts and delights. The senses, which meager

* *Literature and Learning in England*.—CRAIK.

† Of the Scottish poets of the sixteenth century, Sir David Lyndsay, born in 1490, merits a special mention. His works are quite numerous. The most important of them are *The Drcam*, *The Complaint*, *The Testament of the Popyngis*, or *Popinjay*, *A Satire of the Three Estates*—a morality play, and his last, longest, and gravest,—*The Monarchie*. He was emphatically the satirist and social reformer of his age, and his poetry is remarkable for a vigor of tone and a fertility of invention.

living, the devastations of war, and the asceticism of a gloomy and bigoted religion, had hitherto robbed of their natural aliment, now that the obstacles were removed, sprang forward with irrepressible greed. The eye must be dazzled, the ear tickled, and the senses generally intoxicated. Accordingly, we see, at this time, an extraordinary display of tournaments, masquerades, banquets, theatrical and operatic entertainments, rustic fetes and pageants of every description.

This sudden and universal lust for the sensuous had its rise in the pagan influence which, originating in revived Italy, had spread successively through France, Spain, and Germany. The introduction of classic literature into England—to which reference has been already made—prepared the minds of the people for a reception of the ideas of the beautiful, the sensuous, and the natural, which the literature of such writers as Surrey and Wyatt,—the *masques* and *interludes*,—and the increased intercourse of the English at this time with the people of the south of Europe, readily transformed into splendid realities.

As a matter of course, this new, vigorous, merry, and naturalistic life of the people must impress its distinctive features upon the literature of the epoch; and accordingly we find it characterized by an originality and boldness of conception, a fecundity and irregularity of imagination, and a picturesqueness of expression, unparalleled in the history of any literature.

As one of the most striking types of the luxuriance and freedom of spirit of the literature of this epoch, we may cite the writings of Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586), a great lord, a man of liberal culture, an extensive traveler, a courtier, a man of the world, and a gallant officer. His principal work was *The Arcadia*, a sort of poetical romance, which depicts the external life, the elegant manners, and excessive sentiments of polite society of his times. It abounds, too, in romantic tales, tragical incidents, and fantastic episodes, suggested by, and, in a measure, descriptive of the court festivals and rustic merry-makings of the age. His *Defense of Poesie* is of a more serious and elevated character. “In his eyes,” says Taine, “if there is any art or science capable of augmenting and cultivating our generosity, it is poetry. He draws comparison after comparison between it and philosophy or history, whose pretensions he laughs at and dismisses. He fights for poetry as a knight for his lady, and in what heroic and splendid style!”

Besides the above works, he wrote a number of refined *Sonnets*.

The bright particular star, however, of the literary dawn we are now viewing, was Edmund Spenser (1553–1599); for a detailed

account of whose life and writings the reader is referred to a separate chapter in the latter part of this volume.*

The Prose Writing of this epoch was not less voluminous nor less remarkable than the poetry. An abundance of ideas and fancies, uttered in the order, or rather disorder, of their occurrence; a profusely ornamented and intensely figurative, though not a polished, style; earnest, solid, and learned arguments, expressed in elaborate and stately periods; much coarseness and little delicacy; much substance and little grace of form,—these were the masculine features of this first eminent English prose. And was it not natural that, in an age surcharged as was this with great events, its describers should be busied rather with the matter of thought and with ideas than with the punctilios of style?

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), the eminent soldier, courtier, navigator, and scholar, occupies a prominent place among the prose writers of his day. To relieve the tedium and melancholy of a long imprisonment, he boldly essayed to write a *History of the World*; but was successful in carrying the narrative only as far as the year 170 B. C. The work is largely didactic, abounds in grand thoughts and eloquent periods; and, considering the circumstances and the time of the author, is an extraordinary production.†

On Theology, the epoch furnishes the names of such writers as Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury; Richard Hooker, author of *Ecclesiastical*

* As flourishing in the same epoch with the foregoing poets, but of vastly minor importance, we may name George Gascoigne, author of *Steel Glass*; Thomas Sackville, projector and part author of *A Mirrour for Magistrates*; Samuel Daniel, whose chief work, *The History of the Civil Wars*, is a versified narrative of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; Michael Drayton, author of *Polyolbion*, a descriptive, legendary, and allegorical poem in thirty cantos, *The Barons' Wars*, *The Muses' Elysium*, and several others; John Donne, writer of amatory verses, epigrams, epistles, and particularly satires; and Joseph Hall, whose *Virgidemiarum* entitles him to be considered the founder of satire. Of other poets who flourished during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., we may name Turbervile, Davies, the Fletchers, Southwell, Churchyard, Edwards, Warner, Chapman, Lord Brooke, Fairfax; and of the Scottish poets of the same interval, William Drummond and the Earl of Stirling.

† Among the other historical writers of this epoch, we may name Raphael Hollinshead, author of the chronicles and historical descriptions which afterward afforded Shakespeare so rich a mine of materials for the composition of several of his semi-historical and semi-traditional plays; William Camden, author of *Britannia*—a work on the topography and history of England, Scotland, and Ireland, *Reliquiæ Britannicæ*—a treatise on the first inhabitants of Britain, and *Annals of England during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*; John Speed, whose *Historie of Great Brittain* evinced a discrimination on the part of its author in the selection of his facts wholly unprecedented in the historical writings of the day; Foxe, author of the plainly and vigorously executed *Book of Martyrs*—a work which exerted a powerful influence in weakening the hold of Catholicism in England; and Samuel Daniel, already named among the poets, who published a *History of England from the Conquest to the Reign of Edward III.*—a work lacking in vigor of treatment, but abounding in good sense, and, according to Hallam, "written with a freedom from all stiffness, and a purity of style, which hardly any other work of so early a date exhibits."

tical Polity,—a memorable defense of the laws, rites, and ceremonies of the Established Church; Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, by his work, *De Veritate*, achieved the notoriety of being one of the earliest and ablest advocates of deism in England; Bishop Andrewes, and others of less note.

The Philosophy of the epoch is represented, in its metaphysical, moral, and political aspects, by the writings of Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), and in its practical and physical aspects, by the works of Lord Bacon.

Hobbes, a man of profound learning and of remarkable mental activity, wrote *Leviathan*,—an argument upholding the principles of monarchical governments, a *Treatise on Human Nature*, and a *Letter on Liberty and Necessity*. As a metaphysician, he believed that all our knowledge was purely sensuous, and that, therefore, matter was the only reality in the universe; as a moral philosopher, he confounded the moral principles of good and evil with the physical sensations of pleasure and pain, thus making man the helpless victim of necessity; and as a political economist, he justified, upon the ground of expediency alone, the maintenance of an absolute monarchy. As a writer, he was pre-eminent for closeness, lucidity, and cogency of argument, combined with clearness of style.

The great intellectual father, however, of Hobbes, indeed, the father of philosophy itself, in England, was Lord Bacon. Further along a separate chapter will be devoted to a consideration of the merits of this illustrious thinker and litterateur. Literary eccentricity in the person and writings of Robert Burton* (1576–1640), author of the celebrated treatise, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, deserves a mention.

* "Robert Burton, an ecclesiastic and university recluse, who passed his life in libraries, and dabbled in all the sciences, as learned as Rabelais, of an inexhaustible and overflowing memory; unequal, moreover, gifted with enthusiasm, and spasmodically gay, but as a rule sad and morose, to the extent of confessing in his epitaph that melancholy made up his life and his death. In the first place original, enamored of his own intelligence, and one of the earliest models of that singular English mood which, withdrawing man within himself, develops in him at one time imagination, at another scrupulousness, at another oddity, and makes of him, according to circumstances, a poet, an eccentric, a humorist, a madman, or a puritan. He read on for thirty years, put an encyclopædia into his head, and now, to amuse and relieve himself, takes a folio of blank paper. Twenty lines of a poet, a dozen lines of a treatise on agriculture, a folio column of heraldry, the patience, the record of the fever fits of hypochondria, the history of the particle *que*, a scrap of metaphysics,—this is what passes through his brain in a quarter of an hour: it is a carnival of ideas and phrases, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, philosophical, geometrical, medical, poetical, astrological, musical, pedagogic, heaped one on the other, an enormous medley, a prodigious mass of jumbled quotations, jostling thoughts, with the vivacity and the transport of a feast of unreason."—*Taine's English Literature*.

The Drama.—Of all the giant growths that characterized the Elizabethan epoch, that of the drama was the most extraordinary. "Forty poets, amongst them ten of superior rank, and the greatest of all artists [Shakespeare] who have represented the soul in words; many hundreds of pieces, and nearly fifty masterpieces; the drama extended over all the provinces of history, imagination, and fancy,—expanded so as to embrace comedy, tragedy, pastoral, and fanciful literature—to represent all degrees of human condition, and all the caprices of human invention—to express all the sensitive details of actual truth, and all the philosophic grandeur of general reflection; the stage, disencumbered of all precept and freed from all imitation, given up and appropriated in the minutest particulars to the reigning taste and the public intelligence—all this was a vast and manifold work, capable by its flexibility, its greatness, and its form, of receiving and preserving the exact imprint of the age and of the nation."*

Let us trace, of necessity very briefly, the processes of growth involved in this most splendid of literary developments. Its origin is to be sought for as far back, perhaps, as the epoch immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest, in the crude attempts then made at setting forth in dramatic form legends of the lives of the saints and striking incidents of Bible history. These representations, called **Miracle Plays**, or **Mysteries**, and which were common in Spain, Germany, Italy, and France, were composed and acted by ecclesiastics. The churches served for theatres, and the temporarily erected stages answered for heaven, earth, and hell, whereon monks or priests and their assistants figured as impersonators of the Godhead, angels, saints, martyrs, and devils.

The above species of dramatic representation continued in vogue until about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the spread of that learning which hitherto had been the monopoly of ecclesiastics among the upper and middle classes of society, called into being a less exclusively religious sort of play known as **The Moralities**. In this, abstract or allegorical characters, such as Youth, Repentance, Avarice, Luxury, Pride, Vice, etc., constituted the *dramatis personæ* of the play, in place of, as formerly, the Deity, and the Devil with their attendant spirits, and the Patriarchs and Saints. Bishop Bale was a prolific inventor of these *Moralities*.

The next step toward a secularization of these representations was realized in the production of **Interludes**, in which work John Heywood, a writer of the time of Henry VIII., took an active part. These were a shorter, more humorous, and less didactic sort of composition than the *Moralities*; in many instances being made to

* Taine's *English Literature*.

answer the purpose of entertainment wholly, as when introduced at the banquets and festivals of those times. Then the introduction and spread of classical literature among the intelligent ranks of society during the latter part of the fifteenth and a greater part of the sixteenth centuries not only further secularized these dramatic representations, but, indeed, paganized them to a very considerable extent, driving out the chaste Virtues from among the *dramatis personæ*, and installing in their places the voluptuous Gods, Goddesses, Muses, and Cupids of the ancient world.

One step more,—the substitution of the incidents and persons of real, every-day life, and of the events and personages of history, for the fictions of ideal, allegorical, and grotesque invention, brings us to the production of **legitimate drama**. The earliest known specimen of this sort of composition was *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*,—a tragedy in blank verse, written jointly by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton. The incidents of this play are borrowed from the fabulous British annals, but its treatment is in imitation of the Greek tragedians.

The old play of *Kynge Johan*, composed by John Bale (1495–1563), holds a place intermediate between the *Moralities* and the purely historical plays. As representing the whims and amusing weaknesses of humanity, in that variety of writing called *Comedy*, *Ralph Roister Doister*, written between the years 1534 and 1541 by Nicholas Udall, is supposed to have been the earliest example.

These early dramatic compositions were acted by amateurs, who were, to some extent, the servants of sovereigns and the nobles, and who, under the supervision of one called Officer of the Revels, wandered from place to place, giving their representations, now at court, now in the mansions of lords or rural grandees, sometimes in town- or college-halls, and sometimes in the courtyards of inns. Ere the lapse of the sixteenth century, however, these wandering bands of indifferent actors and singers had given place to professional performers, and the temporary stage was exchanged for the permanent theatre. The best known of the London theatres of this date were the *Globe* and the *Blackfriars*. But these playhouses and their successors for many years were sadly deficient in those architectural and scenic appointments which render theatres of the present day so admirable for producing the illusions necessary for the vivid realization of a play.

Of the writers who furnished plays for the early theatres, the principal ones immediately preceding Shakespeare were Lyly, author of *Endymion*, *Sappho and Phaon*, and several others; Kyd, author of *Hieronymo*, the *Spanish Tragedy*; Peele, author of *David and Bethsabe*, *Absalom*, and *Edward I.*; Nash, Greene, and Chris-

topher Marlowe.* The last was by all odds the most gifted of the playwrights just named.

The play which first brought Marlowe into notice was *Tamburlaine the Great*, which has been laconically defined as "rant glorified." His next and greatest work was *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, whose hero was the same marvelous necromancer, astrologer, and magician, that Goethe, in more modern times, immortalized in his "Faust." Marlowe attained in this play the highest point yet reached in the drama of the epoch. His remaining plays were the *Jew of Malta* and *Edward II.* In these works their author is generally allowed to have established blank verse as the measure for English dramatic poetry, and to have largely promoted its employment.

All the foregoing dramatists were intimate friends and brother wits; and being well educated, and not a little vain of the renown acquired by their plays, regarded with no small nor delicately expressed contempt the arrival in their midst of an obscure and illiterate actor and patcher of plays, named William Shakespeare.†

Chief of the contemporaneous, but, as compared with Shakespeare, secondary dramatists of this epoch, were Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Middleton, Chapman, Dekker, Shirley, and Heywood.‡

* "Marlowe is a name that stands high, and almost first, in this list of dramatic worthies. He was a little before Shakespeare's time, and has a marked character both from him and the rest. There is a lust of power in his writings, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination, unhallowed by anything but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace with bickering flames, or throwing out black smoke and mists that hide the dawn of genius, or like a poisonous mineral, corrode the heart."—HAZLIT.

† See special chapters on Shakespeare and Jonson.

‡ The first two, so intimately interwoven were their labors, are invariably named together. The following plays may be cited as some of the products of their joint authorship: *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *A King and no King*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Cupid's Revenge*, *The Scornful Lady*, and *The Laws of Candy*. "Tradition, dating from their own time, gave pre-eminence to Fletcher for luxuriance of fancy and invention, and to Beaumont for critical judgment, to which it was said that even Ben Jonson submitted his writings. The wit and poetry of these plays were spent chiefly on themes of love. Their authors, capable of higher flights, so far accommodated their good work to the lower tone of the playhouse as to earn praise for having 'understood and imitated much better than Shakespeare the conversation of gentlemen whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartee no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively.'"—MORLEY.

Philip Massinger (1584-1640), a man of gentle extraction and of a liberal education, wrote a number of plays, characterized by a dignity of moral sentiment, an elegance and harmony of expression, and a fondness for classical allusion, but lacking in unity and naturalness of plot. Of the less than a score that remain to us the finest are *The Virgin Martyr*, *The Duke of Milan*, *Bondman*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the last still keeping possession of the stage.

Epoch of the Civil War and Commonwealth.—The political degeneracy, in comparison with the robust character of the reign of Elizabeth, that ensued in the latter part of the reign of James I., and during the whole of that of Charles I., was concomitant with the literary declension that, in the early part of the seventeenth century, succeeded the unparalleled brilliancy of the preceding literary epoch,—the epoch of Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, and their worthy contemporaries. Perhaps this literary declension was not directly superinduced by the prevailing and growing political and social corruption; but, certain it is, it was concurrent with it; and at the same time that the healthy and abundant juices of national power, dignity, and respectability escaped from the body politic, the sinuous, lusty, sensuous, and beautiful presence disappeared from the literature.

“With Carew, Suckling, and Herrick, prettiness takes the place of the beautiful. They are rather wits of the court, cavaliers of fashion, who wish to try their hand at imagination and style. In their hands love becomes gallantry; they write songs, fugitive pieces, compliments to the ladies. The divine faces, the serious or profound looks, the virgin or impassioned expression which burst forth at every step in the early poets, have disappeared; here we see nothing but agreeable countenances painted in agreeable verses. The only objects they can paint, at last, are little graceful things,—a kiss, a May-day festivity, a dewy primrose, a marriage morning, a bee. Instead of writing to say things, they write to say them well; they outbid their neighbors, and strain every mode of speech; they push art over on the side to which it had a leaning; and, as in this age it had a leaning towards vehemence and imagination, they pile up their emphasis and coloring.”*

The group of poets just described comprises Cowley, Quares, Wither, Herrick, Waller, Cleveland, Lovelace, Suckling, Herbert, Crashaw, Davenant, Carew, and Denham. Our purpose to avoid

John Ford (1586-1639) was author of the *Witch of Edmonton*, the *Broken Heart*, *Brother and Sister*, and a number of other plays, all evincing large dramatic ability for depicting the vicissitudes of human love and passion. “An artificial elaborateness is the general characteristic of Ford’s style. In this respect his plays are quite distinct from the exuberance and unstudied force which characterized his immediate predecessors. There is too much of scholastic subtlety, an innate perversity of understanding, a predominance of will, which either seeks the imitation of inadmissible subjects, or to stimulate its own faculties by taking the most barren, and making something out of nothing, in a spirit of contradiction.”—HAZLITT.

“No one has equaled Webster in creating desperate characters, utter wretches, bitter misanthropes, in blackening and blaspheming human life; above all, in depicting the shameless depravity and refined ferocity of Italian manners.”—TAINÉ. Chief among his tragedies are *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

* *Tainé’s English Literature.*

detail respecting minor writers allows us to speak at length of but one of these—the first.

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) wrote the *Mistress*,—a collection of love-poems, a number of Pindaric *Odes*, a fragmentary epic called *Davideis*, *Essays in Verse and Prose*, and, between the ages of ten and twenty years, several plays. Precocious, well-instructed, particularly in classical lore, of an amiable disposition and polished manners, correct and studious in his habits, he imbibed, and then exhibited, the finical and fastidious literary tastes of his age in so marked a manner, as to have attained an unprecedented popularity. The indifference, however, with which his poetry is now regarded is quite as unprecedented. The explanation of this remarkable literary decline is patent. Cowley wrote, not what he felt, not what he had experienced, but what he had read about, and what he fancied. He wrote, not to give utterance, in a natural manner, to ideas and fervors that demanded expression, but to show how formally and prettily he could phrase ordinary and fashionable conceits. As Taine remarks, “He possesses all the capacity to say whatever pleases him, but he has just nothing to say.” He was a most accomplished poetical craftsman, full of ingenious allusions and sparkling fancies; but a poet—a revealer of human hearts and lives, or an interpreter of Nature—he was in no sense. Even his love poems bear the evidence of having been composed as metrical exercises, his imagination rather than his heart supplying their weak inspiration. His *Davideis*, which was begun for a great Scriptural epic, and abandoned after the fourth canto, is proof that even for the display of those powers of fancy and elevation of moral tone that mark some of his minor pieces, he possessed no sustained power. Cowley met, however, the requirement of his age,—euphuistic verse-making, and was therefore esteemed great.

In point of merit immeasurable apart from the foregoing poets of this epoch, indeed, as constituting an epoch of his own, arose, at this time, the grandest creator of imaginative and sublime poetry the world has ever produced, John Milton, who in the latter part of this work shall claim an extended notice.

The principal prose writers of this revolutionary epoch possessing a peculiarly literary interest were Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor. The first, whose works are of a very miscellaneous character, wrote *Hydriotaphia*, a treatise on urn-burial; *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, a series of essays on common errors; and *Religio Medici*, an expression of his personal opinions and feelings, theological and otherwise. Taylor was author of a very large number of works,

among which we may name his controversial treatise *On the Liberty of Prophecy*, his *Holy Living, Holy Dying*, and *Sermons*.

Of other prose writers of this epoch, those claiming a mention are William Chillingworth, John Hales, Thomas Fuller, and Richard Baxter. It is well worthy of notice that all these prose writers were theologians; a fact not to be wondered at, however, when we consider that this was the period of the great religious contentions that took place between the Anglican Church and its rival sects, the Presbyterians, Puritans, and Independents.

The full effect upon the literature of the age of the abolition of monarchy and the establishment of the Commonwealth, is not to be seen until some time after the period occupied by the preceding writers. The decorum and austerity that obtained in the personal conduct and in the domestic life of the Protector and his partisans, and which, by these, was very generally propagated, in its course working the abolition of theatres, and days, places, and modes of amusement generally, and which, by caring exclusively for the permanence and sobriety of society, lost sight of the essential amenities of life, modified quite as perceptibly the character of the current literature.

Beauty and imagination were driven out before the lash of incoming dullness and literalness. Strength and directness of expression, solidity of statement, and a prevailing moral or religious import, were the inseparable elements of the existing literature. "We find amongst them," says Taine, "only excited theologians, minute controversialists, energetic men of action, limited and patient minds, engrossed in positive proofs and practical labors, void of general ideas and refined tastes, resting upon texts, dry and obstinate reasoners, who twisted the Scriptures in order to extract from it a form of government or a table of dogma."

And what more reasonable result to expect than that beauty and joy-loving, nature-worshipping, and ideal poets should fly this angular, harsh, matter-of-fact, and wrangling age? One, however,—though not a poet technically,—did not fly. He remained behind the rest; and though he not only became habituated to the austerities of the day, but even one of their most enthusiastic advocates, he did not even then succeed in annihilating the innate poetry of his nature. We mean John Bunyan, who, though chronologically belonging to the next epoch, was a legitimate offspring of the influences just described. A separate chapter will hereafter be devoted to this eminent allegorist.

The Age of the Restoration.—The constraint and asceticism which had been fastened upon the English during the continuance

of the Commonwealth, when that this government succumbed before the restoration of royalty in the ascension of Charles II., were immediately burst off as galling bands, and society rapidly lapsed into licentiousness. Religion and virtue, which, in the popular mind, had become identical with Puritanism and fanaticism, were supplanted by atheism and vice. Religionists, in turn, were disciplined and persecuted by Roysterers. Public amusements were resumed with fourfold their former zest and patronage, and the King himself encouraged dissoluteness by his own scandalous life.

This moral defection, this social and political rottenness, conceived in and excreted from the highest ranks of the nation, spread with remarkable malignancy throughout all grades of society, and, as an inevitable consequence, polluted the literature of the day.

Among the poets, the most eminent embodiment of many of the vicious, though not the grossest, characteristics of this literary epoch, was Samuel Butler; to whom we shall appropriate a special notice in a subsequent chapter.

"The drama, early attacked by the Puritans, passed into the hands of the royalists. Suppressed during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, it was revived at the Restoration, under the most immediate influence of the court party. The consequence was that the drama, while marked with some high intellectual qualities, more especially those of wit and insight, now became more corrupt than ever before, had in it less constructive power, and disconnected itself from this time onward almost wholly from literature." *

On no species of writing did the exaggerated ideas and impure sentiments of the age leave a more characteristic impress than on the **dramatic literature** of this epoch. The comprehensive scope of the old Elizabethan masters of dramatic conception, wherein drama, tragedy, and comedy interwove their varying threads for the production of a single harmonious life-fabric, was, by these later dramatists, divided, after the French manner, into two distinct literary provinces, namely, tragedy and comedy. And each of these how different from the corresponding creations of the Shakesperean dramatists! A pompous, distorted, heroic tragedy takes the place of the rich, romantic drama; and comedy, shorn of its fanciful elements, becomes the literal vehicle of the actual accidents of society. In a word, the romance, poetry, and ideality of human nature are eliminated, and nothing is left but exaggerated sentiment and a minute delineation of real life.

* *The Philosophy of English Literature.*—BASCOM.

But what is worse still, natural and holy affections are ignored for passions and lusts; historical and legitimate incidents are discarded for fashionable and obscene ones; the imagination ceases to be exercised, and the senses only are administered to; and the language, from original boldness and picturesqueness, degenerates into coarseness and filthiness. Vigor there is, but it is the abandonment of the animal appetites; dramatic conception there is, but it is the portraiture not of man in general, but of some individual; wit there is, not only of the pungent, biting, and mawkish sort, but strained and elaborated wit; while humor, playful, artless, fanciful humor, is entirely wanting. It is the naked, shameless, shocking real that we here meet with; the lovely and delicate ideal is nowhere to be found.

The leading exponents of this new dramatic literature were Etherege, author of the *Man of Mode*; Wycherley, author of the comedies *Country Wife* and *Plain Dealer*; Vanbrugh, author of *Relapse*, *Provoked Wife*, the *Confederacy*, and several other comedies; Farquhar, author of the plays the *Constant Couple*, the *Inconstant*, and the *Beaux' Stratagem*; Congreve, an eminent writer both of comedies and tragedies, the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* being among the best of his productions in the department of comedy, and the *Mourning Bride* a fair sample of his dramatic ability; Otway, an exclusively tragic dramatist, whose best plays were the *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*; Lee, Southerne, Rowe, Mrs. Behn, Shadwell, and Crowne.

The most prominent literary type of this epoch of the Restoration, and one who exhibited among the first of his contemporaries the literary characteristics of his age, but whose fertility and strength of imagination allied him in no mean measure to his Elizabethan predecessors, was John Dryden. To this writer we shall hereafter invite the student's attention more particularly.

Clarendon, author of *History of the Great Rebellion*; Izaak Walton, author of the *Complete Angler*, a delightful treatise on his favorite employment of fishing; George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, writer of political tracts; John Evelyn, author of treatises on gardening and forestry; Samuel Pepys, whose *Diary* is a minute and faithful portraiture of the scandalous society of his day; and Sir Roger L'Estrange, a vigorous pamphleteer of the Royalist party are among the foremost prose writers of the age of the Restoration.

The Epoch of the Revolution.—The social and political corruption of the reigns of Charles II. and his more immediate successors was purged away—very gradually, however, and not without

divers returns of the disorder—by the forces of constitutional freedom, scientific and philosophical inquiry, and fundamental English morality, that were brought into action by the Revolution of 1688. We encountered in the age of Elizabeth the sensuous, lusty, jolly Englishman; during the Commonwealth, the practical, fanatical, and morose Englishman; under Charles II. and James II., the sensual and unbridled Englishman; but in the Englishman of this revolutionary epoch we may contemplate all the foregoing characteristics brought, not completely indeed, but measurably, under the control of an innate and dominant moral sense.

Regularity and propriety, dictated by a calm and unwavering conviction of their justness, and commended by dearly-bought experience, now appear conspicuously in the administration of national affairs, in the usages and sentiments of society, and in the arrangements of private life. This social and political revolution precipitated a literary one. The Drama and Comedy, lately so prostituted, are now quite abandoned, and literary activity gradually shifts its current into the safer channels of theological and philosophical dissertation, and eventually into those of the Essay and Romance.

In the department of philosophy, John Locke (1632-1704) merits our particular notice. His writings were numerous and of great variety in their subject matter. Among them we may enumerate his *Letters on Toleration*, *Treatise on Civil Government*, *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and essays *On Education* and *On Christianity*. Locke's influence in behalf of civil and religious liberty and liberal education was very considerable. Not so salutary, however, was his philosophical influence, which tended directly and powerfully toward strengthening the claims of materialism. As a writer, he combined an uncommon acuteness and range of observation with logical consecutiveness and cogency, and a clearness and charm of style.

The theological and polemical literature of the epoch was represented by the works of such divines as Isaac Barrow, John Tillotson, Robert South, Stillingfleet, Sprat, Sherlock, Cudworth, and Burnet.

Did it come within the province of the present work to notice the developments of science that took place contemporaneously with the various literary movements, the names of several distinguished scientists belonging to the present epoch might be instanced. We may be allowed, however, to notice very briefly one of the most illustrious philosophers not only of this epoch, but of any age—Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). His scientific

works were the *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* and a treatise on *Optics*. Besides these, he wrote discourses upon the Prophecies and Scriptural Chronology. His genius was not unequaled by his modesty; for he invariably attributed his scientific successes to patient investigation rather than to superiority of intellect.

The Eighteenth Century.—We have already alluded to the political and social melioration that resulted from the Revolution of 1688. The regularity, sense, order, morality, and improved manners that gradually came to be characteristic of the English of the eighteenth century, found their counterparts, if not their legitimate issue, in the literature of the same period. The writings of this age, whether poetical or prose, are remarkable, as compared with those of preceding ones, for their superior symmetry, delicacy, and polish. The ancient classical writers were sedulously studied as models of style, and their peculiarities were imitated in every species of composition.*

The most illustrious exponents of the English classical school—the Augustan poets, as they have been styled—were Pope and Swift. A consideration of their merits will constitute separate chapters at a later stage of our study.

Of the writers who were contemporary with Pope and Swift, the fame of Arbuthnot is connected with his *History of John Bull*, that of Prior with *Alma* and *Solomon*, that of Gay with the *Beggars'*

* In no branch was it displayed more manifestly than in poetry, and at no time did it appear more clearly than under Queen Anne. The poets had just attained to the art which they had discovered. For sixty years they were approaching it; now they possess it, handle it; already they employ and exaggerate it. The style is at the same time finished and artificial. Open the first that comes to hand, Parnell or Philips, Addison or Prior, Gay or Tickell, you find a certain turn of mind, versification, language. Pass to a second, the same form reappears; you would say that they were imitations one of another. Go on to a third; the same diction, the same apostrophes, the same fashion of arranging an epithet and rounding a period. Turn over the whole lot, with little individual difference, they seem to be all cast in the same mold. One is more epicurean, another more moral, another more biting; but the noble language, the oratorical pomp, the classical correctness, reign throughout; the substantive is accompanied by its adjective, its knight of honor; antithesis balances the symmetrical architecture; the verb, as in Lucan or Statius, is displayed, flanked on each side by a noun decorated by an epithet; one would say that the verse had been fabricated by a machine, so uniform is the make; we forget what it means, we are tempted to count the feet on our fingers; we know beforehand what poetical ornaments are to embellish it. There is a theatrical dressing, contrasts, allusions, mythological elegances. Greek or Latin quotations. There is a scholastic solidity, sententious maxims, philosophic commonplaces, moral developments, oratorical exactness.

“So here we see classical art find its center in the neighbors of Pope, and above all in Pope. Then, after being half effaced, mingle with foreign elements until it disappears in the poetry which succeeded it.”—*Taine's English Literature*.

Opera, and that of Parnell with *The Hermit*. But superior to these in poetic genius and in the popular favor his verse obtained was Edward Young (1681-1765), author of *The Night Thoughts*. This poem, so replete with sublime and pathetic sentiments and with eloquent passages, is not a little marred, however, by its prevailing somberness, and by the author's unhappy bias for antithesis and for pointed contrasts.

The eighteenth century may be said to have witnessed the rise of two new sorts of literary production in England. One of these was that form of composition called the **Essay**. In its original form this consisted of brief dissertations upon subjects related to politics, morality, and criticism of authors. These it was the care to present in a lively and interesting style, and with a view both to entertaining and edifying the reader. These essays were issued in sheets or in pamphlets, and, in several instances, attained to a very considerable circulation.

The first periodical of this character was established by Sir Richard Steele, in 1709, and was called the *Tatler*. Its success was rapid and large. About a year afterward, however, it was converted into the still more popular *Spectator*, and this, in turn, was succeeded by the *Guardian*. Associated with Steele in these enterprises were Addison, Swift, Berkeley, Budgell, and several others. Later in the century this same species of literature was revived by Samuel Johnson, who, with scarcely any assistance, founded and sustained the *Idler* and the *Rambler*.

Our limits and our aim both exclude, save from a mere mention, the names of Sir William Temple, Lord Shaftesbury, Bishop Atterbury, Bolingbroke, Mandeville, Bishop Berkeley, and Lady Montagu, prose writers of the present epoch. Addison, whose style is regarded as the model of correct, polished, and elegant writing, we shall reserve for future treatment.

The employment of prose narrative for the delineation of the characters, habits, passions, and incidents of real life, thus creating the department of the **Novel** or **Prose Fiction**, was the other literary novelty of the century. The age of the drama—the picturesque drama of the Elizabethan epoch, and the sprightly, licentious drama of the period immediately ensuing—had now passed away; and the age that succeeded was not only one of prose composition, but, by contrast with the intense vitality and ideal range of the former, also a prosaic era. Even romance, which in its original continental form embraced all of the poetic elements characteristic of the early English drama, parted with much of its ideal essence in becoming Anglicized; while the novel, from what it was

as known to the Italians, the Spaniards, and the French of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, descended to a realistic depiction of contemporary concerns of society and the home. And not simply a depiction, but one with a motive—a moral purpose involved in it.

This particular sort of literature was inaugurated by the writings of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Sterne. An extended notice of these writers will be found further along.

Laurence Sterne (1713–1768), whom the narrowness of our limits reduces to this brief paragraph, wrote *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Extraordinary minuteness, absence of plot, wonderful variety of matter, great capriciousness of treatment, an epicurean taste, and pathos and humor indiscriminately blended, are the characteristics of *Tristram Shandy*.

History.—Historical writing, though it had appeared early and had reappeared frequently, realized so splendid a development in the eighteenth century that, as contrasted with its previous attainments, it may indeed be said to have experienced in this era a regeneration. The names of those participating most conspicuously in this achievement are Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

Robertson's contribution to the historical literature of the century consisted of the *History of Scotland*, *History of the Reign of Charles V.*, and *History of the Discovery of America*. Though not always an accurate narrator, Robertson was always an interesting and eloquent writer; his treatment being lucid and comprehensive, and his style rich, vivid, and melodious. Hume and Gibbon, and that most splendid prose writer of his age, Edmund Burke, also Samuel Johnson, will be noticed in separate chapters hereafter.

Other and somewhat noted prose writers of the eighteenth century were James Boswell (1740–1795), biographer of Doctor Johnson; Adam Smith (1723–1790), originator in England of the science of Political Economy; Sir William Blackstone (1723–1780), author of *Commentaries on the Laws of England*; Bishop Butler (1692–1752), author of the *Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion*; and William Paley (1743–1805), author of the *Evidences of Christianity*, and a *Treatise on Natural Theology*.

(The *Letters of Junius*, the most caustic attacks upon public men and measures of the times, belong to this literary epoch. Within the same era, too, we shall discover in the speeches of Pitt (Earl of Chatham), Fox (the great Commoner), Walpole, Burke, Sheridan, and Windham, the most splendid flowering of English oratory.

We have now come to the boundary of a new era in English lit-

erature,—the era of the revival of the romantic type of thought and style; but before we cross it, it will be well to notice a few remaining writers who flourished in, as it were, a *transitional period*, and whose productions aided materially in ushering in the new and glorious era just alluded to. Chief of these were Thomson and Gray. For a notice of the writings of these poets, the reader is referred to the second part of this work.

Several of the minor poets of the eighteenth century deserve a mention. Such were William Shenstone, author of the *School-mistress*; William Collins, author of several charming *Odes* and *Lyrics*; Mark Akenside, author of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*; Macpherson, Chatterton, and George Crabbe.

Crabbe (1754–1832) wrote *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, and several other poems. “He thoroughly knew and profoundly analyzed the hearts of men: the virtues, the vices, the weakness, and the heroism of the poor he has anatomized with a stern but not unloving hand. No poet has more subtly traced the motives which regulate human conduct; and his descriptions of nature are marked by the same unequaled power of rendering interesting, by the sheer force of truth and exactness, the most unattractive features of the external world.”*

The Comic Drama of the latter half of the eighteenth century found its ablest exponents in David Garrick, the celebrated actor; Foote, Cumberland, the two Colmans, and Sheridan. The works of the last will be hereafter noticed in a separate chapter.

The Nineteenth Century.—The beginning of the nineteenth century proved the beginning also of a new era in the history of English literature. The preceding age, with its Popes, Swifts, Addison, Humes, and Burkes, had imparted to every description of letters a classical perfection of form. Whatever the subject-matter might be, the style was invariably precise, regular, and highly polished. Natural sentiments and humors, instead of finding expression in simple and robust language, took on the genteel garb of pompous diction, allegorical phrase, and sonorous periods.

The dawn of the transition to that freer and more natural play of thought and expression characteristic of the present century, was heralded by such auroral streaks as the *Seasons* of Thomson, the *Odes* of Collins and Gray, and, along with these, a little star-group,—the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*;—Bishop Percy’s collection of the old Minstrel Ballads of the Middle Ages, published in 1765. But more significant agencies than these lay just beyond

* *Shaw’s Outlines of English Literature.*

the horizon in political events transpiring on the continents of Europe and America.

The writings of such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in denying the exclusiveness and authority of the clergy, the hereditary immunities and prerogatives of the aristocracy, in promulgating the doctrine of the equality of all men before God and the law, and in advocating democratic ideas of government, had aroused Continental thought and life to a new and violent activity. The puissant and leavening principles thus set in motion spread with marvelous facility and acceptance throughout all the more intelligent parts of Europe, working, as their immediate and practical results, the abolition of the Order of Jesuits and of the Inquisition, the opening of institutions of learning, the formation of societies for the dissemination of knowledge and literary culture, the recasting and the more equitable administration of the laws, more liberal legislation, the encouragement of the arts and sciences, and the revival of chivalric and romantic ideas.

In France, where this movement experienced its extreme development, its various tendencies were rapidly engulfed in one grand and sweeping vortex of political revolution; but in Germany, though it lacked not here a political aspect also, it became distinctively a philosophical movement—a revolution of ideas and literary taste. This people “sought religious sentiment beyond dogma, poetic beauty beyond rules, critical truth beyond myths. They desired to grasp natural and moral powers themselves, independently of the fictitious supports to which their predecessors had attached them.”*

Poets and prose writers now arose, who, discarding the artificial, conventional, and dead-level life of the age, sought their inspiration in the ideas and customs of the middle ages, and in the religious contemplation of the East. “The faith in miracles and the religious mysticism of an early period of Christianity, the love affairs and the sensuous religious worship of the departed days of chivalry, the sacred art of the middle ages, the flowery poetry of the East, the popular songs and the meditative world of fable of the distant past, permanently engaged their interest. It was for this reason that their views were directed to the forgotten productions of the literature of romance, whilst, following the example of Herder, they collected and elaborated the legends, traditions, and popular songs of German antiquity, and then sought to introduce the chivalrous poetry of the Italians and Spaniards into Germany by

* *Taine's English Literature.*

means of translations; and drew the mythology, and the poetry founded upon it, of the East and of the Scandinavian North, within the circle of their activity.”*

Such is a glimpse of the political, moral, and æsthetical forces that, near the commencement of the nineteenth century, began to surge like tidal waves about the national, domestic, and literary life of the English people. Their political influences, though vaguely felt in the national mind, were, by the sturdy, conservative, practical character of the people, successfully resisted at this time. “New theories could not arise in this society armed against new theories. Yet the revolution made its entrance; it entered disguised, and through a byway, so as not to be recognized. It was not social ideas, as in France, that were transformed, nor philosophical ideas, as in Germany, but literary ideas; the great rising tide of the modern mind, which elsewhere overturned the whole edifice of human conditions and speculations, succeeded here only at first in changing style and taste. It was a slight change, at least apparently, but on the whole of equal value with the others; for this renovation in the manner of writing is a renovation in the manner of thinking: the one led to all the rest, as the movement of a central pivot constrains the movement of all the indented wheels.”†

But there were **internal causes**, as well as external ones, which conspired in the production of this new era of literature. We have already alluded to the natural and romantic notes sounded through the Anglican temple of modern classicism by the labors of Thomson, Collins, Gray, and Bishop Percy. A little later, and these notes are again heard, purged of all art, free, full, deliciously and strangely sweet, in the poems of Robert Burns and William Cowper. These both were by birth poets; art had nothing to do with their making. The one by birth and early surroundings, the other from choice and natural bias, were isolated from the artificial and epicurean spirit of the times in which they lived. Their muse took to Nature and to the natural life of man instinctively, and uttered its fancies and fervors in language pure as light, sparkling as dew, and fresh, varied, and picturesque as the features of the landscape. They hated the conventional and meretricious in thought, principle, and life, as well as in style, and were never weary of exposing and lampooning hypocrisy and pedantry. From courts and crowds they turned away with a genuine disgust, and found their readiest employ in singing in simple strains the vicissitudes of domestic and common life. Man with them was estimated at his true worth,—the wealth of his naked soul, the nobility of his conduct,—and

* *Weber's Outlines of Universal History.*

† *Taine's English Literature.*

Nature to them was the wild picturesqueness of Scotland or the garden beauty of England. The writings of these men had not a little to do with precipitating the revolution of the popular literary taste which followed close upon their times.

And now, upon the threshold of the present century, directed not only by the influences already noticed, but largely also by the reactionary philosophical theories of the times,—the skepticism of the French school and the pantheism and the mysticism of the German, appears the **English romantic school of literature**; producing, on the one hand, historical poetry and romance, and, on the other, psychological poetry. Scott, Campbell, Southey, Moore, Landor, and Leigh Hunt are eminent types of the former class of writers, while Wordsworth, Crabbe, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats represent with varying exactness the latter.

The former sought their themes and materials among the middle and early ages and in distant and little known lands, and brought them forth to the public eye, all hideous with barbaric grossness or dazzling with Oriental magnificence. They reasoned: "The barbarian, the feudal man, the cavalier of the Renaissance, the Mussulman, the Indian, each age and each race, has conceived its beauty. Let us enjoy it, and for this purpose put ourselves in the place of the discoverers; altogether; for it will not suffice to represent, like the previous novelists and dramatists, modern and national manners under old and foreign names; let us paint the sentiments of other ages and other races with their own features, however different these features may be from our own, and however unpleasing to our taste. Let us show our character as he was, grotesque or not, with his costume and speech; let him be fierce and superstitious if he was so; let us dash the barbarian with blood, and load the covenanter with his bundle of biblical texts. Then one by one on the literary stage men saw the vanished or distant civilization return: first the middle age and the Renaissance, then Arabia, Hindostan, and Persia; then the classical age and the eighteenth century itself; and the historic taste becomes so eager, that from literature the contagion spread to other arts."* Thus sprang up *Waverley*, *Ivanhoe*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Thalaba*, *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and other poems and romances of a like semi-historical character.

The other branch of this school, the **psychological poets**, made human life and destiny the great burden of their thoughts and musings. Their eyes were turned inward, upon the soul, to explore

* *Taine's English Literature.*

the sources and comprehend the end of the vague longings and bold aspirations that troubled them. What is man? and what his mission? were the great problems they would fain solve. Some, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, sought a solution by the light of Christian ethics, while others, like Byron, Shelley, and Keats, in the glamour of pagan visions. There was a diversity, too, in the styles of these different writers and in their themes, Wordsworth's being pre-eminently realistic and homely, Shelley's marvelously fantastic and abstracted, and Byron's intensely passionate, dramatic, and sensuous. But all, from their several points of view, and according to a certain preconceived philosophy of life, sought to elucidate the problem of human existence.

We have now had a tolerably fair view of the youthful features of this modern literature. Of obscure birth, from a youth spent in the sweet and peaceful employ of a pastoral life, with a countenance ruddy from the kindly caresses of Nature, armed with homely and simple weapons, but actuated by a divinely-inspired purpose, this New Literature comes boldly forth to meet, amidst taunts and sneers, the brass-clad, formidably armed, thoroughly disciplined, and victorious Goliath—the classicism of the eighteenth century. The struggle is brief. Perfect art and gigantic conventionalism fall, mortally smitten by the rude stone of natural expression and feeling.

It will be our next endeavor to follow this new literature through its main branches of poetry, fiction, history, and critical writing, down to the present; noticing, briefly, the nature and peculiarities of each.

Modern Poetry.—The distinctive features of modern English poetry have already been sketched, and the most eminent of its earlier representatives—Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Landor, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey—named. To continue this worthy roll, and to make it reasonably complete down to the present time, there should be added the names of Tennyson, Browning, Hood, Henry Taylor, Knowles, Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Buchanan, Macdonald, Henry Bulwer-Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), William Morris, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, Mrs. Norton, Joanna Baillie, and Jean Ingelow.*

* Other names still worthy of a mention are Samuel Rogers, William L. Bowles, James Montgomery, Horace Smith, William Herbert, Thomas H. Bayly, James Graham, William Sotheby, Dr. Heber, Robert Pollock, W. M. Praed, Hartley and Sara Coleridge, Mrs. Southey, Robert Montgomery, Miss Landon ("L. E. L."), George Croly, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Henry K. White, William Motherwell, and Gerald Massey.

A lively sympathy, naturally expressed, with living sentiments and actions, whether trivial or momentous, and whenever the life of the past engages attention a realistic interpretation of the same, these are the broad and fundamental characteristics of the poetry of these later or living writers. With these, style has become as capricious and varied a thing as human nature itself,—the word, the phrase, the figure, the period, all being despotically dictated by the idiosyncrasies of mind and life of the individual, or by the natural peculiarities of the scene described.

Along with this prevalent and fundamental realism, there exists, of course, a great variety in the matter and style of thought. Some, like Tennyson, the Brownings, and Matthew Arnold, are largely subjective in their treatment; the external world serving them chiefly for purposes of illustration. Their phraseology is often obscure, and their ideas sometimes appear provokingly indefinite; but all have given us not a few instances of a melody and polish of versification, a wealth and fitness of imagery, and a grace and spirituality of poetic conception unapproached by any other living poets.

Others, like Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Norton, Joanna Baillie, and, to a certain extent, "Barry Cornwall," have sung the domestic affections, and have depicted the concerns of humble life and the familiar aspects of nature so really and so feelingly, as forever to endear themselves to the popular mind and heart.

Others, again, like Charles Mackay, Alexander Smith, and Frederick Locker, have chosen their themes and literary properties from the city, and have devoted themselves to representing the manifold interests and experiences of the toiling, jostling, prosaic multitude. And others still, like William Morris and Robert Buchanan, have addressed themselves to the work of reproducing, after the quaint and picturesque fashion of Chaucer, the fables and mythologic romances of classic times; while some, like George Macdonald, have sought their inspiration in the touching episodes of scriptural history.

Modern Fiction.—"We see, indeed, that the great literary controversy between Classicism and Romanticism was a direct result of the French revolution. In that crisis, the Gothic depths of the western European mind were broken into; and though, politically, the immediate effect was a disgust of the past, and a longing toward the future as the era of human emancipation, yet, intellectually, the effect was a contempt for classic modes of fancy and composition, and a letting loose of the imagination upon Nature

in her wildest and grandest recesses, and upon whatever in human history could supply aught in affinity with the furious workings of contemporary passion. The Gothic Romance, of the picturesque and the ghostly, afforded the necessary conditions.”*

As exponents of this new species of prose fiction, we may instance Horace Walpole (1717–1797), author of *The Castle of Otranto*; Clara Reeve (1725–1803), author of the *Old English Baron*; Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823), author of *The Romance of the Forest* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; Matthew G. Lewis, Charles R. Maturin, G. P. R. James, and Mrs. Shelley. Casting the scenes of their fictions in the Middle Ages, or, if in more recent times, in those parts of southern Europe inseparably associated with romantic ideas and customs, these writers sought, by the employment of supernatural adjuncts, to involve the incidents and personages of their story in a prevailing mystery—in an impending catastrophe of horror.

But the more direct fruits of the revolutionary ideas of 1789, as developed in prose fiction, were met with in the combined political and romantic writings of Robert Bage, Thomas Holcroft, and, more markedly still, in those of William Godwin. In 1794, the latter, already well known as a political writer, published his novel, *Caleb Williams, or Things as they are*. He himself characterized it as “a study and delineation of things passing in the moral world,” “a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man.” This work he followed up with *St. Leon*, *Fleetwood*, *Mandeville*, and *Cloudesley*, all with a view to propagating the social and political theories advocated by the visionary and ultra, but philanthropic, minds of the age. All the trappings of supernatural embellishment, so characteristic of the preceding school of writers, are in these works discarded; the interests of the present life and an earnest effort for its amelioration taking the places of feudal concerns and romantic fantasies. True, this practical and didactic aim, judged of by the terms of its presentation, seems highly ideal; but none the less did it concern itself exclusively with actual and present affairs. It was the ideal seeking to penetrate and thereby to ennoble the real; or, rather, the genuine real struggling to slough off the conventionalisms and disguises of an artificial life.

Still another phase of the tendencies of this revolutionary epoch, as reflected in the glass of fiction, was the portraiture of the life and manners of existing society. The former artificial demarcations of classes had been gradually worn away by the tramp of general refinement and popular freedom; and the writer, that would now

* Masson's *British Novelists and their Styles*.

delineate the various aspects of society, must penetrate beyond the uniformly well-dressed and genteelly-behaved crowd into the inner and social life of individuals and classes. To do this demanded a close, incisive, and conscientious study of character, of human motives, and of the effects of human conduct. Thus was the novelist brought into actual contact with the realities of his own times. A glance at the names of the principal laborers in this department of fiction, reveals the noticeable fact that most of the writers were women.*

The most eminent of these writers were Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Mitford. The first (1765-1849), through the immense number, variety, and excellence of her works, has delighted and instructed readers of all ages. For the very young, she has written the charming tales entitled *Frank, Harry and Lucy*, and *Rosamond*; for those somewhat more advanced, *Simple Susan*, *Ennui*, *Leonora*, and *Belinda*; and for the mature reader, *Castle Rockrent*, *Patronage*, and the *Absentee*. In the last three works, our authoress has delineated, in all its humor, pathos, merits, and demerits, the peculiarities of the Irish peasantry.

"In her writings we see the Irish peasant as he is; and it is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than that of her animated sketches and the conventional Irishman of the stage or of fiction. The services rendered by Maria Edgeworth to the cause of common sense are incalculable; and the singular absence of enthusiasm in her writings, whether religious, political, or social, only makes us more wonder at the force, vivacity, and consistency with which she has drawn a large and varied gallery of character."†

Passing from Ireland to England, we meet with Miss Austen (1775-1817), working a vein a little higher up in the social strata — the society of the English country gentleman. With scarcely any plot, and with an almost total lack of picturesqueness and variety in persons and incidents, she has yet, with a unique precision and naturalness, photographed the rural gentry of England in her *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*.

Miss Mitford (1789-1855) has succeeded in painting, with exquisite grace and fidelity, the village life and scenery of England. "*Our Village* is one of the most delightful books in the language: it is full of those *home scenes* which form the most exquisite peculiarity, not only of the external nature, but also of the social life of the country."‡

*Of the number we may name Miss Burney, the Misses Lee, Mrs. Smith, Inchbald, Opie, Brunton, Hamilton, Trollope, Misses Edgeworth, Austen, Mitford, and Hannah More, and Lady Morgan.

† *Shaw's Outlines of English Literature*.

‡ *Ibid*.

We now have before us a fair summary of the earliest effects upon English prose fiction wrought by the revolutionary impulses of the Continent. Those effects, as we have seen, had three distinct manifestations. One was the turning of the mind away from the coldness, inanity, and artificialness of the classical style of thought and expression of the eighteenth century to the warmth, sensuousness, and robustness of the romantic literature and life of the Gothic ages: another — and one in an opposite direction — was the repudiation of all past ideas and sentiments, and the attempt to create, out of the events and sentiments of the stirring present, an inartificial and realistic school of thought and expression; while the third was the simple and accurate portraiture of the manners and humors of the various classes of existing society. The first was effective in carrying the mind back to a forgotten freshness; the second, in projecting it into a future Utopia of ideas; the third, in restricting it to a thorough understanding of, and to a making the best of, the present constitution of affairs.

We now stand fairly within the precincts of **nineteenth century fiction**, and, as we cast our eyes over the prospect, are all but bewildered by the numerous ramifications into which the three main currents we have been heretofore following suddenly divide. An able and recent critic includes these varieties under no less than thirteen distinct heads.*

* We have (1) *The Novel of Scottish Life and Manners*, with such writers as Scott, Galt, Hogg, Cunningham, Lockhart, Wilson, Miller, Macdonald, and others; (2) *The Novel of Irish Life and Manners*, its best representatives being Miss Edgeworth, Banim, Croker, Griffin, Carleton, Lover, Lever, and Mrs. Hall; (3) *The Novel of English Life and Manners*, with, as its exponents, Scott, Hook, Ward, Miss Austen, Miss Mitford, Disraeli, Sir Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, Anthony Trollope, Lady Blessington, Miss Martineau, Jerrold, Mrs. Crowe, Lewes, Brooks, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Brontë, Miss Muloch, "George Eliot," Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Mrs. Oliphant, and others; (4) *The Fashionable Novel*, depicting aristocratic metropolitan life, with such representatives as Caroline Lamb, Hook, Disraeli, Sir Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, Lady Blessington, Thackeray — in a measure — and others; (5) *The Illustrious Criminal Novel*, with such contributors as Sir Bulwer-Lytton and Mr. Ainsworth; (6) *The Traveler's Novel*, illustrated by Sir Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, and Thackeray; (7) *The Novel of American Manners and Society*, represented by the writings of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Marryat, and partially by Dickens and Thackeray; (8) *The Oriental Novel*, as set forth in the works of Beckford, Hope, Morier, Fraser, Disraeli, and others; (9) *The Military Novel*, and (10) *The Naval Novel*, as exemplified in the writings of Geig, Maxwell, Lever, Lover, Marryat, Chamier, Hannay, Cupples, Glasscock, Howard, and Trelawney; (11) *The Novel of Supernatural Phantasy*, of which Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, Bulwer's *Zanoni*, and some of the tales of Jerrold, and some of the Christmas stories of Dickens are examples; (12) *The Art and Culture Novel*, not perfectly realized in any English fiction, but approached occasionally by some of Bulwer's, Thackeray's, "George Eliot's," and Charles Kingsley's creations; and (13) *The Historical Novel*, as seen in the works of Scott, G. P. R. James, Godwin, Bulwer, Horace Smith, Ainsworth, Kingsley, Thackeray, Dickens, Lockhart, Collins, and many others.

These varieties do not exhaust all the forms under which fiction has displayed itself, but they must suffice for the purposes of our sketch.

In order to properly comprehend the origin and growth of this wonderful flowering in the domain, not of fiction only, but of literature generally, it will be necessary to turn again our attention to the political and social events that were transpiring in Europe during these years of modern literary activity.

The doctrines of popular sovereignty, of democratic and constitutional government, of religious toleration, and of free thought and speech, which had gained considerable ascendancy during the Revolution of 1789 and for a brief period thereafter, received a serious check by the formation, in 1815, of that imperial partnership called the Holy Alliance. Under color of promoting brotherly love, and of maintaining religion, peace, and justice throughout Europe, this Alliance, for a time, succeeded in ignoring all love, but infatuation for the sovereign; all religion, but conformity to the prescribed one; all peace, but supine submission to authority; and all justice, but acquiescence in the prerogatives of the despot.

But while princes and their aristocratic minions were bent on securing the permanency of monarchical institutions, the people very generally directed their efforts toward inaugurating constitutional governments. All over the Continent, constitutionalism made its inroads and celebrated its triumphs. The prerogatives of monarchs, hierarchs, and nobility, heretofore allowed as inherent and indefeasible, were now called in question, weighed in the balance of common sense, and largely abridged, the surplus being found to legitimately belong to the middle and lower classes of society. Government was redefined; the idea that it was a mutual compact between sovereign and subject, in which each reserved as inviolable certain privileges, supplanting the former notion that the one was born to govern and the other to be governed.

Among the rights claimed by the people were those of freedom of speech and of conscience, and participation in legislative and judicial proceedings. In some quarters — indeed, by a few earnest souls in all quarters — the very existence of an hereditary ruler and privileged classes was regarded as absurd and intolerable; and the democratic idea, that the people were by sacred right their own rulers, was boldly proclaimed and heroically contended for. Nay, in the heat of their zeal for popular rights, it was declared by the most ultra — the Communists and Socialists of France — that all men were socially and pecuniarily equal; and that therefore there

should be a leveling of all distinctions between classes, and an equal distribution of property and labor.

To appreciate the social, political, religious, and intellectual ferment, which the meeting of the antagonistic ideas of monarchists, constitutionalists, and red-republicans produced, one need only to turn to the history of Europe during the first half of the present century. Riots, insurrections, imprisonments, banishments, executions, assassinations, and sanguinary wars, as revolting in extent and degree as any that have ever fouled the pages of history, mark with tears and blood the steps of modern European progress.

In England, owing to the fact that many of the reforms agitated on the Continent had already obtained,—such as a constitutional government, liberty of the press and speech, and religious toleration, and owing also to the deliberate and conservative temper of the people,—these political commotions operated with comparative moderation. And yet did they operate with sufficient influence to keep the minds of the British people alive to their peculiar interests.

As a result of the long contest with France, English capital, and as a natural consequence the land, had gradually passed into the hands of the aristocracy. Manufactures, and commerce too, were monopolized by a few princely capitalists. Taxation upon all articles of trade, necessities of life, houses and lands, and heavy levies to sustain an extravagant court, fell grievously upon the middle and rapidly increasing lower orders of the people. But hard upon the heels of these abuses followed the avenging “Chartists,” who demanded universal suffrage, yearly parliaments, and vote by ballot. A relaxation of some of the more pressing grievances checked and tempered for the time being this popular outbreak; but by degrees, and through the persistent and rational efforts of the people, its original demands have, in these later years, come to be conceded almost to the letter. To-day, even by virtue of what has been already attained, to say nothing of what present grand movements looking to universal suffrage and popular education speedily portend, England stands confessed before the world as the least monarchical,—and to put it positively,—the most democratic, of all monarchies.

Without attempting to particularize, we may indicate in a general way how the political and social events just sketched modified, indeed, revolutionized, contemporary literature. Their effects are best shown in the prose fiction of the past half century.

One class of novelists, like Thackeray, has bent its energies to exposing the shams and corruption of titled life; another, like

Dickens, to bringing to light and to eliciting public sympathy and alleviation for the condition of the poor and seemingly vicious. Both would look on humanity, whether clad in purple and fine linen or in filthy rags, and appraise it as noble or mean according to its inherent possessions. Character and conduct, according to their measurement, and not accidents of birth or helps of fortune, make the man a *man*, and therefore eminent *above* all accessories, or a *brute*, and therefore groveling *in spite* of all accessories.

Other novelists have preferred exposing political or social or judicial abuses, as exemplified in existing institutions and usages, and have thus made themselves the propagandists of reform measures. This they have done not by argument or lampoon, but by a faithful, particular, and lively portraiture of the evils and evil-doers. As specimens of this species of fiction, we may name, *Alton Locke*, *Felix Holt*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, and *Little Dorritt*.

Still another sort of novelists is met with in the delineators of provincial life and manners. Yorkshire has had its artist in Miss Brontë, Lancashire in Mrs. Gaskell, and Devonshire in Mr. Kingsley, not to speak of writers who, like Dickens, have delineated the types of several non-metropolitan parts.

In considering these various species of fiction, it is interesting, too, to note how largely public events and actors have been allowed to suggest incidents and furnish characters. In these writings, no less prominently than in works of history and biography, we meet with political conspiracies, club-meetings, and riots and strikes among workingmen; and we have such characters as the Socialist, the Foreign Refugee, the Red Republican, the Government Spy, the Chartist Orator, the Strong-Minded Woman, the Jesuit, the Roman Catholic Priest, the High-Church Parson, the Broad-Church Parson, the Low-Church Parson, the Dissenting Preacher, the Methodist, the Materialist, the Spiritualist, the Positivist, the Whig, the Tory, and all the rest. Mixing with these realistic elements, in a disguise more or less complete, we find a marked effort on the part of not a few of these modern novelists to inculcate philosophical or political or religious theories,—the rationalism, socialism, positivism, whigism, toryism, or republicanism, of their peculiar liking.

Reviewing, now, what has been already presented, and allowing for the much more that with ampler space might have been presented, are we not bound to confess that surely we have fallen upon a realistic literature,—one worthy in every lineament of its eminently human countenance of the age that has given it birth,—the realistic nineteenth century?

Another fact that may not be omitted from this sketch of the literary peculiarities of the present century is the *preponderance of fiction* not only over *every* other species of composition, but over *all* other species combined. And this preponderance consists not alone in the superior bulk of this sort of writing, but in the surpassing interest it enlists. What the drama was to Elizabethan times, and the essay and didactic poem to the age of Anne, that the novel has come to be in this Victorian age.*

Modern History.—The questioning, sifting, judicial spirit, which, as we have already noticed, had so largely entered into the political and social movements of the present century, and which has so thoroughly convulsed and transformed the old order of things, has, with equal influence, operated upon modern historical writing. Far from accepting immemorial statements as authentic, it persists in examining anew the grounds of evidence for such statements. With the same temerity with which it had weighed the crowns of monarchs, the hats of bishops, and the badges of hereditary and assumed agents of authority generally, in the balances of equity and common sense, it also challenges the time-honored and pretentious authority of works called histories. *So rigid in treatment* is this spirit, that it insists on excluding from the pale of evidence—at least so far as profane history is concerned—every supernatural element; and it persists in regarding men, in all ages of the world, as having been swayed by the promptings of a human nature fundamentally the same.

And its audacity is equaled only by its *unweariedness of investigation*. It takes up author after author of those previously regarded

* "That the novel is popular at present, we know; that there is a sufficient reason for this popularity, we also know; and this sufficient reason is not very difficult to discover. First, then, it may be premised that our most esteemed novels concern themselves with delineations of modern life, and that modern life, in virtue of our immersion in it, and the complexity of its relations, can be represented more fully and satisfactorily by prose than through the higher medium of verse.

"The novel is the mirror in which society looks, in order that she may become acquainted with her own countenance. The provinces of prose and verse may be very strictly defined. Verse can deal with the tent of Achilles, prose with the modern drawing-room or dining-table. When men and women fell in love, as they did in the old ballads, verse could not, with all its resources, overdo the delights or agonies of the passion. When people fall in love as they do at this age of the world, when the passion is clogged and embarrassed by marriage settlements, when the lawyer has as much to do with the union of lovers as Cupid, we see at once that the time for the epithalamium is gone, and that verse cannot assist at the bridal.

"Another reason for the popularity of the modern novel may be found in the advance of prose during the last century as a medium of expression,—'that other harmony of prose,' as Dryden called it, with a far reaching gleam into its capabilities. We do not write verse so supremely now as Shakespeare and his companions did, but as a whole we write prose better."—*North British Review*, February, 1863.

as reliable, carefully compares their several statements upon every point; these again it compares with the allusions of contemporary literature, with the evidence of existing monuments, with inscriptions found upon exhumed and ancient works of art, and these again with the subtle testimony of languages and dialects. What remains unprecipitated by this series of tests is recognized and named as historical truth, all the rest is thrown away as the sediment of fable.

And as we have seen that this iconoclastic and critical spirit, in its political development, had its origin in Western Europe, so now we are called upon to note that, in its historical development also, it owns a Continental origin. The most eminent and successful of its earliest expositors was Niebuhr. In his *History of Rome*, the first volume of which was published in Germany in 1811, he showed that much of what is recorded by Livy as historical truth is, in reality, pure legend and myth; and that many of the long-accepted and marvelous stories concerning the seven kings are simply poetic fictions.

The courageous, truth-seeking, and truth-speaking spirit of this pioneer of genuine historical writing appeared shortly afterward, in England, in the persons of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Bishop Thirlwall, and George Grote. The first, by his *History of Rome*, accomplished for English students what Niebuhr had for German. The record, however, which was conducted in pure and vigorous English through three volumes, was broken off at the end of the second Punic War by the death of its author. The others have each written a *History of Greece*, which are not more remarkable for the thorough acquaintance with sources of information they evince and their sympathetic treatment, than for their rigid elimination of all matters suspected as fabulous or legendary, and for the unstrained and common-sense view they take of men and events.

By these writers—with whom also we must not fail to associate Sir George Lewis, author of *An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History*—"the old times, which were ignorantly admired and extravagantly lauded, have been carefully measured by what we know of the workings of the human nature to-day. The institutions, the principles, the passions, the aims and the achievements of such men as Pericles and Alcibiades, of Cicero and Seneca, of Catiline and the Cæsars, have been examined, not under the colored lights of blind admiration, nor by the weird lights of myth-making credulity, nor the false lights of blind or lying partisanship, but by the dry and white light which is reflected from the aims, principles, and passions of men in similar circumstances in modern times—the good men not being *over* good for human

nature, and the bad not so much, and so desperately, worse than the very bad of later times. In short, the historian has learned to measure the ancient world by the modern world, instead of by an extravagant and distorted creation of his own bewildered imagination and his excited fancy; because the modern is known to be the actual world, and as such illustrates those permanent laws and forces of humanity by which alone all history, whether old or recent, can be rationally estimated and judged."*

Another characteristic of modern historical writing is its *philanthropy*, so to speak, and *breadth of treatment*. It concerns itself not with the so-called great men alone,—the conquerors, kings, statesmen, and literati,—nor yet with the aristocratic and governing classes merely, nor again with revolutionary events simply, but it represents as well the doings and feelings of the middling and lower classes of society, and pictures the march of civic and social reforms. It essays to reproduce before the modern mind a particular, vivid, and accurate panorama of the whole life of the past,—its court life, its serf and peasant and citizen life, its external conquests and its domestic economies, its notions and usages of government and religion, its attitude as respects the sciences, arts, and refinements and industries generally of a civilized state, and its peculiar and transmitted influence.

In this pictorial attempt, the modern historian finds exercise not only for an unusual industry and energy, but a legitimate scope also for his *imagination*,—an imagination that not, as formerly, creates and embellishes out of its own unsubstantial and fantastic fabrics, but which simply fills out to their original proportions and invests with pristine color, warmth, and action the skeletons and fossils of the past.

But the modern method would not stop here. However much it may have accomplished by an expurgation of illusory elements, by a comprehensive and systematic collocation of authentic materials, and by a graphic style, it would aspire to one more attainment, namely, the discovery of a *philosophy of human conduct*. The material universe displays to our view a countless variety of phenomena. Formerly, when science was in its cradle, or had not been born, to each of these phenomena there was assigned a special cause or agent. As science advanced, these phenomena came to be gathered into little groups, each group claiming a cause common to every member of it. Then these groups came to be merged a number of them into one, and these more general ones

* *Books and Reading*, by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D.

finally into other fewer and still more comprehensive, until at the present stage of scientific knowledge it is ascertained that a few grand causes underlie all physical phenomena.

Now, a similar method of generalization the modern historian would apply to the facts and incidents of human life. He would regard all the individual and national events of the past as so many social and moral phenomena, susceptible of classification under the grasp and control of a few great human principles or laws. He believes it to be his province, not only to narrate truthfully, graphically, and exhaustively the events of the past, but to penetrate into the very feelings and thoughts of their actors, and there ascertain the motives and influences which impelled them, and then, by classifying these agencies, finally to derive, as it were, a general law of human action.

Of course, different historians, according to the number of the agencies they recognize, and their admitted individual importance and mutual harmony, arrive at different conclusions respecting the same historical events; but that broad, underlying agencies of human action have operated, and are now operating in society, all admit, and all are bent on discovering. Some, like Draper, have thought that they had found the secret of human conduct in physiological phenomena,—atmospheric and chemical agencies being the great excitants; some, like Buckle, have conceived men as the victims of gigantic material laws, which, fate-like, constrain them for good or for evil; on the contrary, some, like Froude, credit human liberty, caprice, and passion with the responsibility; and others again, like Arnold and Goldwin Smith, recognize above all the heterogeneities of human conduct the presidency of a unifying and beneficent Deity.

Among the leading writers who have exemplified more or less fully the foregoing methods of modern historical treatment, we may name, in addition to those already mentioned, Lord Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, Henry Hallam, Adam Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Archibald Alison, H. H. Milman, Geo. Rawlinson, Sir Francis Palgrave, E. A. Freeman, and Robert Vaughan.

Modern Periodical Literature.—The student of current English literature cannot fail of being impressed by the number, variety, and special excellence of its periodical publications. *Quarterlies*, *Monthlies*, *Fortnightlies*, *Weeklies*, and *Dailies* fairly compass him with their proffered services, great or small, grave or gay. Were it certain that Alfred the Great had instituted this species of literature, and that every royal patron of letters and every eminent writer, through all the intervening centuries, had promoted the

movement, even then there would be room for congratulation on its present flourishing state; but when it is known that, with a very few exceptions on the part of daily newspapers, all these periodical publications—we mean those now publishing—have sprung up within the limits of the present century, it becomes a matter of the profoundest astonishment, and the fact stamps the present age as the epoch of English prose writing.

The earliest of these periodicals was *The Edinburgh Review*. It was founded in 1802, by Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, and Francis Horner. Its tone, whether in questions of politics, religion, or literature, was bold and independent. It opposed the political views and measures of the existing administration, and, rejecting all precedent and time-honored authority, discussed anew questions of theology, literature, and æsthetics. To counteract—more especially the political—so-called heresies of *The Edinburgh*, the friends of constitutional integrity established in London, in 1809, *The Quarterly Review*, with William Gifford, and shortly afterward John G. Lockhart, as editor. With a like design, *Blackwood's Magazine* was originated in 1817, in Edinburgh. This magazine was fortunate in numbering among its earliest contributors John Wilson and John G. Lockhart, who brought to its pages a brilliancy, versatility, and piquancy that secured it immediate prominence.

Of the eminent writers who have, from time to time, contributed to the above periodicals, we may name, omitting those named before, Mackintosh, Carlyle, Macaulay, Talfourd, Scott, Hogg, Wordsworth, Lamb, Coleridge, De Quincey, Alison, Bulwer, Jerrold, Landor, Aytoun, Hazlitt, Moir, and Croker. Following the lead of the foregoing periodicals, there has gradually sprung up a large number of like publications of greater or less authority in the realm of letters. Such are *The Westminster Review*, *The North British Review*, *The Dublin Review*, *The Contemporary Review*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *The British Quarterly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Dublin University Magazine*. Many others of a lighter and more popular character might be enumerated.

The Reviews are devoted to thoughtful and critical writings. They are made up of dissertations upon current political, religious, social, scientific, and æsthetical questions, and of criticisms upon past and contemporary literature. Their contributors comprise the ripest scholars and acutest thinkers of the day, as is evidenced by the profound, elaborate, and discriminating character of the articles presented. The style of these writings is also worthy of notice. The eliminating, incisive, truth-discerning spirit, which,

as we have seen, with the historians worked the rejection of all mere gloss of narration, with these reviewers and essayists, operates in the rejection of extravagance of statement and meretricious ornamentation. Precision, strength, and fullness of statement are sought after, mere declamation and sonorous verbiage being despised.

The Magazines, while they partake, in a measure, of the characteristics just noticed, embody also the lighter elements of literature. They include the musings of poets, the imaginings of romancists, and the picturesque narratives of travelers. The poetical and fictitious writings of not a few of the leading modern English authors made their first appearance, piecemeal, in the monthly or weekly magazine. The style of these writings is adapted to their peculiar matter; the grave, logical, elaborate, sententious manner of the *Review* giving place to a lightsome, flowing, naive, and ornate expression.

Modern Philosophy, Theology, and Science.—Did it come within the province of a work of the special and cursory nature of the present to follow into all its branchings this luxuriant spirit of the present age, it would be easy to discover its peculiar florescence in the fields of Philosophy, Theology, Science, and Art. It may not be amiss, however, to bestow a passing glance upon these.

The realistic and practical elements which we have noticed as entering so markedly into modern poetry, fiction, history, and prose writing generally, have become significant elements also in the philosophic, theologic, scientific, and æsthetical speculations of the age. Controversy has been, in a great measure, shifted from abstract to concrete grounds. Mental and psychological phenomena now claim less attention than historical and physical data. Man's sphere of knowledge is sought to be extended rather by increase of sensible facts, by larger and better acquaintance with the material universe, than by refinements in metaphysics. Philosophy and Science have both shaken off the long-conceded, hereditary authority of Theology, and now claim a perfect right to pursue their investigations and discussions, and to draw their conclusions, independently. A severely critical and skeptical spirit has possessed all, compelling the theologian, with the zeal and candor of a first investigator, to a re-examination of the grounds of his orthodoxy,—the authenticity and genuineness of Scriptural records, and the scientist, no less zealously, to a scrutiny of the old and a search for the new of physical phenomena. "What is truth?" is the overmastering demand, and to apprehend and comprehend it, at the sacrifice, if need be, of every cherished dogma of the past, the heroic endeavor.

In the van of these modern crusaders,—conservatism would say filibusters,—as representing, variously, mental philosophy, march James Mill, John S. Mill, and G. H. Lewes; as representing theology, F. W. Newman, Rowland Williams, Bishop Colenso, Dean Stanley, Prof. Seeley, and James Martineau; as representing science, Thomas Huxley, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and John Tyndall.*

This modern spirit of inquiry, if not originated, has certainly been fostered by the immense increase in facilities for investigation afforded by the present century. The sciences of geology, analytical chemistry, comparative anatomy, biology, philology, archæology, and kindred branches, aided by improved mechanical appliances, have prodigiously enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge. In this general and thorough quest, stones have been upturned, skeletons exhumed, manuscripts discovered, implements of aboriginal tribes unearthed, strata explored, and elemental compounds analyzed, that have yielded, sometimes confirmatory, sometimes contradictory, and sometimes ambiguous, but always interesting, testimony.

Did it come within the limited province of the present work to note the effects of the distinctive influences of the nineteenth century—more especially those of the third quarter of the century—upon the oratorical, critical, and æsthetical literature of the day, much might be added to the foregoing. Suffice it to say, that these departments, no less than those already particularized, have been permeated and remolded by the potent leaven of the age.†

* Of writers whose views, in their several spheres of thought, have kept closer to the landmarks of general belief, we may name, of philosophers, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir William Hamilton, and J. D. Morell; of theologians, J. H. Newman, Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop Manning, Dr. Pusey, Robert Hall, Thomas Chalmers, F. W. Robertson, H. L. Mansel, William Thomson, Archbishop Whately, G. S. Faber, Dean Trench, J. B. Lightfoot, Dean Alford, C. H. Spurgeon, John Cumming, F. W. Farrar, and Prof. Fairbairn; of scientists, Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Michael Faraday, Hugh Miller, William Whewell, Richard Owen, Sir Charles Lyell, and J. H. Stirling.

† A few of the best known names in these several departments are, of orators, George Canning, Lord Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, Daniel O'Connell, Richard L. Sheil, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Macaulay, Lord Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Richard Cobden, Lord Lyndhurst, Earl Grey, Mr. Bright, Mr. T. Milner Gibson, Mr. Roebuck, Rev. Hugh McNeile, Benjamin Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone; of critical writers, Isaac Disraeli, Nathan Drake, Matthew Arnold, R. A. Vaughan, David Masson, and J. C. Shairp; of writers on art, A. W. Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson, C. L. Eastlake, and John Ruskin; of philologists, R. C. Trench, Max Müller, F. W. Farrar, and Dean Alford.

PART II.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH WRITERS.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

—LONGFELLOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, in 1809. His poetical bent and talent announced themselves while he was yet a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1829, he won the Chancellor's medal by his blank verse poem of *Timbuctoo*. The next year, being still an undergraduate, he published a volume entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. Three years later (1833) appeared another volume of *Poems*, which included as its gems, "Mariana in the South," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," and "The May Queen." A period of nine years passed before the next volume appeared. In this were presented "Morte D'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "Dora," "Lady Clara Vere De Vere," and other poems. In 1847, *The Princess, a Medley*, was issued. This "is a fairy tale as sentimental as those of Shakespeare. Tennyson here thought and felt like a young knight of the Renaissance. The mark of this kind of mind is a superabundance, as it were, a superfluity of sap. In the character of the *Princess*, as in those of *As You Like It*, there is an over-fullness of fancy and emotion. They have recourse, to express their thought, to all ages and lands; they carry speech to the most reckless rashness; they clothe and burden every idea with a sparkling image, which drags and

glitters upon it like a brocade clustered with jewels. They are excessive, refined, ready to weep, laugh, adore, jest, inclined to mingle adoration and jests, urged by a nervous rapture to contrasts, and even extremes. To satisfy the subtlety and superabundance of their originality, they need fairy tales and masquerades. In fact, the *Princess* is both."* From the Prologue of this poem we extract the following passage:

All within

The sword was trim as any garden lawn :
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbor seats : and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any.

Lilia, wild with sport,

Half child, half woman, as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam : near his tomb a feast
Shone, silver-set ; about it lay the guests,
And there we joined them : then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preached
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great ; but we, unworthier, told
Of college : he had climbed across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs ; and one
Discussed his tutor, rough to common men
But honeying at the whisper of a lord ;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneered with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talked, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad ; which brought
My book to mind ; and opening this, I read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney ; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,
And much I praised her nobleness, and " where "
Asked Walter, patting Lilia's head, (she lay
Beside him,) " lives there such a woman now ? "

Quick answered Lilia, "There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down :
It is but bringing up ; no more than that :
You men have done it : how I hate you all !
Ah, were I something great ! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children ! O, I wish
That I were some great Princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught ;
We are twice as quick !" And here she shook aside
The hand that played the patron with her curls.

And one said, smiling, "Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner ; yet I fear,
If there were many Lillas in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it."

At this upon the sward
She tapt her tiny silken-sandaled foot :
"That's your light way ; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us."

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laughed ;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she :
But Walter hailed a score of names upon her,
And "petty Ogress," and "ungrateful Puss,"
And swore he longed at college, only longed,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed ; they talked
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics ;
They lost their weeks ; they vexed the souls of deans ;
They rode ; they betted ; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But missed the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.

In Memoriam—the most elaborate and tender monody in the language—inspired by the memory of Arthur H. Hallam, his dearest and deceased friend, was published in 1850. From the

innumerable passages of beauty and pathos that mark the poem we cull the following :

XCIX.

I climb the hill: from end to end,
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;
No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;
Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trenched along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw;
Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right through meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;
But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

C.

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech shall gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;
Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;
Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;
Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crane;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
 A fresh association blow,
 And year by year the landscape grow
 Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the laborer tills
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
 And year by year our memory fades
 From all the circle of the hills.

CXXV.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
 And in his presence I attend
 To hear the tidings of my friend,
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
 And will be, though as yet I keep
 Within his court on earth, and sleep
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
 Who moves about from place to place
 And whispers to the worlds of space
 In the deep night, that all is well.

"To one self-toned lyre is every successive lay sung ; the inspiration is derived but from one source ; and from the fields of art, science, and philosophy, the poet returns to his home of love in the soul of his friend. Before the chords vibrate we know the sound that will fall on the ear, but the sweetness of the notes, the earnest truth of the thought, the comprehensiveness of the love, relieve them of all monotony. United to every emotion of joy or grief to which the poet gives utterance, is the pure chrysolite of his love, now bright as day ever was in summer clime, now shaded by a mist of tears."*

The year 1851 witnessed our poet's coronation as Poet-Laureate, as successor to Wordsworth. Four years later *Maud* "came out in its originality and excellence of form, in its truth of humanness, and in its large and subtle dramatic unity ; came out, too, decked in a new guise of that old lyric loveliness always the salient characteristic of the Laureate's books."† *Idyls of the King*, comprising the poems of "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," ap-

* *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1850.

† *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1870.

peared in 1859. These "Idyls" were continued in the volume *The Holy Grail and Other Poems*, published in 1869, and completed in *The Last Tournament* and *Gareth and Lynette*, published in 1872. The following extract is taken from "The Passing of Arthur," the same poem a little enlarged which we before noticed under the title of "Morte D'Arthur."

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

"I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more,—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In after time, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What 'is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:—
“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.” . . .

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily:
“What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
“I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
“Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe unto me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either for lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere,
And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

The above description is given as reply.

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. . . .

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. Then those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

"But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

These *Idyls* "are full of beauties in their own peculiar manner of workmanship; fine ideas abound throughout them; the music of words is heard through their varying pages in many a perfect lyric; and they possess numerous passages which, for weight of thought weightily set forth, have long ago passed into the permanent station of household words. In fine, the stock of the English tongue and the tone of the English mind cannot fail to benefit from them. But the men and women—do they individually and collectively stand carved in the heart as well as shaped in the mind? To us they have always presented a certain remoteness, totally unconnected with the remoteness of the times; and we have never been able to divest ourselves of the idea that they were being moved by an external hand, holding with a somewhat painful anxiety all their threads, rather than by inner, deep-down impulses, such as would lead us to lay heart to heart with them and share in the burden of their woe, or joy in the brightness of their joy.

"It is not that the poems are wanting in pathos; for much that we read in connection with the long-suffering Enid, the love-stricken Elaine, the vanity-befooled Merlin, the conscience-crushed Guinevere, is moving and eloquent, as well as beautiful; but if we analyze carefully the nature of the feeling called up by this motive eloquence, we find it to be rather a sense that such things that the poet tells are possible as occurrences to ourselves, or to those personally dear to us, than a vivid carefulness as to what is happening to the persons concerned in the poetic fiction,—in a word, a *lyric* rather than a *dramatic* pathos."*

In 1864 *Enoch Arden and Other Poems* was given to the public. "*Enoch Arden* is a true idyl. It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits; but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. . . The poet indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand, there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative; on the other, there is no hurry in the march, and no excessive compression of any of its portions. . . Amongst other things we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate. . . But if the Laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetic embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in *Enoch Arden* are those in which Holy Scripture is reverently quoted.

"Another secret of the Laureate's strength is the way in which he suits his background of landscape to the figures in his foreground, and so pictures the aspects of nature as seen by a human eye and felt by a human heart; whose joys they reflect by their brightness, or trouble with apprehension by their gloom; whose sorrow they soften by their mute sympathy, or increase by the seeming mockery of sharp and violent contrast."*

The year 1875 witnessed Tennyson's appearance in a new poetic guise—that of dramatist, *Queen Mary* being the theme. The following passage is from

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. Hall in the Palace.

Enter PHILIP.

Philip. Sir Nicholas tells you true,
And you must look to Calais when I go.

Mary. Go! must you go, indeed—again—so soon?
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,
That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor north than you:—
Knows where he nested—ever comes again.

Philip. And, Madam, so shall I.

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov., 1864.

- Mary.* O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.
- Philip.* Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.
- Mary.* Voices—I hear unhappy rumors—nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call you
Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you?
Alas, my Lord! what voices and how many?
- Philip.* The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté and the Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.
- Mary (admiringly).*
You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little Queen; and so, indeed,
Need you the more; and wherefore could you not
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my liege,
Here, by the side of her who loves you most?
- Philip.* No, Madam, no! a candle in the sun
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon
Is all but lost; your people will not crown me—
Your people are as cheerless as your clime;
Hate me and mine: witness the brawls, the gibbets.
Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman;
The peoples are unlike as their complexion;
Yet will I be your swallow and return—
But now I cannot bide.
- Mary.* Not to help *me*?
They hate *me* also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on the land—
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—
- Philip.* The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more!
- Mary.* I will, I will; and you will stay.
- Philip.* Have I not said? Madam, I came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare war.
- Mary.* Sir, there are many English in your ranks
To help you battle.
- Philip.* So far, good. I say
I came to see your Council and yourself
To declare war against the King of France.

Mary. Not to see me?

Philip. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [*Aside.*
But, soon or late, you must have war with France;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike—

Mary. A fool and featherhead!

Philip. Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this Henry
Stirs up your land against you to the intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

Mary. And yet the Pope is now collegued with France;
You make your wars upon him down in Italy:—
Philip, can that be well?

Philip. Content you, Madam;
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
Who deem it a most just and holy war.
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples:
He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.
The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—
Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,
And he withdraws; and of his holy head—
For Alva is true son of the true church—
No hair is harmed. Will you not help me here?

Mary. Alas! the Council will not hear of war.
They say your wars are not the wars of England.
They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know
The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back.
The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands
Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God
Is hard upon the people. What's to be done?
Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
And me will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham
Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

Philip. Madam, my thanks.

Mary. And you will stay your going?

Philip. And further to discourage and lay lame
The plots of France, altho' you love her not,

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

Mary. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

Philip. Ay, Madam, Catholic; but I will not have
The King of France the King of England too.

Mary. But she's a heretic, and when I am gone,
Brings the new learning back.

Philip. It must be done.
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

Mary. Then it is done; but you will stay your going
Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

Philip. No!

Mary. What, not one day?

Philip. You beat upon the rock.

Mary. And I am broken there.

Philip. Is this a place
To wail in, Madam? what! a public hall.
Go in, I pray you.

Mary. Do not seem so changed.
Say go; but only say it lovingly.

Philip. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
I never loved you more.

Mary. Sire, I obey you.
Come, quickly.

Philip. Ay. [Exit MARY.]

"To sum up our opinion of *Queen Mary*, we are inclined to think it the best specimen of the literary drama which has been written in our time. It is, at least, admirable in form. . . Of the dramatic spirit, in the Shakespearian sense, the play has nothing. It lacks the personal interest which might recall the genius of national action, and excite the ardor of patriotism by the representation on the stage of great historic examples. It is guilty, too, of the blunder, at once historic and dramatic, of making a heroine out of Bloody Mary. . . But as an intellectual exercise, as a scientific study of abstract motives, as a stimulant of those subtle ideas which the luxurious modern imagination delights to substitute for action, as a monument of ingenious and refined expression, in all these points Mr. Tennyson's drama may long continue to afford pleasure to the reader."*

In 1876 the Laureate favored his numerous admirers with a

* *British Quarterly Review*, 1875.

second dramatic poem, entitled *Harold*. It comprehends the period of English history between the death of Edward the Confessor and the battle of Hastings, and is interwoven with a touching love story. Since the above date, *Lover's Tale*, *The Revenge*—a ballad, and several minor poems have appeared.

"When Tennyson published his first poems, the critics found fault with them. He held his peace. For ten (nine) years no one saw his name in a review, nor even in a publisher's catalogue. But when he appeared again before the public, his books had made their way alone and under the surface, and he passed at once for the greatest poet of his country and his time.

"Men were surprised, and with a pleasing surprise. The potent generation of poets who had just died out, had passed like a whirlwind. Like their forerunners of the sixteenth century, they had carried away and hurried everything to its extremes. . . Men wanted to rest after so many efforts and so much excess. Quitting the imaginative, sentimental, and satanic school, Tennyson appeared exquisite. All the forms and ideas which had pleased them were found in him, but purified, modulated, set in a splendid style. He completed an age; he enjoyed that which had agitated others; his poetry was like the lovely evenings in summer: the outlines of the landscape are then the same as in the day-time; but the splendor of the dazzling dome is dulled; the reinvigorated flowers lift themselves up, and the calm sun, on the horizon, harmoniously blends in a network of crimson rays the woods and meadows which it just before burned by its brightness.

"What first attracted people were Tennyson's portraits of women. Adeline, Eleanore, Lilian, the May Queen, were keepsake characters from the hand of a lover and an artist. . . I have translated many ideas and many styles, but I shall not attempt to translate one of these portraits. Each word of them is like a tint, curiously deepened or shaded by the neighboring tint, with all the boldness and success of happiest refinement. The least alteration would obscure all. And there could not be too much of an art so just, so consummate, in painting the charming prettinesses, the sudden hauteurs, the half-blushes, the imperceptible and fleeting caprices of feminine beauty. He opposes, harmonizes them, makes them, as it were, into a gallery. . .

"He caressed them (all things refined and exquisite) so carefully, that his verses appeared at times far-fetched, affected, almost euphuistic. He gave them too much adornment and polishing; he seemed like an epicurean in style as well as in beauty. He looked for pretty rustic scenes, touching remembrances, curious or pure

sentiments. He made them into elegies, pastorals, and idyls. He wrote in every accent, and delighted in entering into the feelings of all ages. He wrote of St. Agnes, St. Simeon Stylites, Ulysses, Œnone, Sir Galahad, Lady Clare, Fatima, the Sleeping Beauty. He imitated alternately Homer and Chaucer, Theocritus and Spenser, the old English poets and the old Arabian poets. He gave life successively to the little real events of English life, and the great fantastic adventurer of extinguished chivalry. He was like those musicians who use their bow in the service of all masters. He strayed through nature and history, with no pre-occupation, without fierce passion, bent on feeling, relishing, culling from all parts, in the flower-stand of the drawing-room, and in the rustic hedge-rows, the rare or wild flowers or scent or beauty could charm or amuse him. Men entered into his pleasure; smelt the graceful bouquets which he knew so well how to put together; preferred those which he took from the country; found that his talent was nowhere more easy. They admired the minute observation and refined sentiment which knew how to grasp and interpret the fleeting aspects.”*

“A poet, like other men, is beset by the difficulty of doing justice in his representations to forms of thought opposite to his own, and to manifold phases of feeling which his judgment and education teach him to regard with suspicion or even condemnation. Yet this the poet must do, or he ceases any longer to hold the key to men’s inner hearts and deepest emotions. . . We do not say that Tennyson is without any portion of this last loftiest characteristic; but we submit that his didactic and moralizing vein is occasionally suicidal to the accomplishment of his poetic purposes; and there is in many of his poems an absence of that comprehensive spirit of self-identification with every conceivable form of thought and feeling and all possible conditions of humanity, which is the very life-blood of a poet given for all time.”†

“Whatever be the nature of the Laureate’s poems from time to time issued, there is one thing which we seem, so far, to be always, with trifling exceptions, safe in expecting; namely, samples of the English tongue which, regarded merely as terse, crisp, and absolutely compact specimens of expression, almost no one can rival. Tennyson has reduced the combined clarity, brevity, and pithiness of our language to the lowest term yet attained; and probably there is hardly a keenly-observant writer of the day, whether he write in prose or in verse, but has largely benefited by the simple linguistic refinements of the Laureate.”‡

* *Taine’s English Literature*, Vol. II.

† *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1861.

‡ *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1870.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in 1812, at Camberwell, a suburb of London, and was educated at London University. Several of the earliest years of his manhood were spent in Italy,—a country whose art, whose social, monastic, mediæval, and physical life, and whose history imparted, in after years, a predominating color to his poetical creations.

At twenty-three, Browning entered the lists where poet-knights contest their claims, as author of *Paracelsus*. It is a dramatic poem, re-enacting the psychological life of that ambitious alchemist, magician, and physician who aspired to know the essence of nature's mysteries. This poem was followed, in 1837, by his tragedy of *Strafford*, a not-very-happy attempt at portraying the English life of the times of Charles I. The dramatic poem of *Sordello*, founded upon incidents in the history of the Mantuan poet of that name whom Dante imagines himself to have met in purgatory, appeared in 1840. Next came, in 1843, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, a tragedy of singular intensity.

The interval between 1842 and 1846 was fertile in a number of poems, of which we may name *King Victor and King Charles*—a tragedy; *Columbe's Birthday*—a play; *The Return of the Druses* and *Luria*—tragedies; *A Soul's Tragedy*, and *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*. From the last we select

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.
 Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro'.)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.
 "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.
 The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Browning married, in 1846, the distinguished poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, since when, until recently, he has resided in Italy, for the most part at Florence. From this home of art was issued, in 1850, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day*, and *Pippa Passes*. "For any one who desires with small study to know this poet, *Pippa Passes* is the work to be read. It runs through all his octaves of pathos and humor, passion, character. Hence it is as full of fantastic life as a masquerade. In most of the other dramas Italian subtlety, ecclesiastical or otherwise, is the leading idea. It struggles through *King Victor and King Charles*, fails in the *Return of the Druses*, breaks a Titanic barbarian heart in *Luria*, laughs to scorn all patriotism, all sincerity, in *A Soul's Tragedy*. Its germ is the character of Monsignor, in *Pippa Passes*."* Let us hear Pippa's musings on a New-year's Day in her mean chamber at Asolo.

* *British Quarterly Review*. March, 1869.

Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
 Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
 My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
 To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
 The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
 But, this one day, I have leave to go
 And play out my fancy's fullest games:
 I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
 That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
 Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!

See! up the hill-side yonder, through the morning,
 Some one shall love me, as the world calls love:
 I am no less than Ottima, take warning!
 The gardens, and the great stone house above,
 And other house for shrubs, all glass in front,
 Are mine; where Sebald steals, as he is wont,
 To court me, while old Luca yet reposes;
 And therefore, till the shrub-house door uncloses,
 I . . . what, now?—give abundant cause for prate
 About me—Ottima, I mean—of late,
 Too bold, too confident she'll still face down
 The spitefullest of talkers in our town—
 How we talk in the little town below!

But love, love, love—there's better love, I know!
 This foolish love was only day's first offer;
 I choose my next love to defy the scoffer:
 For do not our Bride and Bridegroom sally
 Out of Possango church at noon?
 Their house looks over Orcana valley—
 Why should I not be the bride as soon
 As Ottima? For I saw, beside,
 Arrive last night that little bride—
 Saw, if you call it seeing her, one flash
 Of the pale, snow-pure cheek and black bright tresses,
 Blacker than all except the black eyelash;
 I wonder she contrives those lids no dresses!

—So strict was she, the veil
 Should cover close her pale
 Pure cheeks—a bride to look at and scarce touch,
 Scarce touch, remember, Jules!—for are not such
 Used to be tended, flower-like, every feature,
 As if one's breath would fray the lily of a creature?
 A soft and easy life these ladies lead!
 Whiteness in us were wonderful indeed—

Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,
 Keep that foot its lady primness,
 Let those ankles never swerve
 From their exquisite reserve,
 Yet have to trip along the streets like me,
 All but naked to the knee!
 How will she ever grant her Jules a bliss
 So startling as her real first infant kiss?
 Oh, no—not envy, this!

—Not envy, sure!—for if you gave me
 Leave to take or to refuse,
 In earnest, do you think I'd choose
 That sort of new love to enslave me?
 Mine should have lapped me round from the beginning;
 As little fear of losing it as winning!
 Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
 And only parents' love can last our lives:
 At eve the son and mother, gentle pair,
 Commune inside our turret; what prevents
 My being Luigi? while that mossy lair
 Of lizards through the winter-time, is stirred
 With each to each imparting sweet intents
 For this new-year, as brooding bird to bird—
 (For I observe of late, the evening walk
 Of Luigi and his mother, always ends
 Inside our ruined turret, where they talk,
 Calmer than lovers, yet more kind than friends)
 Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
 And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
 Let me be Luigi! . . . If I only knew
 What was my mother's face—my father, too!

Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
 Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
 Myself as, in the Palace by the Dome,
 Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the home
 Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
 That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
 With love for all men: I, to-night at least,
 Would be that holy and beloved priest!
 Now wait!—even I already seem to share
 In God's love: what does New-year's hymn declare?
 What other meaning do these verses bear?

*All service ranks the same with God:
 If now, as formerly He trod*

*Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.*

*Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
Costs it more pain than this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in, or exceed!*

And more of it and more of it!—oh, yes—
I will pass by, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
Down the grass-path grey with dew,
Under the pine-wood, blind with boughs,
Where the swallow never flew
As yet, nor cicale dared carouse—
Dared carouse!

Men and Women followed in 1855; *Dramatis Personæ*, in 1864; and *The Ring and the Book*, in 1869. The gist of the last poem we will let the poet himself disclose.

Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed, bushy-bearded, black-haired lord,
Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,
Fifty years old,—having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause,—
This husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
Guiseppe Caponsacchi,—and caught her there
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,

With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents; killed the three,
Aged, they, seventy each, and she seventeen,
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe
First-born and heir to what the style was worth
O' the Guido who determined, dared and did
This deed just as he purposed point by point.
Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
And captured with his co-mates that same night,
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence—
Injury to his honor caused the act;
That since his wife was false (as manifest
By flight from home in such companionship),
Death, punishment deserved of the false wife
And faithless parents who abetted her
I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor man.
"Not false she, nor yet faithless they," replied
The accuser; "cloaked and masked this murder glooms;
True was Pompilia, loyal, too, the pair;
Out of the man's own heart this monster curled,
This crime coiled with connivancy at crime,
His victim's breast, he tells you, hatched and reared;
Uncoil we and stretch stark the worm of hell!"
A month the trial swayed this way and that
Ere judgment settled down on Guido's guilt;
Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth Innocent,
Appealed to: who well weighed what went before,
Affirmed the guilt and gave the guilty doom.

Of the eight repetitions of this story, we select from Pompilia's her dying words.

For that most woeful man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me,
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends,—none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the blow.
We shall not meet in this world nor the next,
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too:

Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!
 And as my presence was importunate,—
 My earthly good, temptation and a snare,—
 Nothing about me but drew somehow down
 His hate upon me,—somewhat so excused
 Therefore, since hate was thus the truth of him,—
 May my evanishment forevermore
 Help further to relieve the heart that cast
 Such object of its natural loathing forth!
 So he was made; he nowise made himself:
 I could not love him, but his mother did.
 His soul has never lain beside my soul;
 But for the unresisting body,—thanks!
 He burned that garment spotted by the flesh!
 Whatever he touched is rightly ruined: plague
 It caught, and disinfection it had craved
 Still but for Guido; I am saved through him
 So as by fire; to him—thanks and farewell!

Even for my babe, my boy, there's safety thence—
 From the sudden death of me, I mean: we poor
 Weak souls, how we endeavor to be strong!
 I was already using up my life,—
 This portion, now, should do him such a good,
 This other go to keep off such an ill!
 The great life; see, a breath and it is gone!
 So is detached, so left all by itself
 The little life, the fact which means so much.
 Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,
 His marvel of creation, foot would crush,
 Now that the hand He trusted to receive
 And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce?
 The better: He shall have in orphanage
 His own way all the clearer: if my babe
 Outlive the hour—and he has lived two weeks—
 It is through God who knows I am not by.
 Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
 And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,
 Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!
 Why should I doubt He will explain in time
 What I feel now, but fail to find the words?
 My babe nor was, nor is, nor yet shall be
 Count Guido Franceschini's child at all—
 Only his mother's, born of love, not hate!
 So shall I have my rights in after-time.
 It seems absurd, impossible to-day;
 So seems so much else not explained but known.

"A poem of twenty-one thousand lines is based on a story which would suit a contemporary sensation novelist. The old vein of Italian subtlety runs through it. The construction of the poem is quite original. The story is told over and over again from various points of view. The effect produced upon the mind resembles that which results from reading through a long trial in the newspapers—evidence *in extenso*, speeches of all the counsel, the judge's summing up, and the subsequent comments of a dozen different journals.

"There are two important objections to this poem, considered as a work of art. It is a primary canon of criticism that a great poem can be based only on a great human action. But the character and conduct of Guido Franceschini are mean and ignoble: he is a creature wholly contemptible. . . And the construction of the poem is, in our opinion, as faulty as its action; to give eight versions of the same story, yet nowhere to tell the story in its true and direct form, is of course original, but is certainly inartistic. It is the newspaper in blank verse. . .

"Browning's method is, however, saved from being wearisome by his exercise of that peculiar faculty which he alone possesses. When, for example, Guido is pleading or confessing, it is not the rascal Count, as a great dramatist would make it, but the poet himself, who for the moment is *acting* Guido. He thrusts himself with marvelous skill into many characters, but he never forgets himself. You hear the poet's voice behind the mask. We find in this poem the same ruggedness of expression, the same difficulty of clothing thought in fit words, which pertained to all its predecessors." *

A volume of Browning's poems—published in 1872—included *Fifine at the Fair*, *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*, and *Hervé Riel*. Of the first of these, "The scene is at Browning's favorite Breton site of Pornic; the husband and the wife go to look at a traveling show that has come into the town over night, and they discuss the principle which gives to social outcasts and pariahs a self-contentment of their own. He, the husband, gives money to, and makes too much of, a saucy Gipsy girl of the troupe; has to explain his fancy and defend it; takes his wife a walk, and tells her, with all sorts of philosophical amplifications and digressions, the meaning and moral of such fancies, and how they do her no wrong; profounds Platonic ideas of the relation of real to ideal form; shows how to the esoteric mind the Fifies and their tribe have their perfection and true place in the universe; gets into the deepest generalities of life

* *British Quarterly Review*, March, 1869.

and religion, phenomenon and noumenon; explains on the way how there is one way of winning power over men, and another over women; relates dreams, visions, masques, all invented to figure forth his views of human dealing and destiny. . . Say one must its form is wilfully uncouth and entangled, that suggestions and analogies, clutched at as many of these are, will surely not come out sound thought when they are reduced into normal form.”*

Here is the show and its heroine.

Oh, trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me:
Like husband and like wife, together let us see
The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage
Drawn up and under arms, and ready to engage.
Now, who supposed the night would play us such a prank?—
That what was raw and brown, rough pole and shaven plank,
Mere bit of hoarding, half by trestle propped, half tub,
Would flaunt it forth as brisk as butterfly from grub?
This comes of sun and air, of autumn afternoon,
And Pornic and Saint Gille, whose feast affords the boon,—
This scaffold turned parterre, this flower-bed in full blow,
Bateleurs, baladines! We shall not miss the show!
They pace and promenade; they presently will dance:
What good were else i' the drum and fife? O pleasant land of France!

Who saw them make their entry? At wink of eve, be sure,
They love to steal a march, nor lightly risk the lure.
They keep their treasure hid, nor state (improvident)
Before the time is ripe, each wonder of their tent,—
Yon six-legged sheep, to wit, and he who beats a gong,
Lifts cap, and waves salute, exhilarates the throng,—
Their ape of many years and much adventure, grim
And gray with pitying fools who find a joke in him.
Or, best, the human beauty, Mimi, Toinette, Fifine,
Tricot fines down if fat, pudding plumps up if lean,
Ere, shedding petticoat, modesty and such toys,
They bounce forth, squalid girls transformed to gamesome boys.

No, no, thrice, Pornic, no! Perpend the authentic tale!
'T was not for every Gawain to gaze upon the Grail!
But whoso went his rounds when flew bat, flitted midge,
Might hear across the dusk—where both roads join the bridge,
Hard by the little port—creak a slow caravan,
A chimneyed house on wheels; so shyly-sheathed, began

To broaden out the bud, which, bursting unaware,
 Now takes away our breath, queen-tulip of the Fair!
 Yet morning promised much; for, pitched and slung and reared
 On terrace 'neath the tower, 'twixt tree and tree appeared
 An airy structure: how the pennon from its dome,
 Frenetic to be free, makes one red stretch for home!—
 The home far and away, the distance where lives joy,
 The cure, at once and ever, of world and world's annoy;
 Since what lolls full in front, a furlong from the booth,
 But ocean-idleness, sky-blue, and millpond-smooth?

* * * * *

Go boldly, enter booth, disburse the coin at bar
 Of doorway where presides the master of the troop,
 And forthwith you survey his Graces in a group,—
 Live picture, picturesque no doubt, and close to life:
 His sisters, right and left; the Grace in front, his wife.
 Next, who is this performs the feat of the trapeze?
 Lo, she is launched: look, fie, the fairy!—how she flees
 O'er all those heads thrust back!—mouths, eyes, one gape and stare.
 No scrap of skirt impedes free passage through the air,
 Till, plumb on the other side, she lights, and laughs again,—
 That fairy form, whereof each muscle, nay, each vein,
 The curious may inspect,—his daughter that he sells
 Each rustic for five sous. Desiderate aught else
 O' the vender? As you leave his show,—why, joke the man:—
 “You cheat: your six-legged sheep, I recollect, began
 Both life and trade, last year, trimmed properly and clipt
 As the Twin-headed Babe and Human Nondescript.”
 What does he care? You paid his price, may pass your jest,
 So values he repute, good fame, and all the rest.

* * * * *

This way, this way, Fifine!

Here's she shall make my thoughts be surer what they mean!
 First let me read the signs, portray your past mistake
 The gipsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun could bake,
 Yet where's a woolly trace, degrades the wiry hair?
 And note the Greek-nymph nose, and—oh, my Hebrew pair
 Of eye and eye,—o'erarched by velvet of the mule,—
 That swim as in a sea, that dip and rise and roll,
 Spilling the light around! while either ear is cut
 Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoanut.
 And then her neck!—now, grant you had the power to deck,
 Just as your fancy pleased, the bistre-length of neck;
 Could lay, to shine against it shade, a moon-like row
 Of pearl, each round and white as bubble Cupids blow

Big out of mother's milk : what pearl-moon would surpass
That string of mock-turquoise, those almandines of glass,
Where girlhood terminates ? for with breasts'-birth commence
The boy, and page-costume, till pink and impudence
End admirably all : complete, the creature trips
Our way now, brings sunshine upon her spangled hips,
As here she fronts us full, with pose half frank, half fierce !

"To read Browning one must exert himself, but he will exert himself to some purpose. If he finds the meaning difficult of access, it is always worth his effort—if he has to dive deep he rises with his pearl. Indeed, in Browning's best poems he makes us feel that what we took for obscurity in him was superficiality in ourselves. We are far from meaning that all his obscurity is like the obscurity of the stars, dependent simply on the feebleness of man's vision. On the contrary, our admiration for his genius only makes us feel the more acutely that its inspirations are too often straightened by the garb of whimsical mannerisms with which he clothes them. . .

"There is nothing sickly or dreamy in him : he has a clear eye, a vigorous grasp, and courage to utter what he sees and handles. His robust energy is informed by a subtle, penetrating spirit, and this blending of opposite qualities gives his mind a rough piquancy that reminds one of a russet apple. His keen glance pierces into all the secrets of human character, but, being as thoroughly alive to the outward as to the inward, he reveals those secrets, not by a process of dissection, but by dramatic painting.

"Browning has no soothing strains, no chants, no lullabies ; he rarely gives voice to our melancholy, still less to our gaiety ; he sets our thoughts at work rather than our emotions. But though eminently a thinker, he is as far as possible from prosaic ; his mode of presentation is always concrete, artistic, and, when it is most felicitous, dramatic. . . The greatest deficiency we feel in his poetry is its want of music. His lyrics, instead of tripping along with easy grace, or rolling with a torrent-like grandeur, seem to be struggling painfully under a burden too heavy for them ; and many of them have the disagreeable, puzzling effect of a charade, rather than the touching or animating influence of a song.

"We have said that he is never prosaic ; and it is remarkable that in his blank verse, though it is often colloquial, we are never shocked by the sudden lapse into prose. Wordsworth is, on the whole, a far more musical poet than Browning, yet we remember no line in Browning so prosaic as many of Wordsworth's. But

we must also say that though Browning never flounders helplessly on the plain, he rarely soars above a certain table-land—a footing between the level of prose and the topmost heights of poetry. He does not take possession of our souls and set them aglow, as the greatest poets—the greatest artists do. We admire his power, we are not subdued to it. Language with him does not seem spontaneously to link itself into song, as sounds link themselves into melody in the mind of the creative musician; he rather seems by his commanding power to compel language into verse. He has *chosen* verse as his medium; but of our greatest poets we feel that they had no choice: verse chose them.”*

In 1873 was published *Red Cotton Nightcap Country*, which was followed in 1875 by *The Inn Album* and *Aristophanes’ Apology*, in 1876 by *Pacchiarotto*, and in 1878 by *La Saisiaz: The Two Poets of Croisic*.

Summing up the various merits and demerits of this last poem, an able review remarks: “After all, who of our poets is so full-minded as he [Browning], pouring without stint from treasures which run over with richness? The alertness, the compression of thought, the riotous expansion of fancy, the plunge into torrents of life, the sudden calm of an awed mind, all these are here in this book as in his earlier poems, and we have no fears that Browning will really grow old any faster than we do.”†

* *British Quarterly Review*, 1864.† *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1876.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in London, in 1809. Surrounding affluence, and refinement, and a precocious literary bent conspired to render our poetess remarkable from her very childhood. When only ten she had manifested a faculty for composing both in prose and poetry, and when fifteen her promising efforts were well known to quite a circle of friends. Her first volume, entitled *Essay on Mind and other Poems*, was published when she was but seventeen.

The work, however, which first really brought Miss Barrett into public notice was her translation of *Prometheus Bound*, which was published in 1833. As the achievement of a young lady, this work was regarded with much indulgence, but as a worthy rendition of Æschylus a marked failure. The poetess herself, before long, came to realize its weakness, for she made a subsequent and much more successful effort at a new rendering.

About 1837, the death by drowning before her eyes of a much-loved brother so completely shocked Miss Barrett's naturally delicate constitution as to render necessary almost solitary confinement in a dark room for several years. It was during these years of seclusion chiefly, and when her mind, abstracted from the sight and sympathy of the sensible world, directed its large native energies to the contemplation of spiritual and divine realities, that she composed such poems as *The Seraphim*, *A Drama of Exile*, *Isabel's Child*, *The Soul's Traveling*, and several of her most touching *sonnets*.

Her emergence from this state of intense subjectivity and religious meditation into that of social and cheery experience is seen in the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*. From the *Sonnets* we select the following three :

Yes, call me by my pet name! let me hear
The name I used to run at, when a child,
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,
To glance up in some face that proved me dear
With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear
Fond voices, which, being drawn and reconciled
Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,
Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,
While *I* call God . . . call God!—So let thy mouth
Be heir to those who are now examine:
Gather the north flowers to complete the south,
And catch the early love up in the late!
Yes, call me by that name,—and I, in truth,
With the same heart, will answer, and not wait.

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name—
Lo, the vain promise! Is the same, the same,
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy?
When called before, I told how hastily
I dropped my flowers, or brake off from a game,
To run and answer with the smile that came
At play last moment, and went on with me
Through my obedience. When I answer now,
I drop a grave thought;—break from solitude:—
Yet still my heart goes to thee, . . . ponder how. . .
Not as to a single good, but all my good!
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow
That no child's foot could run fast as this blood.

If I leave all for thee, will thou exchange
And *be* all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors . . . another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest! If to conquer love has tried,
To conquer grief tries more . . . as all things prove:
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love—
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

“In this series of sonnets we have unquestionably one of Miss Barrett's most beautiful and worthy productions. In style they are

openly—indeed by the title avowedly—an imitation of the fourteenth and fifteenth century love-poetry; but to imitate this is so nearly equivalent to imitating nature of the simplest and loftiest kind, that it is scarcely to be spoken of as a defect of originality. The forty-four sonnets constitute consecutive stanzas of what is properly speaking one poem. They are lofty, simple, and passionate—not at all the less passionate for being highly intellectual and even metaphysical.”*

In 1846 Miss Barrett married Robert Browning, the poet, and removed to Florence, Italy. “The proud and happy bride of a man of genius, she wakes to new interests; the world itself grows large, and *present*, and vivid before her. Its manifold progress, its politics, its social hopes and activities, and especially the great political revolution she witnessed in Italy,—all these take possession of her heart, and impress a new character on her poetry. She who had lived only in the past or the future, lives now in the present; she who had lived only for immortality, lives also in the grand life of humanity.”†

These new experiences were embodied in the poem called *Casa Guidi Windows*, published in 1851. The following extracts will reveal, to some extent, the leading features of this poem:

The day was such a day
 As Florence owes the sun. The sky above,
 Its weight upon the mountains seemed to lay,
 And palpitate in glory like a dove
 Who has flown too fast, full-hearted!—take away
 The image! for the heart of man beat higher
 That day in Florence, flooding all her streets
 And piazzas with a tumult and desire.
 The people, with accumulated heats,
 And faces turned one way, as if one fire
 Both drew and flushed them, left their ancient beats,
 And went up toward the palace—Pitti wall,
 To thank their Grand-duke, who, not quite of course,
 Had graciously permitted, at their call,
 The citizens to use their civic force
 To guard their civic homes.

So, one and all,
 The Tuscan cities streamed up to the source
 Of this new good, at Florence; taking it
 As good so far, presageful of more good,—
 The first torch of Italian freedom, lit.

* *North British Review*, Feb., 1857.

† *British Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1861.

To toss in the next tiger's face who should
 Approach too near them in a greedy fit,—
 The first pulse of an even flow of blood,
 To prove the level of Italian veins
 Toward rights perceived and granted.

How we gazed
 From Casa Guidi windows, while, in trains
 Of orderly procession—banners raised,
 And intermittent bursts of martial strains
 Which died upon the shout, as if amazed
 By gladness beyond music—they passed on!
 The magistracy, with insignia, passed;
 And all the people shouted in the sun,
 And all the thousand windows which had cast
 A ripple of silks, in blue and scarlet, down,
 As if the houses overflowed at last,
 Seemed growing larger with fair heads and eyes.
 The lawyers passed; and still arose the shout,
 And hands broke from the windows to surprise
 Those grave, calm brows with bay-tree leaves thrown out.

The priesthood passed: the friars, with worldly-wise,
 Keen sidelong glances from their beards about
 The street to see who shouted! many a monk
 Who takes a long rope in the waist, was there!
 Whereat the popular exultation drunk
 With indrawn "vivas," the whole sunny air,
 While through the murmuring windows rose and sunk
 A cloud of kerchiefed hands! "the church makes fair
 Her welcome in the new Pope's name." Ensued
 The black sign of the "martyrs!" name no name,
 But count the graves in silence.

Next, were viewed
 The artists; next, the trades; and after came
 The people,—flag and sign, and rights as good,—
 And very loud the shout was for that same
 Motto, "Il Popolo," Il Popolo,—
 The word means dukedom, empire, majesty,
 And kings in such an hour might read it so.
 And next, with banners, each in his degree,
 Deputed representatives a-row
 Of every separate state of Tuscany:
 Siena's she-wolf, bristling on the fold
 Of the first flag, preceded Pisa's hare;
 And Massa's lion floated calm in gold,

Last, the world had sent
 The various children of her teeming flanks—
 Greeks, English, French—as if to a parliament
 Of lovers of her Italy in ranks,
 Each bearing its land's symbols reverent;
 At which the stones seemed breaking into thanks
 And rattling up the sky, such sounds in proof
 Arose! the very house-walls seemed to bend,
 The very windows, up from door to roof,
 Flashed out a rapture of bright heads, to mend
 With passionate looks, the gesture's whirling off
 A hurricane of leaves!

And Vallombrosa, we two went to see
 Last June, beloved companion,—where sublime
 The mountains live in holy families,
 And the slow pinewoods ever climb and climb
 Half up their breasts; just stagger as they seize
 Some gray crag—drop back with it many a time,
 And straggle blindly down the precipice!
 The Vallombrosan brooks were strewn as thick
 That June day, knee-deep, with dead beechen leaves,
 As Milton saw them ere his heart grew sick,
 And his eyes blind.

O waterfalls
And forests! sound and silence! mountains bare,

That leap up peak by peak, and catch the palls
 Of purple and silver mist to rend and share
 With one another, at electric calls
 Of life in the sunbeams,—till we cannot dare
 Fix your shapes, count your number! we must think
 Your beauty and your glory helped to fill
 The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink,
 He never more was thirsty when God's will
 Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link
 By which he had drawn from Nature's visible
 The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,
 He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled,
 Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is
 The place divine to English man and child—
 And pilgrims leave their souls here in a kiss.

A cry is up in England, which doth ring
 The hollow world through, that for ends of trade
 And virtue, and God's better worshipping,
 We henceforth should exalt the name of Peace,
 And leave those rusty wars that eat the soul,—
 Beside their clippings at our golden fleece.

I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
 Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,
 Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll
 The holy name of Peace, and set it high
 Where none could pluck it down. On trees, I say,—
 Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery
 Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
 Sweet mediation betwixt earth and sky
 Providing, for the shepherd's holiday!
 Not upon gibbets! though the vulture leaves
 The bones to quiet, which he first picked bare.
 Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves
 And groans within, stirs less the outer air
 Than any little field-mouse stirs the sheaves.
 Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair
 Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,
 And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,
 To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.
 Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip
 Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!
 I love no peace which is not fellowship,
 And which includes not mercy.

I would have
 Rather the raking of the guns across

The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave.
 Rather the struggle in the slippery fosse
 Of dying men and horses, and the wave
 Blood-bubbling. . . Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,
 And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
 Such things are better than a Peace which sits
 Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
 And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
 Are howling out of doors against the good
 Of the poor wanderer.

What! your peace admits
 Of outside anguish while it keeps at home?
 I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
 'Tis nowise peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—
 'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
 Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
 Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
 And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
 On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
 The life from these Italian souls, in brief.
 O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
 Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
 Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
 And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

"*Casa Guidi Windows* is, to our thinking, the happiest of its author's performances, if not the highest. The difficulty of the metre, in which every rhyme occurs thrice, here as in the sonnet, seems to act as a restraint upon the authoress's imagination, preventing it from indulging in that kind of flight of which boldness may be said to be the only recommendation. Her genius nowhere rises in so spirited a style, or maintains so steady an altitude, as in those poems in which she submits herself to the heaviest fetters of external form; whereas in blank verse, and in other measures, *not sufficiently weighted with rule*, her imagination 'pitches' like a kite without a tail." *

In 1856 appeared *Aurora Leigh*—Mrs. Browning's most elaborate work. "This poem is two thousand lines longer than 'Paradise Lost.' We do not know how to describe it better than by saying that it is a novel in verse, a novel of the modern didactic species, written chiefly for the advocacy of distinct 'convictions upon Life and Art.' " * As a sample of the descriptive energy of the work, we present the following extract:

* *North British Review*, Feb., 1857.

I had a little chamber in the house,
As green as any privet-hedge a bird
Might choose to build in, though the nest itself
Could show but dead-brown sticks and straws; the walls
Were green, the carpet was pure green, the straight,
Small bed was curtained greenly, and the folds
Hung green about the window, which let in
The out-door world with all its greenery.
You could not push your head out and escape
A dash of dawn-dew from the honeysuckle,
But so you were baptized into the grace
And privilege of seeing, . . .

First, the lime,
(I had enough there, of the lime, be sure,—
My morning-dream was often hummed away
By the bees in it;) past the lime, the lawn,
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream
Of tender turf, and wove and lost itself
Among the acacias, over which you saw
The irregular line of elms by the deep lane
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight
The lane was; sunk so deep, no foreign tramp
Nor drover of wild ponies out of Wales
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's lodge
Dispensed such odors,—though his stick well-crooked
Might reach the lowest trail of blossoming briar
Which dipped upon the wall.

Behind the elms,
And through their tops, you saw the folded hills
Striped up and down with hedges (burly oaks
Projecting from the lines to show themselves),
Through which my cousin Romney's chimneys smoked
As still as when a silent mouth on frost
Breathes—showing where the woodlands hid Leigh Hall;
While, far above, a jut of table-land,
A promontory without water, stretched,—
You could not catch it if the days were thick,
Or took it for a cloud; but, otherwise
The vigorous sun would catch it up at eve
And use it for an anvil till he had filled
The shelves of heaven with burning thunderbolts,
And proved he need not rest so early:—then,
When all his setting trouble was resolved
To a trance of passive glory, you might see

In apparition on the golden sky
 (Alas, my Giotto's background!) the sheep run
 Along the fine clear outline, small as mice
 That run along a witch's scarlet thread.

Not a grand nature. Not my chestnut-woods
 Of Vallombrosa, cleaving by the spurs
 To the precipices. Not my headlong leaps
 Of waters, that cry out for joy or fear
 In leaping through the palpitating pines,
 Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
 With thrills of time upon it. Not indeed
 My multitudinous mountains, sitting in
 The magic circle, with the mutual touch
 Electric, panting from their full deep hearts
 Beneath the influent heavens, and waiting for
 Communion and commission. Italy
 Is one thing, England one.

As a passage in the philosophic and didactic vein, this :

Natural things

And spiritual,—who separates those two
 In art, in morals, or the social drift,
 Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
 Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
 Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
 Is wrong, in short, at all points. We divide
 This apple of life, and cut it through the pips,—
 The perfect round which fitted Venus' hand
 Has perished utterly as if we ate
 Both halves.

Without the spiritual, observe,
 The natural's impossible ;—no form,
 No motion! Without sensuous, spiritual
 Is inappreciable ;—no beauty or power!
 And in this twofold sphere the twofold man
 (And still the artist is intensely a man)
 Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
 The spiritual beyond it,—fixes still
 The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
 With eyes immortal, to the antetype
 Some call the ideal,—better call the real,
 And certain to be called so presently
 When things shall have their names. Look long enough
 On any peasant's face here, coarse and lined,
 You'll catch Antinous somewhere in that clay,
 As perfect-featured as he yearns at Rome

From marble pale with beauty ; then persist,
 And, if your apprehension's competent,
 You 'll find some fairer angel at his back,
 As much exceeding him, as he the boor,
 And pushing him with empyreal disdain
 For ever out of sight.

"There's nothing great
 Nor small," has said a poet of our day,
 (Whose voice will ring beyond the curfew of eve
 And not be thrown out by the matin's bell,)
 And truly, I reiterate, . . nothing's small !
 No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee
 But finds some coupling with the spinning stars ;
 No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere ;
 No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim :
 And,—glancing on my own thin, veined wrist,—
 In such a little tremor of the blood
 The whole strong clamor of a vehement soul
 Doth utter itself distinct. Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God :
 But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
 The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
 And daub their natural faces unaware
 More and more, from the first similitude.

Our last extract discloses Aurora Leigh's emotions on returning as a mature woman to the Italian home of her childhood.

I took up the old days
 With all their Tuscan pleasures, worn and spoiled,—
 Like some lost book we dropped in the long grass
 On such a happy summer-afternoon
 When last we read it with a loving friend,
 And find in autumn, when the friend is gone,
 The grass cut short, the weather changed, too late,
 And stare at at, as at something wonderful
 For sorrow,—thinking how two hands, before,
 Had held up what is left to only one,
 And how we smiled when such a vehement nail
 Impressed the tiny dint here, which presents
 This verse in fire forever !

Tenderly
 And mournfully I lived. I knew the birds
 And insects,—which look fathered by the flowers
 And emulous of their hues : I recognized
 The moths, with that great overpoise of wings
 Which makes a mystery of them how at all

They can stop flying: butterflies, that bear
Upon their blue wings such red emblems round,
They seem to scorch the blue air into holes
Each flight they take: and fire-flies, that suspire
In short, soft lapses of transported flame
Across the tingling Dark, while overhead
The constant and inviolable stars
Outburn those lights of love: melodious owls,
(If music had but one note and was sad,
'T would sound just so,) and all the silent swirl
Of bats, that seem to follow in the air
Some grand circumference of a shadowy dome
To which we are blind: and then, the nightingales,
Which pluck our heart across a garden-wall,
(When walking in the town) and carry it
So high into the bowery almond-trees,
We tremble and are afraid, and feel as if
The golden flood of moonlight unaware
Dissolved the pillars of the steady earth
And made it less substantial.

And I knew
The harmless opal snakes, and large-mouthed frogs,
(Those noisy vaunters of their shallow streams,)
And lizards, the green lightnings of the wall,
Which, if you sit down still, nor sigh too loud,
Will flatter you, and take you for a stone,
And flash familiarly about your feet
With such prodigious eyes in such small heads!—
I knew them, though they had somewhat dwindled from
My childish imagery,—and kept in mind
How last I sat among them equally,
In fellowship and mateship, as a child
Will bear him still toward insect, beast, and bird,
Before the Adam in him has foregone
All privilege of Eden,—making friends
And talk with such a bird or such a goat,
And buying many a two-inch-wide rush-cage
To let out the caged cricket on a tree,
Saying, “Oh, my dear grillino, were you cramped?
And are you happy with the ilex-leaves?
And do you love me who have let you go?
Say *yes* in singing, and I'll understand.”

But now the creatures all seemed farther off,
No longer mine, nor like me; only *there*,
A gulf between us. I could yearn indeed,
Like other rich one, for a drop of dew

To cool this heat,—a drop of the early dew,
The irrecoverable child-innocence,
(Before the heart took fire and withered life,)
When childhood might pair equally with birds;
But now . . . the birds were grown too proud for us!
Alas, the very sun forbids the dew.

And I, I had come back to an empty nest,
Which every bird's too wise for. How I heard
My father's step on that deserted ground,
His voice along that silence, as he told
The names of bird and insect, tree and flower,
And all the presentations of the stars
Across Valdarno, interposing still
"My child," "my child." When fathers say "my child,"
'Tis easier to conceive the universe,
And life's transitions down the steps of law.

"The command of imagery shown by Mrs. Browning in this poem is really surprising, even in this day when every poetaster seems to be endowed with a more or less startling amount of that power; but Mrs. Browning seldom goes out of her way for an image, as nearly all our other versifiers are in the habit of doing continually. There is a vital continuity through the whole of this immensely long work, which is thus remarkably and most favorably distinguished from the sand-weaving of so many of her contemporaries. The earnestness of the authoress is also, plainly, without affectation, and her enthusiasm for truth and beauty, as she apprehends them, unbounded. A work upon such a scale, and with such a scope, had it been faultless, would have been the greatest work of the age; but, unhappily, there are faults, and very serious ones. The poem has evidently been written in a very small proportion of the time which a work so very ambitiously conceived ought to have taken. The language, which in passionate scenes is simple and real, in other parts becomes very turgid and unpoetical. These, and other artistic defects, detract somewhat from the general effect of the poem; but no one who reads it with true poetic sympathy, can withhold his tribute of admiration from a work possessing so many of the highest excellencies."*

Poems before Congress or Napoleon III. was published in 1860, and set forth our author's opinions upon French affairs. In 1863, a volume entitled *Last Poems*, comprising chiefly verses left in manuscript, made its appearance, thus completing Mrs. Browning's writings. She died in Florence, June 29, 1861, in the same house

* *North British Review*, Feb., 1857.

(Casa Guidi) in which she had lived fourteen years, and where her entire married life had been passed.

"Mrs. Browning's greatest failure is in her metaphors: some of them are excellent, but when they are bad—and they are often bad—they are very bad. By a single ugly phrase, a single hideous word, she every now and then mars the harmony of a whole page of beauty. She sadly wants simplicity, and the calm strength that flows from it. She writes in a high fever. She is constantly introducing geographical, geological, and antiquarian references, almost always out of place, and often incorrect. . . In recoil from mincing fastidiousness, she now and then seems coarse. She will not be taxed with squeamishness, and introduces words unnecessarily which are eschewed in the most familiar conversation. . . In the presentation alike of character and scenery, Mrs. Browning has proved herself in every sense a master. Those pictures of England and of Italy, which so adorn the first and seventh books of *Aurora Leigh*, will take a permanent rank among our best specimens of descriptive poetry."*

"A general tone of sadness pervades Mrs. Browning's poetry. As we read, there is a constant feeling that the writer is one weary of the world. This is not apparently from disappointment or pressure of any great grief, still less from cynicism or unbelieving despair. Every page evinces a deep-felt love for man as well as a heart at rest with God. The sadness is of that far nobler cast, peculiar to higher and unworldly natures, and which in part constitutes the melancholy so often attributed to poets. It arises from the constant presence of an ideal, which, though originally gained amidst the contemplation of earthly things, makes all the glory of earth look pale."†

* *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1857.

† *British Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1865.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born, January 30, 1775, at Warwick, "in the best house of the town." Wealth and Refinement met him on the threshold of life, bestowing, among their earliest gifts, education at Rugby School (1785), and at Trinity College, Oxford (1793), and qualifying him for the bar. He remained on the family estate, in the chosen employment of letters, until about 1805; during which interval he gave to the world (or rather a chosen few of it) a first volume of poems (1795) and *Gebir* (1798).

Of *Gebir*, the poet Southey, in a letter to its author, says: "I look upon *Gebir* as I do upon Dante's long poem in the Italian, —not as a good poem, but as containing the finest poetry in the language." And De Quincey remarks: "The main attraction of the poem lay in the picturesqueness of the images, attitudes, groups, dispersed everywhere. The eye seemed to rest everywhere upon festal processions, upon the panels of Theban gates, or upon sculptured vases." The following extract is from the Sixth Book of this poem:

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heav'd softly. . .
Ocean and earth and heaven war jubilee,
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

The brave Iberians far the beach o'erspread
Ere dawn, with distant awe; none hear the mew,
None mark the curlew flapping o'er the field;
Silence held all, and fond expectancy.
Now suddenly the conch above the sea

Sounds, and goes sounding through the woods profound.
 They, where they hear the echo, turn their eyes,
 But nothing see they, save a purple mist
 Roll from the distant mountain down the shore;
 It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves:
 Now shines the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
 And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.

Immortals crowding round congratulate
 The shepherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:
 His vesture clinging closely round his limbs
 Unfelt, while they the whole fair form admire,
 He fears that he has lost it, then he fears
 The wave has mov'd it, most to look he fears.
 Scarce the sweet flowing music he imbibes,
 Or sees the peopled ocean; scarce he sees
 Spio with sparkling eyes, and Berœ
 Demure, and young Ione, less renown'd,
 Not less divine; mild-natured, Beauty form'd
 Her face, her heart Fidelity; for gods
 Design'd, a mortal too Ione lov'd.

These were the Nymphs elected for the hour
 Of Hesperus and Hymen; these had strown
 The bridal bed, these tuned afresh the shells,
 Wiping the green that hoarsen'd them within;
 These wove the chaplets, and at night resolv'd
 To drive the dolphins from the wreathed door.

* * * * *

The Nymph discourses:

"Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
 Where, lov'd by Neptune and the Naiad, lov'd
 By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread,
 The sprightly Nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
 Rhine rolls his beryl-color'd wave; than Rhine
 What river from the mountains ever came
 More stately? most the simple crown adorns
 Of rushes and of willows intertwined
 With here and there a flower: his lofty brow
 Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak
 He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
 Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
 Will harbor us from ill." While thus she spake
 She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip
 And breath'd ambrosial odors, o'er his cheek
 Celestial warmth suffusing: grief disperst,
 And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
 Then pointed she before him: first arose

To her astonisht and delighted view
 The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.
 It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
 That not the sympathy of lutes alone
 Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
 But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
 Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
 Next, but long after and far off, appear
 The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
 And further to the right the Cyclades;
 Phoebus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
 His native Delos and ariel fane.
 He saw the land of Pelope, host of gods,
 Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
 Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
 Into her sunbright bay.
 He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
 Pindan Peneus and the slender Nymphs
 That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
 These, and Amphrysos and Apidanos
 And poplar-crown'd Sperchios, and, reclined
 On restless rocks, Enipeus, where the winds
 Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.

* * * * *

"Look yonder!" cried the Nymph. Tamar lookt
 Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.
 When from amid grey ocean first he caught
 The heights of Calpe, sadden'd he exclaim'd,
 "Rock of Iberia!—fixt by Jove, and hung
 With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
 Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what tho' Spring
 Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,
 Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch
 Where Valor and where Virtue have reposed."

The Nymph said, sweetly smiling, "Fickle Man,
 Would'st thou thy country? would'st those caves abhorr'd,
 Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?
 Gebir, though generous, just, humane, inhaled
 Rank venom from these mansions. Rest, O king,
 In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.
 With horrid chorus, Pain, Disease, Death,
 Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
 And ring their sounding emptiness through earth,
 Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace."
 And now the chariot of the Sun descends,

The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the sea.

Three years later (1808) we find Landor as a volunteer under Blake, testing the perils and hardships of a soldier's life, and for meritorious conduct winning for himself the rank of Colonel. In 1811 he married "a girl without a sixpence, and with very few accomplishments," but "pretty, graceful, and good-tempered," and established himself in a new and beautiful estate, the Abbey of Llanthony. The next year he brought out *Count Julian; a Tragedy*.

COUNT JULIAN.

ACT I.—SCENE III.

Guard. A messenger of peace is at the gate,
My lord, safe access, private audience,
And free return, he claims.

Julian. Conduct him in.

[RODERIGO enters as a herald.]

A messenger of peace! audacious man!
In what attire appearest thou? a herald's?
Under no garb can such a wretch be safe.

Roderigo. Thy violence and fancied wrongs I know,
And what thy sacrilegious hands would do,
O traitor and apostate!

Julian. What they would
They cannot: thee of kingdom and of life
'Tis easy to despoil, thyself the traitor,
Thyself the violator of allegiance.
O would all-righteous Heaven they could restore
The joy of innocence, the calm of age,
The probity of manhood, pride of arms,
And confidence of honor! the august
And holy lawn trampled beneath thy feet,
And Spain! O parent, I have lost thee too!
Yes, thou wilt curse me in thy latter days,
Me, thine avenger. I have fought her foe,
Roderigo, I have gloried in her sons,
Sublime in hardihood and piety:
Her strength was mine: I, sailing by her cliffs,
By promontory after promontory,
Opening like flags along some castle-tower,
Have sworn before the cross upon our mast
Ne'er shall invader wave his standard there.

Roderigo. Yet there thou planted it, false man, thyself.

Julian. Accursed he who makes me this reproach,
And made it just! Had I been happy still,
I had been blameless: I had died with glory
Upon the walls of Centa.

Roderigo. Which thy treason surrendered to the Infidel.

Julian. 'T is hard
And base to live beneath a conqueror;
Yet, amid all this grief and infamy,
'T were something to have rusht upon the ranks
In their advance; 't were something to have stood
Defeat, discomfiture, and, when around
No beacon blazes, no far axle groans
Thro' the wide plain, no sound of sustenance
Or succor soothes the still-believing ear,
To fight upon the last dismantled tower,
And yield to valor, if we yield at all.
But rather should my neck lie trampled down
By every Saracen and Moor on earth,
Than my own country see her laws o'erturned
By those who should protect them. Sir, no prince
Shall ruin Spain, and, least of all, her own.
Is any just or glorious act in view,
Your oaths forbid it: is your avarice,
Or, if there be such, any viler passion
To have its giddy range and to be gorged,
It rises over all your sacraments,
A hooded mystery, holier than they all. . . .

Roderigo. Come, I offer grace,
Honor, dominion: send away these slaves,
Or leave them to our sword, and all beyond
The distant Ebro to the towns of France
Shall bless thy name and bow before thy throne.
I will myself accompany thee, I,
The king, will hail thee brother.

Julian. Ne'er shalt thou
Henceforth be king: the nation in thy name
May issue edicts, champions may command
The vassal multitudes of marshal'd war,
And the fierce charger shrink before the shouts,
Lower'd as if earth had open'd at his feet,
While thy mail'd semblance rises tow'rd the ranks,
But God alone sees thee.

Roderigo. What hopest thou?
To conquer Spain, and rule a ravaged land?
To compass me around? to murder me?

- Julian.* No. Don Roderigo: swear thou, in the fight
That thou wilt meet me, hand to hand, alone,
That, if I ever save thee from a foe. . . .
- Roderigo.* I swear what honor asks. First, to Covilla*
Do thou present my crown and dignity.
- Julian.* Darest thou offer any price for shame?
- Roderigo.* Love and repentance.
- Julian.* Egilona† lives;
And were she buried with her ancestors,
Covilla should not be the gaze of men,
Should not, despoil'd of honor, rule the free.
- Roderigo.* Stern man! her virtues well deserve the throne.
- Julian.* And Egilona, what hath she deserv'd,
The good, the lovely?
- Roderigo.* But the realm in vain
Hoped a succession.
- Julian.* Thou hast torn away
The roots of royalty.
- Roderigo.* For her, for thee.
- Julian.* Blind insolence! base insincerity!
Power and renown no mortal ever shared
Who could retain or grasp them to himself:
And, for Covilla? patience! peace! for her?
She call upon her God, and outrage him
At his own altar! *she* repeat the vows
She violates in repeating! who abhors
Thee and thy crimes, and wants no crown of thine.
- Roderigo.* Have then the Saracens possess thee quite?
And wilt thou never yield me thy consent?
- Julian.* Never.
- Roderigo.* So deep in guilt, in treachery!
Forced to acknowledge it! forced to avow
The traitor!
- Julian.* Not to thee, who reignest not,
But to a country ever dear to me,
And dearer now than ever! What we love
Is loveliest in departure! One I thought,
As every father thinks, the best of all,
Graceful and mild and sensible and chaste;
Now all these qualities of form and soul
Fade from before me, nor on any one
Can I repose, or be consoled by any.

*Julian's daughter.

† Roderigo's wife.

And yet in this torn heart I love her more
Than I could love her when I dwelt on each,
Or claspt them all united, and thank't God,
Without a wish beyond. Away, thou fiend!
O ignominy, last and worst of all!
I weep before thee . . like a child . . like mine . .
And tell my woes, fount of them all! to thee!

In 1814, on account of financial embarrassment and trouble with his tenantry, Landor leaves England for the Continent. While at Tours, the next year, he published the Latin poems entitled *Idyllia Heroica*. Passing through France, he reaches Italy in 1815. Here he spends, with brief interruptions and one considerable absence of twenty-one years passed at Bath, England, the remainder of his long life; drinking in the inspiration of Italian skies and hills and waters, and living not only in a thorough knowledge of existing places and persons, but even more in a profound and extraordinary intimacy with all the classic associations and history of Southern Europe. It was during this continental life that he composed the greater number of his *Imaginary Conversations*, the work upon which his reputation as a writer chiefly depends.

"What a weighty book they (the *Imaginary Conversations*) make! How rich in scholarship! how correct, concise, and pure in style! how full of imagination, wit, and humor! how well informed! how bold in speculation! how various in interest! how universal in sympathy! In these hundred and twenty-five dialogues—making allowance for every shortcoming or excess—the most familiar and the most august shapes of the past are reanimated with vigor, grace, and beauty. Its long-dead ashes rekindle suddenly their wonted fires, and again shoot up into warmth and brightness. Large utterance, musical and varied voices, 'thoughts that breathe' for the world's advancement, 'words that burn' against the world's oppression, sound on throughout these lofty and earnest pages. We are in the high and good company of wits and men of letters; of churchmen, lawyers, and statesmen; of party-men, soldiers, and kings; of the most tender, delicate, and noble women; and of figures that seem this instant to have left for us the Agora or the schools of Athens, the Forum or the Senate of Rome. At one moment we have politicians discussing the deepest questions of state; at another, philosophers still more largely philosophizing,—poets talking of poetry, men of the world of worldly matters, Italians and French of their respective Literatures and Manners."*

* *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. lxxxiii.

Space and our poet's best interests will not warrant us in presenting entire any one of the *Conversations*; we shall therefore confine ourself to a few significant and characteristic extracts from them.

From *Marchese Pallavincini and Walter Landor*.

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare in his senses to break a twig from off one? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and searched laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark! often must he have inhaled this very odor! what a refreshment was it to a father's breast! The flowers of the linden should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy! from those who now are earth; they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

From *Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine Visitor*.

If anything could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomines; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind; it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! And does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialities of patch-work pomp, where Virgil led the gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world!

From *The Cardinal-Legate Albani and Picture Dealers*.

Legate. Titian ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raffæel performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian; his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors! we may descant on grace and majesty as we will; believe me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-pos-

sessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raffael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian, I love Correggio, I wonder at the vastness of Michael Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raffael.

From *Lucian and Timotheus*.

Lucian. The best sight is not that which sees best in the dark or the twilight; for no objects are then visible in their true colors and just proportions; but it is that which presents to us things as they are, and indicates what is within our reach and what is beyond it. Never were any three writers, of high celebrity, so little understood in the main character, as Plato, Diogenes, and Epicurus. Plato is a perfect master of logic and rhetoric; and whenever he errs in either, as I have proved to you he does occasionally, he errs through perseverance, not through unwariness. His language often settles into clear and most beautiful prose, often takes an imperfect and incoherent shape of poetry, and often, cloud against cloud, bursts with a vehement detonation in the air. Diogenes was hated both by the vulgar and the philosophers. By the philosophers, because he exposed their ignorance, ridiculed their jealousies, and rebuked their pride; by the vulgar, because they never can endure a man apparently of their own class who avoids their society and partakes in none of their humors, prejudices, and animosities. What right has he to be greater or better than they are? he who wears older clothes, who eats staler fish, and possesses no vote to imprison or banish anybody. I am now ashamed that I mingled in the rabble, and that I could not resist the childish mischief of smoking him in his tub. He was the wisest man of his time, not excepting Aristoteles; for he knew that he was greater than Philip or Alexander. Aristoteles did not know that he himself was, or, knowing it, did not act up to his knowledge; and here is a deficiency of wisdom.

From *Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

Marvel. Under the highest of their immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or, however, a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such tableland are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.

From the same.

Marvel. True, my lord! but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the phoenix; in others the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown

drop together, and are overlooked. It is true we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyenas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable: and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commemorate with the vault of heaven.

* * * * *

The arrogant, the privileged, the stiff upholders of established wrong, the deaf opponents of equitable reformation, the lazy consumers of ill-requited industry, the fraudulent who, unable to stop the course of the sun, pervert the direction of the gnomon, all these peradventures may be gradually consumed by the process of silent contempt, or suddenly scattered by the tempest of popular indignation. As we see in masquerades the real judge and the real soldier stopped and mocked by the fictitious, so do we see in the carnival of to-day the real man of dignity hustled, shoved aside, and derided, by those who are invested with the semblance by the milliners of the court. The populace is taught to respect this livery alone, and is proud of being permitted to look through the grating at such ephemeral frippery. And yet false gems and false metals have never been valued above real ones. Until our people alter these notions; until they estimate the wise and virtuous above the silly and profligate, the man of genius above the man of title; until they hold the knave and cheat of St. James' as low as the knave and cheat of St. Giles'; they are fitter for the slave-market than for any other station.

During the interval of Landor's residence at Bath (1836-1857), he wrote *Pericles and Aspasia*, *The Pentameron*, *Andrea of Hungary*, and several other plays; another series of the *Conversations*, *The Hellenics*, and *Last Fruit of an Old Tree*. He died September 17, 1864, at his Italian home near Florence, in the ninetieth year of his age.

"With many high excellencies, Landor's poetry must ever remain 'a sealed book' to the multitude; for whoever prefers to the obviously sublime, beautiful, and true, the grotesque, the visionary, and the involved, must submit to be admired by the capricious select, who can alone relish such elements in composition. In the case of Landor, this waywardness is the more to be regretted as in his genius there are elements, vigorous, fine, and fresh, which might have enabled his muse to soar with eagle pinions high over Parnassus. He seems, however, all along, to have systematically addressed himself only to the ear of an audience fit, though few, and even to ignore the competency of a popular tribunal.

"He moulds exclusively according to the antique, and often with classical severity; but although quite willing to admit his general power, I cannot help thinking that his independence of thought not unfrequently degenerates into a tone something like proud self-

sufficiency. We have genius, learning, and knowledge, ever apparently in abundance, but ever of a peculiar kind; and often, after all, from a sheer love of paradox, he follows, by a side-wind, the very authority apparently held in contempt.

“His poetic diction is involved and difficult, obscure from never-ending attempts at compression, and only redeemed by a picturesque power, and a word-painting, in which he was subsequently followed by Hunt, Keats, and Tennyson. His imagery is cold and statuesque—‘we start, for life is wanting there;’ but the habit of first composing his pieces in Latin, and then translating them into his mother tongue—said to be his actual practice—may readily be set down as a main source of their obscurity and apparent affectation. He has nothing like geniality of feeling, or warmth of coloring, in his portraits or pictures. His wit is cumbrous; when he exhibits point, it is rather the poisoned sting than the exciting spur; and his glitter can only be compared to sunshine refracted from an icicle.”*

* Dr. Moir in *Poetical Literature of Past Half Century*.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. The muses of Poetry and of Music, it would seem, like Pharaoh's daughter, espied him when just emerging into life on its sequestered waters, and claimed him for their own divine child, but consented to leave his rearing with his earth-born mother. This duty she discharged most scrupulously, nourishing him continually on scraps of poetry and patriotic songs, until, in a short time, the precocious young nursling had well-nigh converted the house in which he was born—unlovely as an ark of bulrushes—into a local Helicon, whither flocked the young and the gay of the neighborhood to hear his marvellous singing and recitations.

From repeating the songs of others, he early turned to creating songs of his own; and though practical duties fell to his lot, such as the weighing and measuring out of groceries and liquors in his father's store, the conning of tasks and the competing for prizes and degrees at Trinity College, and the preparation, more or less laborious, for entering on the practice of law in London, yet through all his divine instinct of song asserted itself more really and engaged his powers more fully than any of these prosaic and sordid concerns.

His earliest celebrity was gained by a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*, in 1800. Encouraged by the *eclat* of this performance, he brought out, the next year, his first volume of original poems, under the disguise of *The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little*. Then, at most capricious intervals, during a period of almost half a century, appeared successively *Epistles*, *Odes*, *Poems*, *Melodies*, *Satires*, *Romances*, *Biographies*, *Ballads*, and *Songs*. The most popular and truly meritorious of these were

his *Irish Melodies*, written from time to time between the years 1807 and 1834, and his *Lalla Rookh*, published in 1817, while our poet resided at Ashbourne.

Byron has said: "Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his *Irish Melodies*. They will go down to posterity with the music: both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry." Another* adds: "His Irish and National Melodies will be immortal; and they will be so for this reason,—that they express the feelings which spring up in the breast of every successive generation at the most important and imaginative period of life. They have the delicacy of refined life without its fastidiousness, the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness."

Of the *Melodies* we present the following specimens:

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

* Sir Archibald Alison in *History of Europe*.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And, oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou camest, like a soft, golden calm o'er the sea;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
 And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

Moore's achievement in the creation of *Lalla Rookh* has been estimated by a very able review* in the following terms: "He has, by accurate and extensive reading, imbued his mind with so familiar

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1817.

a knowledge of Eastern scenery that we feel as if we were reading the poetry of one of the children of the Sun. No European image ever breaks or steals in to destroy the illusion; every tone and hue and form is purely and intensely Asiatic; and the language, faces, forms, dresses, mien, sentiments, passions, actions, and characters of the different agents are all congenial with the flowery earth they inhabit, and the burning sky that glows over their heads."

"There is not only a richness and brilliancy of diction and imagery spread over the whole work, that indicate the greatest activity and elegance of fancy in the author; but it is everywhere pervaded, still more strikingly, by a strain of tender and noble feeling, poured out with such warmth and abundance as to steal insensibly on the heart of the reader, and gradually to overflow it with a tide of sympathetic emotion. There are passages, indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away, through long reaches of delight."*

The following fragmentary description of the Haram's chambers, from the *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, will serve as a sample of our poet's Oriental word painting.

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewildered,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of alve or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode:—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays

* Lord Francis Jeffrey, *Edinburgh Review*, Nov., 1817.

High as th' enamelled cupola, which towers
 All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here, too, he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of Comorin,
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea;
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
 Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
 Whose scent has lured them o'er the summer flood;
 And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

As a specimen of patriotic ardor, this passage from *The Fire-Worshippers* is offered.

O for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips!

His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting die,—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell!

This last extract, from *Paradise and the Peri*, exhibits our poet's ability in dealing with the tender and diviner emotions of the human soul. The Peri is herein spoken of.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small minaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall

From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When, young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"

He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

“There's a drop,” said the Peri, “that down from the
moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!”

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's Gate, to hail that tear,
Her harbinger of glory near!

“Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
 Whose scent is the breath of eternity!
 Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;
 O! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
 Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
 The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

In 1817 Moore took up his abode at Sloperton, where, excepting the time spent in European and American travel, a residence of two or three years in France, flying visits to Ireland and Scotland, and not unfrequent nor brief stays at London, he lived during the remainder of his life, in easy access of Lord Lansdowne's valuable library and aristocratic society, with kind friends around him, his home a sort of wayside bower, where the great folks from London found it convenient to stop and be regaled with the poet's sweet songs and good cheer.

"What Moore was in London, must Horace have been in Rome—the same genial boon companion—the same sweet lyric poet—the same true patriot—the same playful satirist. Take which phase of Moore's character you like, you will find the corresponding traits in his Roman prototype: the very subjects which inspired their muse—the very accidents of their life—have a curious resemblance. Born of lowly parentage, each raised himself to a position of honorable intimacy with the highest of the land; and each looked back with mindful love to the old home and the fond parents. . . . Each poet had the same love for the country, but each loved dearly, in the height of the season, when the grandees poured in from Baïæ or from Bath, to leave the Sabine farm or the Wiltshire cottage, and mingle among the crowds that thronged the mother city of their nation. If Horace drew around him an admiring circle to hear him recite his latest ode, Moore, too, could always attract the guests at Lady Donegal's, or Lord Moira's, to hearken to his last new melody. . . . Horace, no less than Moore,

'ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all;'

and, like Moore, charmed his readers equally by the tender beauty of his love songs, the fire of his patriotic odes, and the sparkling grace that adorns his epistles and his satires."*

He died February 25, 1852.

"To conclude, Thomas Moore has been styled the national poet of Ireland; and so he is, in the same sense Tasso is of the Venetians, or Beranger of the French, or Burns of Scotland; for he has patriotically consecrated his finest powers to the exposition and illustration of Ireland's peculiar feelings and associations, local, personal, and traditionary. Hence he is beloved by his countrymen, and deserves to be so, beyond all Ireland's other poets.

"The poetry of Moore—abstracting the artificial glare and glitter, which are its drawbacks—is of an elevated and ethereal kind, full of harmony, and spirit, and splendor: of the heroic romantic virtues of man, and the clinging, confiding tenderness of woman; of the beauty of the inferior creatures, and the magnificence of nature. . . . His muse is like one of his own Eastern Peris, full of life, light, and beauty—a froward and restless cherub, too animated to be ever listless, and too full of buoyant gaiety to bestow aught but a transient tear, a passing sigh, on the misfortunes, or crimes, or follies, of mankind—whose delight is in the witcheries of art and nature; whose flight is above the damping materialities of the grosser elements—whose thoughts are a concatenation of thick-blown fancies, whose syllables are music."*

* *D. M. Moir's Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, April 7, 1770.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear :
Much favored in my birthplace, and no less
In that beloved vale* to which erelong
We were transplanted,—there were we let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birthdays, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 't was my joy,
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung,
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf.†

“He was from the first in tolerably easy circumstances, and had a small fortune. Happily married, amidst the favors of government and the respect of the public, he lived peacefully on the margin of a beautiful lake, in sight of noble mountains, in the pleasant retirement of an elegant house (Rydal Mount), amidst the admiration and attentions of distinguished and chosen friends, engrossed by contemplations which no storm came to distract, and by poetry, which was produced without any hindrance.

“In this deep calm he listens to his own thoughts; the peace was so great, within him and around him, that he could perceive the imperceptible. He saw a grandeur, a beauty, lessons in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. He needed not, for the sake of emotion, either splendid sights or unusual actions. The dazzling glare of the lamps, the pomp of the theatre, would have shocked him; his eyes are too delicate, accustomed to sweet and uniform tints.”‡

*Vale of Esthwaite. † *Prelude*, Book I. ‡ *Taine's English Literature*, Vol. II.

He was appointed successor to Southey, as poet-laureate, in 1843. This distinction he accepted as a tribute of respect to his poetical name and genius, and not as an office imposing on him the production of government panegyrics. He died April 23, 1850, at the ripe age of eighty years.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell, thou little nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,
Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door
Will prosper, though unattended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:
These narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
Here are they in our sight,—we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be sought;
We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!
Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,
Our own contrivance, Building without peer!
—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched with tender heed,
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,

Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
 Making all kindness registered and known;
 Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child indeed,
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,
 That hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost show
 To them who look not daily on thy face;
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,
 And sayst, when we forsake thee, "Let them go!"
 Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race
 Of weeds and flowers, till we return be slow,
 And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
 And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best;
 Joy will be flown in its mortality;
 Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
 Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast
 Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
 And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
 Of which I sang one song that will not die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
 Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers,
 And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers;
 Two burning months let summer overleap,
 And, coming back with Her who will be ours,
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.*

LINES,

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild, secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration;—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when the mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,

Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence,—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love,—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; that household lawn
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode,—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace

Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father,—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.

Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
 And thee, the Spirit of them all!*

SONNET.

Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
 Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
 Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
 And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
 Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
 Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
 Cliffs, woods; and caves, her viewless steps unsound,
 And babble of her pastime!—On, dread power!
 With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
 Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower,
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
 Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

“Wordsworth's great work, *The Excursion*, appeared in 1814. This is a fragment of a projected great moral epic, discussing and solving the mightiest questions concerning God, nature, and man, our moral constitution, our duties, and our hopes. Its dramatic interest is exceedingly small; its structure is very inartificial; and the characters represented in it are devoid of life and probability. That an old Scottish peddler, a country clergyman, and a disappointed visionary, should reason so continuously and so sublimely on the destinies of man, is in itself a gross want of verisimilitude; and the purely speculative nature of their interminable arguments,

‘On knowledge, will, and fate,’

are not relieved from their monotony even by the abundant and beautiful descriptions and the pathetic episodes so thickly interspersed. . . . But, on the other hand, so sublime are the subjects on which they reason, so lofty and seraphic is their tone, and so deep a glow of humanity is perceptible throughout, that no reader, but such as seek in poetry for mere food for the curiosity and imagination, can study this grand composition without ever-increasing reverence and delight.”† From this poem we make the following extract. The “Sage” speaks:

* *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*, 1803.

† *Shaw's Outlines of English Literature*.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.

—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
The estate of man would be indeed forlorn,
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the heart.
Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
To rest upon their circumambient walls;
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the eternal! what if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice,—the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance, above all power of sight,—
An iron knell! with echoes from afar
Faint,—and still fainter,—as the cry, with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered!

But descending
From these imaginative heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
Where on the labors of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with ships
Sprinkled;—be our companion while we track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.

For the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no inquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures, and a kindred joy.
Accordingly, he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;

A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further; by contemplating these Forms
In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern, how, through the various means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that, for the instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
Their duties from all forms; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps
Departing not, for them shall be confirmed
The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliary to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burden of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name:
For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But, taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.
--So build we up the Being that we are;

Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
 We shall be wise perforce; and, while inspired
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
 Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
 By strict necessity, along the path
 Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
 Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;
 Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
 Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul.

An eminent contemporary,* a most intimate friend and an ardent admirer of our poet, has catalogued his peculiarities in the following compact and vigorous passage :

“*First.* An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly.* A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments, won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. *Thirdly.* The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly.* The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly.* A meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man,—the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate, but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and preëminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination, in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, he does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects

‘Add the gleam,
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the poet's dream.’”

All this is true of a large part of, perhaps the greater part

* S. T. Coleridge, in *Biographia Literaria*.

of, Wordsworth's poetry; the rest has been quite as truthfully characterized, we think, by a more recent and very able critic.*

"Half of his pieces are childish, almost foolish (see *Peter Bell*; *The White Doe*; *The Kitten and Falling Leaves*, etc.); dull events described in a dull style, one nullity after another, and that on principle. All the poets in the world would not reconcile us to such tedium. Certainly a cat playing with three dry leaves may furnish a philosophical reflection, and figure forth a wise man sporting with the fallen leaves of life; but eighty lines on such a subject make us yawn—much worse, smile. At this rate you will find a lesson in an old tooth-brush, which still continues in use. Doubtless, also, the ways of Providence are unfathomable, and a selfish and brutal workman like Peter Bell may be converted by the beautiful conduct of an ass full of virtue and unselfishness; but this sentimental prettiness quickly grows insipid, and the style, by its intentional ingenuousness, renders it still more insipid. . . . You must consider your emotions very precious, that you put them all under glass. There are only three or four events in each of our lives worthy of being related; our powerful sensations deserve to be exhibited, because they recapitulate our whole existence; but not the little effects of the little agitations which pass through us, and the imperceptible oscillations of our everyday condition.

"The specialty of the artist is to cast great ideas in moulds as great as they; Wordsworth's moulds are of bad common clay, notched, unable to hold the noble metal which they ought to contain. But the metal is genuinely noble; and besides several very beautiful sonnets, there is now and then a work, amongst others *The Excursion*, in which we forget the poverty of the scenery to admire the purity and elevation of the thought."

* Taine in his *English Literature*, Vol. II.

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London, May 23, 1798. His education was meager; and at an early age he was apprenticed to his uncle, an engraver. This employment, though damaging to his health and obnoxious to his tastes, proved in the end a great advantage, enabling him to illustrate his comicalities with cuts correspondingly amusing.

His debut as a litterateur was made while he was recuperating for a couple of years in Dundee. A first appearance in type was followed by a number of contributions to the "Dundee Magazine;" and these experiments, added to others of a like sort, subsequently made in London, eventuated in his becoming "a sort of sub-editor" of the "London Magazine," in 1821. A few years later, Hood published his first book—*Odes and Addresses to Great People*, which was written conjointly with his brother-in-law. His contributions to the magazine were collected and published in 1826, under the title of *Whims and Oddities*. In the same year appeared the *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, "in which the author's exquisitely delicate fancy runs riot in very prodigality of wit." From this poem we extract the Shade's defence of the Fairies.

'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care!—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings' food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

'Tis these befriend the timid, trembling stag,
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,
He feels his saving speed begin to flag;
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,

And prompt fresh shifts in his alarmed ears,
So piteously they view all bloody morts;
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still consorts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

Likewise to them are poets much beholden
For secret favors in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaffed out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanced this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soared far aloft.

Nay, I myself, though mortal, once was nursed
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;
My gramarye at her grave lap I conned,
Where Puck had been convened to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,
And toyed with Oberon's permitted wand.

With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,
And took me by my childish hand, and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep, dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus' wheel,
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

'Twas they first schooled my young imagination
 To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,
 And showed the span of winged meditation
 Stretched wider than things grossly seen or heard.
 With sweet, swift Ariel how I soared and stirred
 The fragrant blooms of spiritual bowers!
 'Twas they endeared what I have still preferred,
 Nature's blest attributes and balmy powers,
 Her hills, and vales, and brooks, sweet birds and flowers!

Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
 Will I regard them in my honoring rhyme,
 With love for love, and homages to beauty,
 And magic thoughts gathered in night's cool clime,
 With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
 Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
 So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
 Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
 Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells.

The *National Tales* appeared in 1827. Two years later, Hood commenced the publication of the "Comic Annual," which he carried forward with increasing success until 1834, when, by the failure of a firm, he became bankrupt. His proud and honorable nature, however, refused to have recourse to the bankruptcy court, and with a determination to liquidate his debts by literary toil, he went to the Continent. Here, through much ill-health, Hood worked on indefatigably.

"The public at home, that laughed over the quaint quips and cuts which the never-failing 'Comic' brought them, little thought with what pain and difficulty its mirth-inspiring pages were written. Yet, day by day, and often far into the night, the scratch of the pen was heard in his little room, and when, as often happened, the writer was so exhausted as to be unable to hold it, propped up by pillows, he still dictated to his wife the never-failing series of joke and pun."*

Hood returned home in 1840. The next year, on the death of Theodore Hook, he was appointed editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," the periodical in which, a short time before, he had published his famous poem, *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*. "In the Christmas number of 'Punch' for 1843 appeared the *Song of the Shirt*. For the first time Hood really caught the ear of the world as a singer. The song went straight to the heart of the

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1871.

nation—it was copied into every paper, the verses were on every tongue, and little boys sang it on the streets.”* We present it.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1871.

O, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work! work! work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
The shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Hood's engagement with the "New Monthly Magazine" was terminated in 1843, in order that he might carry into effect a long-cherished plan of starting a magazine of his own. This was accomplished in January of the following year by the appearance of "Hood's Magazine." But alas! the realization came too late to afford the anticipated satisfaction. Though the magazine became unprecedentedly popular, great financial difficulties were met with in carrying it through the earlier numbers; and, worst of all, Hood's health, always feeble and for several years past very precarious, utterly failed him this year.

"Yet, in the midst of all his troubles and illness—like a nightingale singing in the stormy dark—he composed many of his best songs; the *Haunted House*, the *Lady's Dream*, *The Laborer's Lay*, and *The Bridge of Sighs*, having appeared in rapid succession. . . . In the February number of his Magazine appeared the last verses Hood ever wrote—verses worthy of a dying poet:"*

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1871.

Hood died on May 3, 1845.

As a sample of Hood's felicity in humorous prose composition, we present

THE DISCOVERY.

"It's a nasty evening," said Mr. Dornton, the stock-broker, as he settled himself in the last inside place of the last Fulham coach, driven by our old friend Mat—an especial friend in need, be it remembered, to the fair sex.

"I would n't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stock-broker, "for a trifle."

"Nor I, as a speculation in options," said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley.

"I wonder what Mat is waiting for," said Mr. Tidwell, "for we are full, inside and out."

Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved,—the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what indeed he very well knew—"I believe every place is took up inside?"

"We're all here," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complement of old stagers.

"I told you so, ma'am," said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation from within. However, nobody spoke—on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbor, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

"I don't know what I shall do," exclaimed the woman; "I've nowhere to go to, and it's raining cats and dogs!"

"You'd better not hang about, anyhow," said Mat, "for you may ketch your death,—and I'm in the last coach,—ain't I, Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently; "shut the door."

"I told the lady the gentlemen could n't make room for her," answered Mat, in a tone of apology,—“I'm very sorry, my dear” (turning towards the female), “you should have my seat, if you could hold the ribbons—but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own.”

He began slowly closing the door.

"Stop, Mat, stop!" cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unclosed again; "I can't give up my place, for I'm expected home to dinner; but if the lady would n't object to sit on my knees—"

"Not the least in the world," answered Mat, eagerly; "you won't object, will you, ma'am, for once in the way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?"

"If I thought I should n't uncommode," said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed into one gentleman, whilst she favored another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. "I'm sure I'm obliged for the favor," she said, looking round; "but which gentleman was so kind?"

"It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, Madam," said Mr. Dornton: and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with the assur-

ance that she would sit as lightsome as she could. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the agreement; but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humor with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry. I, who had read the lays of the Troubadours—the awards of the old “Courts of Love”—the lives of the “preux Chevaliers”—the history of Sir Charles Grandison—to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married stock-broker! How I grudged him the honor she conferred upon him—how I envied his feelings!

I did not stand alone, I suspect, in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidwell, and Parsons seemed equally disinclined to forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true knights, lowered all our crests and blotted our scutcheons, and cut off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of “What is stirring in the Alley?”—“What is doing in Dutch?”—“How are the Rentes?”

To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so-and-so was very firm, and so-and-so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish Bonds.

“They are looking up, *my dear*,” answered Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stock-brokers had done tittering the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female in a calash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

“Is Susan Pegge come?” inquired a shrill voice.

“Yes, I be,” replied the lady who had been dry-nursed from town;—“are you, ma’am, number ten, Grove Place?”

“This is Mr. Dornton’s,” said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern,—“and—mercy on us! you’re in master’s lap!”

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the *ci-devant* lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and with feline celerity rushed up the garden, and down the area, of number ten.

“Renounce the woman!” said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage. “Why the devil didn’t she tell me she was the new cook?”

The following poems must serve as representatives of a class that constitutes the bulk of Hood’s writings.

THE DUEL: A SERIOUS BALLAD.

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such angels on a "Cloud."

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forebore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 Here one of us may fall,
 And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
 Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name;
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
 But think of Honor's Courts!
 If we go off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
 Though cloudy it begun;
 Why can't we aim above, as if
 We had call'd out the sun?

So up into the harmless air,
 Their bullets they did send;
 And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end.

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 Thus I heard a father cry;
 "Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 The brat will never shut an eye;
 Hither come, some power divine!
 Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 What the devil makes him cry?
 "Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 Still he stares—I wonder why—
 Why are not the sons of earth
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 Thus I heard the father cry;
 "Lullaby, O lullaby!"
 Mary, you must come and try!—

Hush, O hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, O lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
Lullaby, O lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
How can I from bed-posts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep!"

"Lullaby, O lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, O lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

"Thomas Hood was the prince of wits. His nature was so steeped in the choicest spirit of humor that it continually bubbled over in quip and jest, like a cool spring welling up in desert places. He was the magician of words, ruling language with a despotic sway, and by a wave of his wand compelling it to perform the strangest transformations. His style is as simple and earnest as possible. The words are mostly common Saxon words with which every one is familiar, but they are chosen with exquisite taste. Hood spoke like a child—artlessly, naturally, yet with that wisdom and wit, and 'tears and laughter for all times!'

"The popularity of his humorous writings is very wonderful, if we bear in mind the evanescent character of wit, and especially that form of wit which we call 'punning.' Other comic books grow stale; time robs them of their flavor, and steals their charms, but *Hood's Own* is as fresh to-day as when it first appeared. The secret lies in this. Through all Hood's comicalities there is an under-current of truth, of fresh child-like humor, and, paradoxical as it may appear, an intense spirit of sad earnestness. This man, who was wont to tickle the world into laughter, was yet not always merry himself. His tears were as often tears of pain as of joy, and he put on a sunny face at times to hide from his friends the agony which too frequently gnawed within.

“With all his modesty, too, Hood was conscious—as no great man can help being conscious—of his great powers, and their partial though necessary misapplication. He felt that he was meant to be something better than an inspired jester, and because the world refused him leisure to indulge his aspirations his soul fretted silently. . . Hood’s fame as a wit has hurt his reputation as a poet. His mind was steeped in the spirit of Elizabethan literature. In his verse we catch once more the echo of a by-gone age; the fresh, quaint flavor of times when thought was simple; the strong, clear, trickling language of a people who spoke their mind. His verse is clear and ringing as a bell; it falls on the ear like pleasant music, not a note is out of tune.

“Hood was not one of those men of commanding intellect who arise but once or twice at most in a nation’s history. Rather is he enshrined amid the Lares and Penates of our hearts—our household favorites, our Charles Lambs and Sir Philip Sidneys; a kind, genial, honest-hearted man of genius, whom we feel it is good to know and pleasant to remember; whose laugh has a hearty ring wherewith to blow away the cob-webs of sorrow and care, and the shake of whose hand does one’s heart good. There have been greater writers in our nation’s history; and a few more as great, but there has been no one whose noble efforts in behalf of the poor, the outcast, and the sinning, will serve to embalm his memory and his works in a kindlier affection and regard than Thomas Hood, ‘the darling of the English heart.’”*

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1871.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bedminster, near Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. At fourteen he entered Westminster, and four years after gained admittance to Baliol College, Oxford. On leaving college, three well-known and influential characters met him at the door; one, in flowing vestments, and with aspect and speech supernal, invited him to sacerdotal orders and honors; another, with an air no less imposing, but with a clamorous and worldly tongue, pressed him to political strife and preferment; while the third, with fawn-like simplicity, but with angelic grace and sweetness, beckoned him to more private pursuits. He left Church with a kiss of goodwill, with a single hand-shake he turned from State, and arm in arm went with the Genius of Literature.

Southey's earliest literary efforts were put forth for the immediate purpose of obtaining means toward aiding the accomplishment of Coleridge's scheme of a "Pantisocracy" on the banks of the Susquehanna. To this end he wrote *Joan of Arc*, which was published in 1795. *Madoc* was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794 and finished in 1799. "This subject," (the discovery of America by the Welsh prince Madoc,) says Southey, "I had fixed upon when a school-boy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the school-fellow to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem."

The following description of the destruction of a great serpent is from Part II. of *Madoc*.

Far in the hill,
Cave within cave, the ample grotto pierced,
Three chambers in the rock. Fit vestibule,
The first to that wild temple, long and low,
Shut out the outward day. The second vault
Had its own daylight from a central chasm
High in the hollow; here the Image stood,

Their rude idolatry,—a sculptured snake,
If term of art may such misshapen form
Beseem,—around a human figure coil'd,
And all begrimed with blood. The inmost cell
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth
They saw the Serpent's still small eye of fire.
Not if they thinn'd the forest for their pile,
Could they, with flame or suffocating smoke,
Destroy him there; for through the open roof
The clouds would pass away. They paused not long;
"Drive him beneath the chasm," Cadwallon cried,
"And hem him in with fire, and from above
We crush him."

Forth they went, and climb'd the hill
With all their people. Their united strength
Loosen'd the rocks, and ranged them round the brink,
Impending. With Cadwallon on the height
Ten Britons wait; ten with the Prince descend,
And with a firebrand each in either hand,
Enter the outer cave. Madoc advanced,
And at the entrance of the inner den,
He took his stand alone. A bow he bore,
And arrows round whose heads dry tow was twined,
In pine-gum dipp'd, he kindled these, and shot
The fiery shafts. Upon the scaly skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipp'd arrows fell,
But at their bright and blazing light effray'd,
Out rush'd the reptile.

Madoc from his path
Retired against the side, and call'd his men,
And in they came, and circled round the snake;
And shaking all their flames, as with a wheel
Of fire they ring'd him in. From side to side
The monster turns!—where'er he turns, the flame
Flares in his nostrils and his blinking eyes;
Nor aught against the dreaded element
Did that brute force avail, which could have crush'd
Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,
Or old Manoah's mightier son, ere yet
Shorn of his strength. They press him now, and now
Give back, here urging, and here yielding way,
Till right beneath the chasm they centre him.

At once the crags are loosed, and down they fall
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash

Of scale and bone was heard. In agony
The Serpent writhed beneath the blow; in vain,
From under the incumbent load essay'd
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone
Fasten'd and flatten'd him; yet still, with tail
Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and foined
From side to side, and raised his raging head
Above the height of man, though half his length
Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the force
Of that wild fury, little had to him
Buckles or corselet profited, or mail,
Or might of human arm.

The Britons shrunk
Beyond its arc of motion; but the Prince
Took a long spear, and springing on the stone
Which fix'd the monster down, provoked his rage.
Uplifts the Snake his head retorted, high
He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down
To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced,
Inclines his body back, and points the spear
With sure and certain aim, then drives it up,
Into his open jaws; two cubits deep
It pierced, the monster forcing on the wound.
He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit short
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now
Clangs all his scales, can from its seat dislodge
The barbed shaft; nor those contortions wild,
Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes
Which shake his inmost entrails, as with the air
In suffocating gulps the monster now
Inhales his own life-blood.

The Prince descends;
He lifts another lance; and now the Snake,
Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground
Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seized
That moment, planted in his eye the spear,
Then setting foot upon his neck, drove down
Through bone, and brain, and throat, and to the earth
Infixed the mortal weapon. Yet once more
The Snake essay'd to rise; his dying strength
Fail'd him, nor longer did those mighty folds
Obey the moving impulse, crush'd and scotch'd;
In every ring, through all his mangled length,
The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then collapsed
In death.

"In those days," says our poet, "I was an early riser: the time so gained was usually employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand, and when Charles Danvers came down to breakfast on the morning after *Madoc* was completed, I had the first hundred lines of *Thalaba* to show him, fresh from the mint." It was completed and published in 1800. From Book VI. of this poem we quote what may be styled:

THALABA'S ADMISSION TO PARADISE.

This was a wild and wondrous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,
The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.
High mountains closed the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhospitable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the Eagle, strong of wing,
A lonely plunderer, that afar
Sought in the vales his prey.

Thither toward those mountains Thalaba
Following, as he believed, the path prescribed
By Destiny, advanced.
Up a wide vale that led into their depths,
A stony vale between receding heights
Of stone, he wound his way.
A cheerless place! the solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one flower, whereon to fix.

Still Thalaba holds on;
The winding vale now narrows on his view,
And steeper of ascent,
Rightward and leftward rise the rocks;
And now they meet across the vale.
Was it the toil of human hands
Had hewn a passage in the rock,
Through whose rude portal-way
The light of heaven was seen?
Rude and low the portal-way;
Beyond, the same ascending straits
Went winding up the wilds.

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,
A fearful silence and a solitude
That made itself be felt;
And steeper now the ascent,
A rugged path, that tired
The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.
At length, again a rock
Stretch'd o'er the narrow vale;
There also had a portal-way been hewn,
But gates of massy iron barr'd the pass,
Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipp'd and brazen-mouth'd.
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen mouth he breathed;
Like a long thunder-peal,
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast;
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclosed the passage of the rock.
He enter'd, and the iron gates fell to,
And with a clap like thunder closed him in.

It was a narrow, winding way;
Dim lamps suspended from the vault,
Lent to the gloom an agitated light.
Winding it pierced the rock,
A long, descending path,
By gates of iron closed;
There also hung a horn beside,
Of ivory tip and brazen mouth;
Again he took the ivory tip,
And gave the brazen mouth its voice again.
Not now in thunder spake the horn,
But breathed a sweet and thrilling melody.
The gates flew open, and a flood of light
Rush'd on his dazzled eyes.

Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,
The fated Youth had found his wondrous way?
But earthly Eden boasts
No terraced palaces,
No rich pavilions bright with woven gold,
Like these, that, in the vale,
Rise amid odorous groves.
The astonish'd Thalaba,

Doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguiled him, closed his eyes,
And open'd them again;
And yet uncertified,
He press'd them close, and, as he look'd around,
Question'd the strange reality again.
He did not dream;
They still were there—
The glittering tents,
The odorous groves,
The gorgeous palaces. . . .

Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
And rich pavilions, through the opening woods,
Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And, winding through the verdant vale,
Went streams of liquid light
And fluted cypresses rear'd up
Their living obelisks;
And broad-leav'd lane-trees, in long colonnades,
O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand tendrill'd vine
Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
And clusters not their own.
Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes
Return for rest? beside him teems the earth
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
And here, amid her sable cup,
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose!
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
From bowers of merriment;
The waterfall remote;
The murmuring of the leafy groves;
The single nightingale
Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly toned,
That never from that most melodious bird,
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thracian shepherd by the grave

Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,
 Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
 All his own power infuse, to swell
 The incense that he loves. . . .

Full of the bliss, yet still awake
 To wonder, on went Thalaba;
 On every side the song of mirth,
 The music of festivity,
 Invite the passing youth.

Wearied at length with hunger and with heat,
 He enters in a banquet room,
 Where, round a fountain brink,
 On silken carpets sate the festive train.
 Instant through all his frame
 Delightful coolness spread;
 The playing fount refresh'd
 The agitated air;
 The very light came cool'd through silvering panes
 Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam tinged;
 Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,
 Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
 Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist:
 Through every hue, and streak'd by all,
 The flowing fountain play'd.
 Around the water-edge
 Vessels of wine, alternate placed,
 Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.
 From golden goblets there
 The guests sate quaffing the delicious juice
 Of Shizaz' golden grape.

In 1804, Southey removed to Greta Hall, near Keswick, in Cumberland, where, excepting occasional visits to London, several excursions to various parts of England and the Continent, he passed the remainder of his life. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, was commenced at Keswick, 1809, and there finished in 1814.

RODERICK IN BATTLE.

The Avenger hastened on
 In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
 Rejoicing, and forgetful of all else,
 Set up his cry, as he was wont in youth,
 "Roderick the Goth!"—his war-cry known so well. . . .
 The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,

If it had passed their lips, would with a curse
Have clogged it, echoed it as if it came
From some celestial voice in the air, revealed
To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.

“Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!” O’er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote
And overthrew, and scattered and destroyed,
And trampled down; and still at every blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
“Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!”

Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying, through the astonished ranks,
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,
Ebba, performing well a soldier’s part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a cimeter, the splendid gift
Of Walid, from Damascus sent; its hilt
Embossed with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun
With dazzling splendor, flashed. The Goth objects
His shield, and on its rim received the edge
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
Diminished. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
On either part, and many a foin and thrust
Aimed and rebated; many a deadly blow,
Strait or reverse, delivered and repelled.

Roderick at length with better speed hath reached
The Apostate’s turban; and, through all its folds,
The true Cantabrian weapon, making way,
Attained his forehead. “Wretch!” the avenger cried,
“It comes from Roderick’s hand! Roderick the Goth!
Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betrayed!
Go, tell thy father now how thou hast sped
With all thy treasons!” Saying thus, he seized
The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,
Reeled in the saddle; and, with sidelong step
Backing Orelio, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse’s feet

He fell, forgot his late-learned creed, and called
 On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth passed on,
 Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
 Scattering, where'er he turned, the affrighted ranks.

* * * * *

The evening darkened, but the avenging sword
 Turned not away its edge till night had closed
 Upon the field of blood. The Chieftain then
 Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
 Returned rejoicing, all but he for whom
 All looked with most expectance. . . .

Upon the banks
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs
 And flanks incarnadined, his poitrel smeared
 With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
 Aspersed like dewdrops; trembling there he stood
 From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
 His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,—
 A frequent anxious cry, with which he seemed
 To call the master whom he loved so well,
 And who had thus again forsaken him.
 Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
 Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
 Clotted with blood: but where was he whose hand
 Had wielded it so well that glorious day?

Days, months, and years and generations passed,
 And centuries held their course, before, far off
 Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls,
 A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
 In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

"Of all Southey's great poems, *Roderick* is assuredly the best, and must ever keep its place among the first-class productions of the age. It was the achievement of his matured genius, and is, throughout, more consistent and sustained than *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, or *Kehama*. Hence it is, perhaps, that its beauties stand less prominently forward from the general text; but they are more in number, and higher in excellence, than those of his other works." *

Without attempting to pursue further the story of Southey's numerous literary achievements, let it suffice to note that, after about twenty years of laborious probation, he was, in 1813, adjudged worthy of the proud appointment of Poet-laureate. The last few

years of his life were saddened by a gradual decay of his intellect; and he died, March 21, 1843.

"Southey would have been a remarkable man in whatever he turned his attention to, let it have been law, physic, or divinity, the accountant's desk or the merchant's wharf, the pen or the sword. His enterprise, like his industry, was boundless; his self-appreciation was justly high; his spirits were exuberantly elastic, his courage indomitable. To himself he was the hardest of task-masters; and he was not contented, like Coleridge, with merely meditating great things, but uniformly carried them through, compelling himself to a more than Egyptian bondage—for it was from year to year, and every day, and all day long, and to the end of his life." *

"*Joan of Arc* is an English and French story; *Thalaba*, Arabian; *Kehama*, Indian; *Madoc*, Welch and American; and *Roderick*, Spanish and Moorish; nor would it be easy to say (setting aside the first, which was a very youthful work) in which of these noble poems Southey has most successfully performed an achievement entirely beyond the power of any but the highest genius. In *Madoc*, and especially in *Roderick*, he has relied on the truth of nature, as it is seen in the history of great national transactions and events. In *Thalaba* and in *Kehama*, though in them, too, he has brought to bear an almost boundless love, he follows the leading of Fancy and Imagination, and walks in a world of wonders. Seldom, if ever, has one and the same poet exhibited such power in such different kinds of poetry—in Truth a Master, and in Fiction a Magician.

"It is easy to assert that he draws on his vast stores of knowledge gathered from books, and that we have but to look at the multifarious accumulation of notes appended to his great Poems to see that they are not inventions. The materials of poetry indeed are there—often the raw materials—seldom more; but the Imagination that moulded them into beautiful, or magnificent, or wondrous shapes, is all his own, and has shown itself most creative. Southey never was among the Arabians nor Hindoos, and therefore had to trust to travelers. But had he not been a poet he might have read till he was blind, nor ever seen

'The palm grove inland amid the waste,'

where with Oneiza in her Father's Tent

'How happily the years of *Thalaba* went by!'

* D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature of past Half-Century*.

In what guidance but that of his own genius did he descend with the Destroyer into the Domdaniel Caves? And who showed him the Swerga's Bowers of Bliss? Who built for him with all its palaces that submarine City of the Dead, safe in its far-down silence from the superficial thunder of the sea?

"The greatness as well as the originality of Southey's genius is seen in the conception of every one of his five chief works—with the exception of *Joan of Arc*, which was written in very early youth, and is chiefly distinguished by a fine enthusiasm. They are one and all National Poems, wonderfully true to the customs and characters of the inhabitants of the countries in which are laid the scenes of all their various adventures and enterprises, and the poet has entirely succeeded in investing with an individual interest each representative of a race."*

"The sole objection to Southey's poems is, that they are too intensely *objective*—too much reflect the mind, as spreading itself out upon external things—too little exhibit the mind, as introverting itself upon its own thoughts and feelings."†

* Recreations of Christopher North.

† De Quincey's Literary Remains.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1794. "She was distinguished, almost from her cradle, by extreme beauty and precocious talents. Before she had attained the age of seven, her father, having suffered commercial reverses, broke up his establishment in Liverpool, and removed with his family into Wales, where, for the next nine years, they resided at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, a large old mansion close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains.

"In the calm seclusion of this romantic region, with ample range through the treasures of an extensive library, the young poetess passed a happy childhood, to which she would often fondly revert amidst the vicissitudes of her after life. Here she imbibed that intense love of Nature which ever afterwards 'haunted her like a passion,' and that warm attachment for the 'green land of Wales;' its affectionate, true-hearted people—their traditions, their music, and all their interesting characteristics, which she cherished to the last hour of her existence."* Indeed, by far the greater part of her *after* life was also spent in this wild and romantic country.

This happy girlhood, and her marriage in 1812 with Captain Hemans, and his cruel desertion of her six years later, leaving her with a family of five children to rear, were the great efficient influences of her life; and they fully account, the one for the fidelity and sympathy that pervade her descriptions of natural scenery, and the other for the sorrow chastened by Christian faith that tones her pictures of human life.

When only fifteen, "a collection of her poems, which had long been regarded amongst her friends with a degree of admiration, perhaps more partial than judicious, was submitted to

* Memoir of Mrs. Hemans by her Sister.

the world." The next four years of her life were passed in study: a knowledge of the Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian languages having been acquired, and a decided taste for drawing and music, and æsthetical studies generally, having been developed. In 1812 a volume of poems, entitled *The Domestic Affections*, was published.

The next five years wrought a marked change in the character of Mrs. Hemans' poetry. It had become "correct, classical, and highly polished; but it wanted warmth: it partook more of the nature of statuary than of painting. She fettered her mind with facts and authorities, and drew upon her memory when she might have relied upon her imagination." Of such a character are *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*, *Modern Greece*, and some of the poems in the volume named *Tales and Historic Scenes*, all of which appeared within these years. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for September, 1819, was published *The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce*, a poem which secured a public prize in competition with a great number of others on the same theme. It was followed, the next year, by *The Sceptic*.

The classical character of her verse, to which reference has just been made, continued to distinguish her subsequent writings, particularly *Dartmoor* (1821)—another prize poem, *Vespers of Palermo*, *Siege of Valencia*, and the *Last Constantine* (1823)—dramas. "The study of modern German poetry, and of Wordsworth, changed, while it expanded, her views, and *The Forest Sanctuary* (1826) seems to have been composed with great elaboration, doubtless, while in their transition state."*

In the same year with the last-named poem appeared *Lays of Many Lands*. "She has transfused into her German or Scandinavian legends the imaginative and daring tone of the originals, without the mystical exaggerations of the one, or the painful fierceness and coarseness of the other—she has preserved the clearness and elegance of the French, without their coldness or affectation—and the tenderness and simplicity of the early Italians, without their diffuseness or languor."†

Mrs. Hemans' remaining poems, with the exception of her *National Lyrics* (1834), proclaim themselves as frank, warm,

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec., 1848.

† Francis Jeffrey in *Edinburgh Review*.

and spontaneous utterances of personal experience—the experience of a pure and sweet soul early and long and grievously saddened yet upbearing with Christian fortitude. The poems of this character were *Records of Woman* (1828), *Songs of the Affections* (1830), *Hymns for Childhood*, and *Scenes and Hymns of Life* (1834). The last five years of her life were passed at Dublin, where she died, May 16, 1835.

The two extracts that follow are taken from *Songs of the Affections*.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire :
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord !—oh, break my father's chain !"

"Rise, rise ! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day :
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo ! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land ;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came
and went ;
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting,
bent ;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like lead :
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead !
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and white ;
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who could paint that
gaze ?

They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze ;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father !" at length he murmur'd low, and wept like childhood
then—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !—

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betray’d, my father—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness, are pass’d away from earth!

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet—
I would that *these* our kindred blood on Spain’s free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were
won,—

And thou hast perish’d in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!”

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch’s
rein,

Amidst the pale and wilder’d looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead!—

“Came I not forth upon my pledge, my father’s hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are
they?—

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold
clay!

“Into these glassy eyes put light.—Be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turn’d from that sad
place:

His hope was crush’d, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

Thou’rt passing hence, my brother!

O my earliest friend, farewell!

Thou’rt leaving me, without thy voice,

In a lonely home to dwell;

And from the hills, and from the hearth,

And from the household tree,

With thee departs the lingering mirth,

The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirgelike tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main:
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts,
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift, bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet;—
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
Our good and bright will see!—
O brother, brother! may I dwell,
Ere long, with them and thee!

The next, from her *Miscellaneous Poems*, may serve as a fair exponent of our poetess's felicity as a delineator of nature.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!

Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
The light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
—Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet:
Oh! what have you look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd?
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lonely to earth's embrace—
She has taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown:
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land where there falls no blight—
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well, farewell!

Our concluding extract is from *De Chatillon; or, The Crusaders*, a tragedy published after the author's death.

Characters: Raimer de Chatillon, *a French Baron*; Aymer, *his brother*; Melech, *a Saracen Emir*; Moraima, *daughter of Melech*, and beloved of Aymer.

ACT V.

SCENE II.—A Pavilion in the Camp of Melech.

Melech. It must be that these sounds and sights of war
Shake her too gentle nature. Yes, her cheek
Fades hourly in my sight! What other cause—
None, none! She must go hence! Choose from thy band
The bravest, Sadi! and the longest tried,
And I will send my child—

Voice without.

Where is your chief?

(*Arab and Turkish soldiers enter with De Chatillon.*)

Arab Chief. The sons of Kedar's tribe have brought to the son
Of the prophet's house a prisoner!

Mel. (*half drawing his sword.*) Chatillon!
That slew my boy! Thanks for the avenger's hour!
Sadi, their guerdon—give it them—the gold!
And me the vengeance! This is he
That slew my first-born! Christian! thou hast been
Our nation's deadliest foe!

Rai. 'Tis joy to hear
I have not lived in vain!

Mel. Thou bear'st thyself
With a conqueror's mein! What is thy hope from me?

Rai. A soldier's death.

Mel. Then thou would'st *fear* a slave's?

Rai. Fear!—As if man's own spirit had not power
To make his death a triumph! Waste not words;
Let my blood bathe thine own sword. Infidel!
I slew thy son! (*Looking at his broken sword.*) Ay,
there's the red mark here!

Mel. Thou darest to tell me this! (*A tumult heard without,
voices crying—a Chatillon!*)

Rai. My brother's voice! He is saved!

Mel. (*calling.*) What, ho! my guards!

(*Aymer enters with the knights fighting their way through Melech's
soldiers, who are driven before them.*)

Aym. On with the war-cry of our ancient house,
For the Cross—De Chatillon!

(*Knights shout.*) For the Cross—De Chatillon!

(*Raimor attempts to break from his guards. Sadi enters with more soldiers to the assistance of Melech. Aymer and the knights are overpowered. Aymer is wounded and falls.*)

Mel. Bring fetters—bind the captives!

Rai. Lost—all lost!

No!—he is saved! (*he goes up to Aymer.*)

Brother, my brother! hast thou pardon'd me

That which I did to save thee? Speak!—forgive!

Aym. (*turning from him.*)

Thou see'st I die for thee!—She is avenged!

Rai. I am no murderer!—hear me!—turn to me!

We are parting by the grave!

(*Moraima enters veiled, and goes up to Melech.*)

Mor. Father!—O! look not sternly on thy child,
I came to plead. They said thou had'st condemn'd
A Christian knight to die—

Mel. Hence—to thy tent!

Away—begone!

Aym. (*attempting to rise.*)

Moraima!—hath her spirit come
To make death beautiful? Moraima!—speak.

Mor. It was his voice!—Aymer!

(*She rushes to him, throwing aside her veil.*)

Aym. Thou livest—thou livest!
I knew thou could'st not die!—Look on me still.
Thou livest!—and makest this world so full of joy—
But I depart!

Mel. Moraima!—hence! is this
A place for thee?

Mor. Away! away!
There is no place but this for me on earth!
Where should I go? There is no place but this!
My soul is bound to it!

Mel. (*to the Guards.*)

Back, slaves, and look not on her!

(*They retreat to the background.*)

'T was for this she droop'd to the earth.

Aym. Moraima, fare thee well!
Think on me!—I have loved thee! I take hence
That deep love with my soul! for well I know
It must be deathless!

Mor. O! thou hast not known

What *woman's* love is! Aymer, Aymer, stay!
If I could die for thee! My heart has grown
So strong in its despair!

Rai. (turning from them.) And all the past
Forgotten!—our young days!—His last thoughts *hers*!—
The Infidel's!

Aym. (turning his head.)
Thou art no murderer! Peace
Between us—peace, my brother!—In our deaths
We shall be join'd once more!

Rai. (holding the cross of the sword before him.)
Look yet on this!

Aym. If thou had'st only told me that she lived!
—But our hearts meet at last! (*kisses the cross.*)
Moraima! save my brother! Look on me!
Joy—there is joy in death! (*dies on Raimor's arm.*)

Mor. Speak—speak once more!
Aymer! how is it that I call on thee,
And that thou answerest not? Have we not loved?
Death! death!—and this is—death!

Rai. So thou art gone,
Aymer! I never thought to weep again—
But now—farewell!—Thou wert the bravest knight
That e'er laid lance in rest—and thou didst wear
The noblest form that ever woman's eye
Dwelt on with love; and till that fatal dream
Came o'er thee!—Aymer! Aymer! thou wert still
The most true-hearted brother!—there thou art
Whose breast was once my shield!—I never thought
That foes should see me weep! but there thou art,
Aymer, my brother!—

Mor. (suddenly rising.)
With his last, last breath
He bade me save his brother!

(*Falling at her father's feet.*) Father, spare
The Christian—spare him!

Mel. For *thy* sake spare him
That slew thy father's son!—Shame to thy race!
Soldiers! come nearer with your levell'd spears!
Yet nearer;—Gird him in?—my boy's young blood
Is on his sword,—Christian, abjure thy faith,
Or die—thine hour is come!

Rai. (Throwing himself on the spears.)
Thou hast mine answer, Infidel!

(*Calling aloud to the Knights.*)

Knights of France!

Herman! De Foix! Du Mornay! be ye strong!

Your hour will come! Must the old war-cry cease?

(*Half raising himself, and waving the Cross triumphantly.*)

For the Cross—De Chatillon!

[*He dies.*]

“How vividly the verse reflects the life! How redolent of nature is her poetry! how true her pictures of mountain, and forest, and river, and sky! It is singular how, without the least apparent effort, all the persons she brings before us are immediately localized on the green earth—trees wave around them, flowers spring at their feet, as if this were quite natural and unavoidable.

“But if she loved in nature, pre-eminently, the beautiful and the serene—or what she could represent as such to her imagination—it was otherwise with human life. Here the stream of thought ran always in the shade, reflecting in a thousand shapes the sadness which had overshadowed her own existence. Yet her sadness was without bitterness or impatience—it was a resigned and Christian melancholy; and if the spirit of man is represented as tossed from disappointment to disappointment, there is always a brighter and serener world behind, to receive the wanderer at last.

“One great and pervading excellence of Mrs. Hemans, as a writer, is her entire dedication of her genius and talents to the cause of healthy morality and sound religion. The sentiment may be, on occasion, somewhat refined; it may be too delicate, in some instances, for the common taste, but never is it mawkish or morbid. The general fault of her poetry consists in its being rather too *romantic*. We have a little too much of banners in churches, and flowers on graves,—or self-immolated youths, and broken-hearted damsels;—too frequent a reference to the Syrian plains, and knights in panoply, and vigils of arms, as mere illustrations of the noble in character, or the heroic in devotion.

“When placed beside, and contrasted with, her great contemporaries, the excellences of Mrs. Hemans are sufficiently distinct and characteristic. There can be no doubt of this, more especially in her later and best writings, in which she makes incidents elucidate feelings. In this magic circle—limited it may be—she has no rival. Hence, from the picturesqueness, the harmony, the delicacy and grace, which her compositions display, she is peculiarly the poet of her own sex. Her pictures are not more distinguished for accuracy of touch than for elegance of finish. Everything is clear, and defined, and palpable; nothing is enveloped in accommodating haze. She is ever alive to the dignity of her calling and the purity of her sex.”*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born October 21, 1772, at Ottery, St. Mary, Devonshire. "He was the youngest of ten children, and, as his father, the vicar of the parish of Ottery, and master of the grammar-school, had but a small salary, the means of the family were much straitened."*

Describing his early years, the poet himself says: "I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; I was fretful, and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at anything, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and, because I could read and spell, and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women."†

In July, 1782, he was admitted to Christ Hospital, where, during a period of eight years, he maintained a high character for scholarship, and thereby won preferment to Jesus College, Cambridge, at which school, however, he spent only about two years. Leaving Cambridge very abruptly, and for reasons not certainly known, he went to London in 1793, and here, finding himself without friends and without means, he suddenly enlisted as a common soldier. From this unhappy service he was shortly released by the accidental discovery of his scholarly attainments.

It was at Christ Hospital that he formed the acquaintance of Charles Lamb, and now, returning to his friends from the army, he first meets, at Oxford, Robert Southey;—the two illustrious and devoted friends who afterward mingled in and influenced more than any others our poet's society and life. With the latter he soon afterward concocted a scheme for establishing, on the banks of the Susquehanna, a "social colony, in which there

* Memoir.

† Letter to Mr. Poole.

was to be a community of property, and all that was selfish was to be proscribed." But, like most of his extraordinary projects, it proved abortive.

About this time, and while visiting Cambridge, he published (1794) *The Fall of Robespierre*, a drama written jointly by himself and Southey. "It was little better than a versified newspaper, and did not possess merit enough to overcome the want of dramatic interest that attaches to plays founded on contemporaneous events." The winter and spring of the following year were employed in giving public lectures at Bristol on political, religious, and moral subjects, two of which were afterward published. In April, 1796, his first volume of *poems* appeared. About the same time he began the publication of a Miscellany, called *The Watchman*, which survived through only ten numbers (about two months), its performance falling far short of its ambitious promise.

The next year (1797), while enjoying the society of Wordsworth and Lamb, in the vicinity of Stowey, he published a second and enlarged edition of *poems*. "This year has been called the *annus mirabilis* of Coleridge's life; his poetical powers had reached their culminating point. That wonderful poem, *The Ancient Mariner*; the first and perhaps the more beautiful part of *Christabel*; the finest of his tragedies, *Remorse*, were all composed in its course, as well as the beautiful little poem entitled *Love*."* Hazlitt has remarked: "His *Ancient Mariner* is his most remarkable performance, and the only one that I could point out to any one as giving an adequate idea of his great natural powers."

In September, 1798, our poet, in company with Wordsworth, left England on a visit to Germany, and spent five months of the time at the University of Göttingen. Returning the next year, he located at London, and began writing for the "Morning Post." In 1800 appeared his *Translation of Schiller's Wallenstein*, "one of the best of Coleridge's works, and one of the finest translations that our language possesses." The same year he left London and went to live at Keswick, in the beautiful Lake region. The next three years were prolific in little else than literary schemes, which were but half conceived when abandoned.

Coleridge had, before the present date, become a confirmed opium-eater, and was, at this time, suffering indescribable tortures, bodily and mental, in consequence thereof. In hope of alleviating his miseries and restoring his broken health he went abroad, first to Malta, and afterward to Rome; but, in 1806, returned home, unimproved. Two or three years later he abandoned his family to the care of Southey, and went to live with Wordsworth at Grassmere. "Here *The Friend* was projected, and in good part written, and here its publication, in numbers, commenced on the 8th of June, 1809."

We next hear of Coleridge in London, delivering a course of lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, and writing articles for the "Courier," which were favorably received and well paid for. The character of his life for the greater part of the next four or five years is perhaps best portrayed by a passage from one of Coleridge's letters written at the time. He writes: "Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice which produces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have."

In April, 1816, Coleridge went to Mr. Gillman's at Highgate, and there, attended by a devotion and benevolence on the part of host and hostess rarely if ever preceded, passed the remainder of his mournful and restless life. Here, in a most lovely retreat, "like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle," he spent much of his time in discoursing upon all imaginable topics, and with surprising volubility and fervor, to the friends and distinguished visitors who flocked to see and hear him.

The literary products of these last eighteen years were two *Lay Sermons*, the second part and conclusion of *Christabel*, a volume of poems entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, *Biographia Literaria*, *Zapolya*, a *Christmas Tale*, another series of *Lectures* and *Aids to Reflection*.

Coleridge died July 25, 1834.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—" "
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
No shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a ’swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner’s hallo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blèw behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hallo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung. . . ."

"Leading off his verse stands the *Ancient Mariner*—probably the most characteristic manifestation of his powers—and one of the strongest and wildest sallies of pure imagination anywhere to be found, whether in reference to machinery or manner. It is a unique performance, reminding us of nothing else. We cannot idealize anything relating to earth so utterly unearthly as it is—so far removed beyond the boundary of common associations." *

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
On his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base

* D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature of past Half-Century*.

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

The following brief extract is taken from an essay "On Sensibility," in *Aids to Reflection*.

Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire of virtue. On certain occasions it may almost be said to become virtue. But sensibility and all the amiable qualities may likewise become, and too often have become, the panders of vice. . . . Do you in good earnest aim at

dignity of character? By all the treasures of a peaceful mind, by all the charms of an open countenance, I conjure you, O youth! turn away from those who live in the twilight between vice and virtue. Are not reason, discrimination, law, and deliberate choice, the distinguishing characters of humanity? Can aught then worthy of a human being proceed from a habit of soul, which would exclude all these and (to borrow a metaphor from paganism) prefer the den of Trophonius to the temple and oracles of the God of light? Can anything manly, I say, proceed from those, who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which, as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals, owe the difference to their former connection with the proper virtues of humanity; as dendrites derive the outlines, that constitute their value above other clay-stones, from the casual neighborhood and pressure of the plants, the names of which they assume. Remember, that love itself in its highest earthly bearing, as the ground of the marriage union, becomes love by an inward fiat of the will, by a completing and sealing act of moral election, and lays claim to permanence only under the form of duty.

"These books (*Aids to Reflection* and *The Friend*) came from one whose vocation was in the world of art; and yet, perhaps, of all books that have been influential in modern times, they are farthest from the classical form—bundles of notes—the original matter inseparably mixed up with that borrowed from others—the whole just that preparation for an artistic effect which the finished artist would be careful one day to destroy." *

"What the reader of our own generation will least find in Coleridge's prose writings is the excitement of the literary sense. And yet in those gray volumes we have the productions of one who made way ever by a charm, the charm of voice, of aspect, of language, above all, by the intellectual charm of new, moving, luminous ideas. Perhaps the chief offense in Coleridge is an excess of seriousness, a seriousness that arises not from any moral principle, but from a misconception of the perfect manner." †

"His studies lay not in classical sunshine, but in the twilight of monastic speculation, and of Gothic romance. . . . He would not keep the high-road if he could find a by-path; and he thrust aside the obvious and true, to clutch at the quaint and the curious. In short, in defiance of the jeweler's estimate, he would have preferred a moonstone, simply because it had fallen down from another sphere, to the richest diamond ever dug from the mines of Golconda." ‡

"It has been imputed to Coleridge, that, notwithstanding the multifarious riches of his own mind, he was fond of borrowing ideas from others. Nor was this without foundation; and it was wrong. But after all, and deducting every item that has been claimed for others, enough, and more than enough, remains to leave his high literary status beyond challenge." §

* *Westminster Review*, January, 1866.

† D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature of past Half-Century*.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.*

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, only son of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, of Gight, was born January 22, 1788, in Holles Street, London. His father, a man of dissolute and expensive habits, died when our poet was but three years old. Receiving the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school in Aberdeen, Byron passed the next four years at Harrow, and then, in 1805, entered Trinity College, Cambridge.

His first attempt at poetry is said to have been made at twelve years of age, and in 1806 he caused to be printed a small volume of poems for private circulation. The first work of which the general public had knowledge was *The Hours of Idleness*, published in 1807. It was very ungraciously, even unmercifully, handled by the "Edinburgh Review;" and two years later Byron quite as unmercifully retorted in a satire, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

In 1809 Byron took his seat in the House of Lords; but disgusted with the unfriendly reception he there met with, almost immediately retired to his home, Newstead Abbey, and shortly afterward set out upon a tour of the Continent. During an absence of between two and three years, he visited portions of Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. Soon after his return, in 1812, he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, whose reception was such as to cause its author to confess: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

In 1813 he produced successively *Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*—written in a week—and *The Corsair*—written in ten days. Two years later he married Anne Isabella Milbanke, whom he eulogized as "a very superior woman;" but between whom and himself, he at the same time affirmed, there did not exist "one spark of love on either side." Their married life was of but little more than a year's continuance.

In 1816 Byron published *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. Owing to the social disfavor into which he had fallen in consequence of his late matrimonial disagreement, he left England, in 1816, for the second and last time. He directed his course to Switzerland, where, during the same year, he composed the third canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, *The Dream*, and also a part of *Manfred*, completing the same at Venice in 1817.

The next two years were passed in Venice, and bore as their literary fruits, *The Lament of Tasso*, *Beppo*, the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Foscari*, *Mazeppa*, and a part of *Don Juan*. Here, too, was contracted that unfortunate and scandalous relation between Byron and the Countess Guiccioli. The years from 1819 to 1821 were spent at Ravenna, whence he gave to the world *Don Juan*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, *Sardanapalus*, and the mysteries—*Heaven and Earth*, and *Cain*. During these years, too, he associated with the poet Shelley—at whose sad funeral he assisted,—and, in conjunction with the Brothers Hunt, he engaged in publishing for a short time “*The Liberal*.”

About this time a great revolutionary struggle broke out in Greece, and thither, in 1823, Byron went; bringing to the good cause the aid both of his enthusiastic advocacy and of a liberal purse. But the excitement, the vexations, and the exposures of the soldier's life were too severe for his already enfeebled constitution; and his proud, sensitive, brave, generous, impulsive, intractable spirit succumbed to the only King of Terrors it had ever recognized, on April 19th, 1824.

From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III., we select the following verses:

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveler, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill:
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
 All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defense. . . .

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue;

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black; and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings, as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me; could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence; and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

“Byron’s is not the passion of a mind struggling with misfortune, or the hopelessness of its desires, but of a mind preying upon itself, and disgusted with, or indifferent to, all other things.”*

“He does not let objects speak, but forces them to answer him. Amidst their peace, he is only occupied by his own emotion. He raises them to the tone of his soul, and compels them to repeat his own cries. All is inflated here, as in himself; the vast strophe rolls along, carrying on its overflowing bed the flood of vehement ideas; declamation unfolds itself, pompous, and at times artificial, but potent, and so often sublime that the rhetorical dotings, which he yet preserved, disappeared under the afflux of splendors, with which it is loaded.”†

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium’s capital had gather’d then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look’d love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; ’twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o’er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfin’d;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon’s opening roar!....

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush’d at the praise of their own loveliness;

* William Hazlitt’s Lectures on the English Poets.

† Taine’s *English Literature*, Vol. II.

And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they
 come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn the marshaling in arms—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!*

SCENE IV.—Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED, *alone*.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,

* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

I learn'd the language of another world,
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering—upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
 The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
 More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn beach
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through level'd battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old!—
 The dead, but scepter'd sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive orders.

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. My good lord,
 I crave a second grace for this approach;
 But yet let not my humble zeal offend
 By its abruptness—all it hath of ill

Recoils on me; its good in the effect
 May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
 Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
 Recall a noble spirit which had wander'd,
 But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st 'me not!
 My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:
 Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

Man. Not I;
 I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
 And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost mean?

Man. Look there!
 What dost thou see?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say,
 And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou seest.

Abbot. That which should shake me; but I fear it not.
 I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
 Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
 His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
 Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between
 Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but
 His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy,
 I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot. And I reply—
 Never—till I have battled with this fiend.
 What doth he here?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he here?
 I did not send for him—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas, lost mortal! what with guests like these
 Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
 Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
 Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
 The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
 Glares forth the immortality of hell—
 Avaunt!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?

Spirit. Come!

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? answer!—speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal. Come! 'tis time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

Spirit. Thou 'lt know anon—Come! come!

Man. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren.—

Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

Abbot. Avaunt, ye evil ones! Avaunt, I say;
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge thee in the name—

Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves; our mission, and thine order:
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses;
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away! away!

Man. I do defy ye, though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye.
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal? Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life?—the very life
Which made thee wretched!

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour; *that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour.
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand

Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back—and scorn ye!

Spirit. But thy many crimes
Have made thee—

Man. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals? Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know;
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end,
And its own place and time; its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No color from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter. Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me,—but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white;
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to Heaven;
Pray—albeit but in thought—but die not thus.

Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee?

Man. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[*Manfred expires.*]

Abbot. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.*

“Lord Byron had nothing dramatic in his genius. He was, indeed, the reverse of a great dramatist; the very antithesis to a great

dramatist. All his characters—Harold looking back on the western sky from which his country and the sun are receding together ; the Giaour, standing apart in the gloom of the side-aisle, and casting a haggard scowl from under his long hood at the crucifix and the censer ; Conrad, leaning on his sword by the watch-tower ; Lara, smiling on the dancers ; Alp, gazing steadily on the fatal cloud as it passes before the moon ; Manfred, wandering among the precipices of Berne ; Azo, on the judgment-seat ; Ugo, at the bar ; Lambro, frowning on the siesta of his daughter and Juan ; Cain, presenting his unacceptable offering—all are essentially the same. The varieties are varieties merely of age, situation, and costume.

“His women, like his men, are all of one breed. Haidee is a half-savage and girlish Julia ; Julia is a civilized and matronly Haidee. Leila is a wedded Zuleika—Zuleika a virgin Leila. . . . It is hardly too much to say that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman—a man proud, moody, cynical, with defiance on his brow, and misery in his heart ; a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection ;—a woman all softness and gentleness, loving to caress and to be caressed, but capable of being transformed by love into a tigress.

* * * * * *

“Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all ; that to be eminently wretched, is the destiny of the eminent ; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery ;—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment ;—if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety.

* * * * * * *

“That his poetry will undergo (has undergone) a severe sifting ; that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be (has been) rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.”*

* Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 127, 128.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born August 4, 1792, at Field Place, in Sussex. He was of an ancient family, being descended from the Sackvilles, a name not unworthily connected with the beginnings of Elizabethan literature. His earlier schooling was obtained at Sion House, Brentford, and at Eton. The most striking incidents of his career at the latter were his resistance to the time-honored custom of fagging, his composition at the age of fifteen of two melodramatic romances, and his falling in love with his cousin Harriet Grove.

At sixteen Shelley entered the University of Oxford. His favorite occupations here were microscopic studies, chemistry, and botany. He was expelled from the University about 1811 for a pamphlet which he wrote on the *Necessity of Atheism*; and the same year he forfeited his father's favor and assistance by marrying the pretty daughter of a coffee-house keeper. About three years later he separated from his wife for reasons not certainly known, and eloped with Miss Godwin, daughter of the novelist, to Switzerland.

In 1816, when his wife had committed suicide, Shelley married Miss Godwin and returned to England. The two children by his first wife were taken away from him by a decision of the Lord Chancellor, on the ground that the author of *Queen Mab*—an atheistical poem of his youth—was not the proper person to have the custody of children. His subsequent life in England is represented to have been characterized by many acts of benevolence to the poor and suffering of his immediate neighborhood, and by noble displays of generosity toward his unfortunate friends.

His last days were passed in Italy, whither he had gone in search of a climate more congenial to his delicate constitution than that of England. He was drowned, July 8, 1822, by the capsizing of his sail-boat, while on her return from Leghorn

to Lerici. His body was burned, in accordance with the quarantine laws of Tuscany, and his ashes were deposited by his brother-poets, Byron and Leigh Hunt, in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome.

Shelley's productions are *Queen Mab*; *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*; *Revolt of Islam*, *Hellas*, *Witch of Atlas*,—fierce invectives against religion, marriage, kingcraft, and priestcraft; *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*—dramatic poems; a narrative poem—*Rosalind and Helen*; *Adonis*—a lament on the early death of Keats; *The Sensitive Plant*, a number of minor poems, and several volumes of Essays and Letters.

“Is not this the life of a genuine poet? Eyes fixed on the splendid apparitions with which he peopled space, he went through the world not seeing the high road, stumbling over the stones of the roadside. That knowledge of life which most poets have in common with novelists, he had not. When he tried to create characters and events—in *Queen Mab*, in *Alastor*, in *The Revolt of Islam*, in *Prometheus*—he only produced unsubstantial phantoms. Once only, in the *Cenci*, did he inspire a living figure worthy of Webster or old Ford; but in some sort in spite of himself, and because in it the sentiments were so unheard of and so strained that they suited superhuman conceptions. Elsewhere his world is throughout beyond our own. The laws of life are suspended or transformed. We move in this world between heaven and earth, in abstraction, dreamland, symbolism: the beings float in it like those fantastic figures which we see in the clouds, and which alternately undulate and change form capriciously, in their robes of snow and gold.

“For souls thus constituted, the great consolation is nature. They are too fairly sensitive to find a distraction in the spectacle and picture of human passions. Shelley instinctively avoided it; this sight reopened his own wounds. He was happier in the woods, at the sea-side, in contemplation of grand landscapes. The rocks, clouds, and meadows, which to ordinary eyes seem dull and insensible, are, to a wide sympathy, living and divine existences, which are an agreeable change from men. . . .

“Shelley spent most of his life in the open air, especially in his boat; first on the Thames, then on the lake of Geneva, then on the Arno, and in the Italian waters. He loved desert and solitary places, where man enjoys the pleasure of believing infinite what he sees, infinite as his soul. This love was a deep Germanic instinct,

which, allied to pagan emotions, produced his poetry, pantheistic and yet pensive, almost Greek and yet English, in which fancy plays like a simple, dreamy child, with the splendid skein of forms and colors. A cloud, a plant, a sunrise,—these are his characters: they were those of the primitive poets, when they took the lightning for a bird of fire, and the clouds for the flocks of heaven.

“But what a secret ardor beyond these splendid images, and how we feel the heat of the furnace beyond the colored phantoms, which it sets afloat over the horizon! Has any one since Shakespeare and Spenser lighted on such tender and such grand ecstasies? Has any one painted so magnificently the cloud which watches by night in the sky, enveloping in its net the swarm of golden bees, the stars? Read those verses on the garden, in which the sensitive plant dreams. Alas! they are the dreams of the poet, and the happy visions which floated in his virgin heart up to the moment when it opened out and withered.”*

From *Queen Mab*, published shortly after his expulsion from college, we extract the following:

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded;
 The silver clouds departed;
 And as the car of magic they ascended,
 Again the speechless music swelled,
 Again the courses of the air,
 Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen,
 Shaking the beamy reins,
 Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on,
 The night was fair, and countless stars
 Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
 Just o'er the eastern wave
 Peeped the first faint smile of morn:—
 The magic car moved on—
 From the celestial hoofs
 The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
 And where the burning wheels
 Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
 Was traced a line of lightning.
 Now it flew far above a rock,
 The utmost verge of earth,
 The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
 Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness showed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.

Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite color,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal,
The coursers seemed to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth
Appear'd a vast and shadowy sphere;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted round the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder: some
Were horned like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness

Of worlds, at whose immensity
 Even soaring fancy staggers,
 Here is thy fitting temple.
 Yet not the lightest leaf
 That quivers to the passing breeze
 Is less instinct with thee:
 Yet not the meanest worm
 • That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead,
 Less shares thy eternal breath.
 Spirit of Nature! thou!
 Imperishable as this scene,
 Here is thy fitting temple!

As a specimen of sublime and intense, as well as graphic, composition, we cite, from *Prometheus Unbound*, written in 1819, while our poet was roaming through Italy, the following :

ACT I.

Prometheus discovered bound to a Precipice.

Monarch of Gods and Daemons, and all Spirits
 But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
 Which Thou and I alone of living things
 Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
 Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
 Requistest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
 And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.

Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
 From thine unenvied throne, O Mighty God,
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
 Insect, or beast, or shape, or sound of life.
 Ah, me, alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
 I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?

I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah, me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind:
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

And yet to me welcome is day and night.
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-colored east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
—As some dark Priest hailes the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.

Disdain! Ah, no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide Heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depths with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As then ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye Mountains,
Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell!
Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering through India! Thou serenest Air,
Through which the Sun walks burning without beams!
And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,
As thunder, louder than your own, made rock
The orb'd world! If then my words had power,

Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!

Next we present, as a sample of patriotic rapture, an extract from *Hellas*, written in 1821.

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread.—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
—Freedom's splendor burst and shone:—
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing Fire.—The winged glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.
From age to age, from man to man
It lived; and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.
Then night fell; and, as from night,
Re-assuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
Against the course of heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
To burn, to kindle, to illume.

From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
Hid, but quenched it not; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory reign
From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her aerie hanging
In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air,

Sick with famine;—Freedom, so
 To what of Greece remaineth now
 Return; her hoary ruins glow
 Like orient mountains lost in day;
 Beneath the safety of her wings
 Her renovated nurslings play,
 And in the naked lightnings
 Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
 Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
 A Desert, or a Paradise;
 Let the beautiful and the brave
 Share her glory, or a grave.

Of the poems written in 1820, perhaps the most beautiful,
 certainly the most popular, is

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
 Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
Rain awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

We close with the following fragment from *Epipsychidion*, a poem written in 1821.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps;—on an imagined shore,
Under the gray beak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamored air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,
Sound, color—in whatever checks that storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past;
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
And towards the loadstar of my one desire
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—
But she, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Past, like a God throned on a winged planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen;

When a voice said:—"O Thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."
Then I—"Where?" the world's echo answered "where!"
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity.

18*

O

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE owner of this *nom de plume* was Mary Ann Evans. She was born November 22, 1820, at Griff, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire. From childhood she evinced unusual strength and activity of mind, and while still youthful had acquired a very fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, and Hebrew. She also attained considerable proficiency in instrumental music, becoming an accomplished pianist. Until about twenty she resided in her native place; and from among its quiet scenes and prosaic happenings culled not a few of the characters and incidents that found expression in her earlier fictions. Those of her later writings are, doubtless, in a large measure to be attributed to a visit to the continent, which she undertook in 1849, and also to frequent subsequent visits.

For several years before Miss Evans became known as a novelist, she was a frequent contributor to various London periodicals; and such were the vigor and ripeness of her articles, that her mask of "George Eliot" very effectually concealed her sex. Her merits as a novelist were first decidedly demonstrated in *Adam Bede*, published in 1858. The works that have since not only sustained, but also heightened, the lustre of that first effort are *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), *Felix Holt* (1866), *The Spanish Gypsy*—a poem (1868), *Agatha*—a poem (1869), *Arm-gart: a Dramatic Poem* (1871), *Middlemarch* (1872), *Legend of Jubal*—a poem (1874), *Daniel Deronda* (1876), and *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879).

In 1853 Miss Evans agreed to an unconventional union with George H. Lewes, a *litterateur* of some note. This lasted until the latter's death in 1878. In May, 1880, Mrs. Lewes married Mr. J. W. Cross; but after an interval of only six months, passed in continental travel, died suddenly on December 22, 1880.

From *Adam Bede* we extract the following:—

This little walk was a rest to Adam, and he was unconsciously under the charm of the moment. It was summer morning in his heart, and he saw Hetty in the sunshine—a sunshine without glare, with slanting rays that tremble between the delicate shadows of the leaves. He thought, yesterday, when he put out his hand to her as they came out of church, that there was a touch of melancholy kindness in her face such as he had not seen before, and he took it as a sign that she had some sympathy with his family trouble. Poor fellow! that touch of melancholy came from quite another source; but how was he to know? We look at the one little woman's face we love, as we look at the face of our mother earth, and see all sorts of answers to our own yearnings.

It was impossible for Adam not to feel that what had happened in the last week had brought the prospect of marriage nearer to him. Hitherto he had felt keenly the danger that some other man might step in and get possession of Hetty's heart and hand, while he himself was still in a position that made him shrink from asking her to accept him. Even if he had had a strong hope that she was fond of him—and his hope was far from being strong—he had been too heavily burdened with other claims to provide a home for himself and Hetty—a home such as he could expect her to be content with after the comfort and plenty of a farm.

Like all strong natures, Adam had confidence in his ability to achieve something in the future; he felt sure he should some day, if he lived, be able to maintain a family and make a good broad path for himself; but he had too cool a head not to estimate to the full the obstacles that were to be overcome. And the time would be so long! And there was Hetty, like a bright-cheeked apple hanging over the orchard wall, in sight of every body, and every body must long for her! To be sure, if she loved him very much, she would be content to wait for him; but *did* she love him? His hopes had never risen so high that he had dared to ask her. He was clear-sighted enough to be aware that her uncle and aunt would have looked kindly on his snit, and indeed without this encouragement he would never have persevered in going to the Farm: but it was impossible to come to any but fluctuating conclusions about Hetty's feelings. She was like a kitten, and had the same distractingly pretty looks, that meant nothing, for every body that came near her.

* * * * *

But it was Adam's strength, not its correlative hardness, that influenced his meditations this morning. He had long made up his mind that it would be wrong as well as foolish for him to marry a blooming young girl, so long as he had no other prospect than that of growing poverty with a growing family. And his savings had been so constantly drawn upon (besides the terrible sweep of paying for Seth's substitute in the militia), that he had not enough money beforehand to furnish even a small cottage, and keep something in reserve against a rainy day. He had good hope that he should be "firmer on his legs" by-and-by; but he could not be satisfied with a vague confidence in his arm and brain; he must have definite plans, and set about them at once.

The partnership with Jonathan Burge was not to be thought of at present—there were things implicitly tacked to it that he could not accept; but Adam thought that he and Seth might carry on a little business for them-

selves in addition to their journeyman's work, by buying a small stock of superior wood and making articles of household furniture, for which Adam had no end of contrivances. Seth might gain more by working at separate jobs under Adam's direction than by his journeyman's work; and Adam, in his over-hours, could do all the "nice" work, that required peculiar skill. The money gained in this way, with the good wages he received as foreman, would soon enable them to get beforehand with the world, so sparingly as they would all live now.

No sooner had this little plan shaped itself in his mind than he began to be busy with exact calculations about the wood to be bought, and the particular article of furniture that should be undertaken first—a kitchen cupboard of his own contrivance, with such an ingenious arrangement of sliding-doors and bolts, such convenient nooks for stowing household provender, and such a symmetrical result to the eye, that every good housewife would be in rapture with it, and fall through all the gradation of melancholy longing till her husband promised to buy it for her. Adam pictured to himself Mrs. Poyser examining it with her keen eye, and trying in vain to find out a deficiency; and, of course, close to Mrs. Poyser stood Hetty, and Adam was again beguiled from calculations and contrivances into dreams and hopes. Yes, he would go and see her this evening—it was so long since he had been at the Hall Farm. He would have liked to go to the night-school, to see why Bartle Massey had not been at church yesterday, for he feared his old friend was ill; but, unless he could manage both visits, this last must be put off till to-morrow—the desire to be near Hetty, and to speak to her again, was too strong.

As he made up his mind to this, he was coming very near to the end of his walk, within the sound of the hammers at work on the refitting of the old house. The sound of tools to a clever workman who loves his work, is like the tentative sounds of the orchestra to the violinist who has to bear his part in the overture; the strong fibres begin their accustomed thrill, and what was a moment before joy, vexation, or ambition, begins its change into energy. All passion becomes strength when it has an outlet from the narrow limits of our personal lot in the labor of our right arm, the cunning of our right hand, or the still, creative activity of our thought.

Look at Adam through the rest of the day, as he stands on the scaffolding with the two-foot ruler in his hand, whistling low while he considers how a difficulty about a floor-joist or a window-frame is to be overcome; or as he pushes one of the younger workmen aside, and takes his place in upheaving a weight of timber, saying, "Let alone, lad! thee'st got too much gristle i' thy bones yet;" or as he fixes his keen black eyes on the motions of a workman on the other side of the room, and warns him that his distances are not right. Look at this broad-shouldered man with the bare muscular arms, and the thick, firm black hair, tossed about like trodden meadow-grass whenever he takes off his paper cap, and with the strong baritone voice bursting every now and then into loud and solemn psalmtunes, as if seeking some outlet for superfluous strength, yet presently checking himself, apparently crossed with some thought which jars with the singing.

Perhaps, if you had been already in the secret, you might not have guessed what sad memories, what warm affection, what tender fluttering hopes, had their home in this athletic body with the broken finger-nails—in this rough man, who knew no better lyrics than he could find in the Old and New Version and an occasional hymn; who knew the smallest possible

amount of profane history; and for whom the motion and shape of the earth, the course of the sun, and the changes of the seasons, lay in the region of mystery, just made visible by fragmentary knowledge.

It had cost Adam a great deal of trouble, and work in over-hours, to know what he knew over and above the secrets of his handicraft, and that acquaintance with mechanics and figures, and the nature of the materials he worked with, which was made easy to him by inborn inherited faculty—to get the mastery of his pen, and write a plain hand, to spell without any other mistakes than must in fairness be attributed to the unreasonable character of orthography rather than to any deficiency in the speller, and, moreover, to learn his musical notes and part-singing. Besides all this, he had read his Bible, including the apocryphal books; "Poor Richard's Almanac," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "The Pilgrim's Progress," with Bunyan's Life and "Holy War," a great deal of Bailey's Dictionary, "Valentine and Orson," and part of a "History of Babylon" which Bartle Massey had lent him. He might have had many more books from Bartle Massey, but he had no time for reading "the common print," as Lisbeth called it, so busy as he was with figures in all the leisure moments which he did not fill up with extra carpentry.

Our remaining extract is from *Middlemarch*.

Mrs. Garth, hearing Caleb enter the passage about tea-time, opened the parlor-door and said, "There you are, Caleb. Have you had your dinner?" (Mr. Garth's meals were much subordinated to "business.")

"Oh, yes, a good dinner—cold mutton and I don't know what. Where is Mary?"

"In the garden with Letty, I think."

"Fred is not come yet?"

"No. Are you going out again without taking tea, Caleb?" said Mrs. Garth, seeing that her absent-minded husband was putting on again the hat which he had just taken off.

"No, no; I'm only going to Mary a minute."

Mary was in a grassy corner of the garden, where there was a swing loftily hung between two pear-trees. She had a pink kerchief tied over her head, making a little poke to shade her eyes from the level sunbeams, while she was giving a glorious swing to Letty, who laughed and screamed wildly. Seeing her father, Mary left the swing and went to meet him, pushing back the pink kerchief and smiling afar off at him with the involuntary smile of loving pleasure.

"I came to look for you, Mary," said Mr. Garth. "Let us walk about a bit."

Mary knew quite well that her father had something particular to say. His eyebrows made their pathetic angle, and there was a tender gravity in his voice: these things had been signs to her when she was Letty's age. She put her arm within his, and they turned by the row of nut-trees.

"It will be a sad while before you can be married, Mary," said her father, not looking at her, but at the end of the stick which he held in his other hand.

"Not a sad while, father—I mean to be merry," said Mary, laughingly. "I have been single and merry for four and twenty years and more. I sup-

pose it will not be quite as long again as that." Then, after a little pause, she said, more gravely, bending her face before her father's, "If you are contented with Fred?" Caleb screwed up his mouth and turned his head aside wisely.

"Now, father, you did praise him last Wednesday. You said he had an uncommon notion of stock, and a good eye for things."

"Did I?" said Caleb, rather slyly.

"Yes; I put it all down, and the date, *Anno Domini*, and every thing," said Mary. "You like things to be neatly booked. And then his behavior to you, father, is really good—he has a deep respect for you; and it is impossible to have a better temper than Fred has."

"Ay, ay—you want to coax me into thinking him a fine match."

"No, indeed, father. I don't love him because he is a fine match."

"What for, then?"

"Oh, dear, because I have always loved him. I should never like scolding any one else so well; and that is a point to be thought of in a husband."

"Your mind is quite settled, then, Mary?" said Caleb, returning to his first tone. "There's no other wish come into it since things have been going on as they have been of late? (Caleb meant a great deal in that vague phrase;) because, better late than never. A woman must n't force her heart—she'll do a man no good by that."

"My feelings have not changed, father," said Mary, calmly. "I shall be constant to Fred as long as he is constant to me. I don't think either of us could spare the other, or like any one else better, however much we might admire them. It would make too great a difference to us—like seeing all the old places altered, and changing the name for every thing. We must wait for each other a long while; but Fred knows that."

Instead of speaking immediately, Caleb stood still and screwed his stick on the grassy walk. Then he said, with emotion in his voice, "Well, I've got a bit of news. What do you think of Fred going to live at Stone Court, and managing the land there?"

"How can that ever be, father?" said Mary, wonderingly.

"He would manage it for his aunt Bulstrode. The poor woman has been to me begging and praying. She wants to do the lad good, and it might be a fine thing for him. With saving, he might gradually buy the stock, and he has a turn for farming."

"Oh, Fred would be so happy! It is too good to believe."

"Ah! but mind you," said Caleb, turning his head warningly, "I must take it on *my* shoulders, and be responsible, and see after every thing—and that will grieve your mother a bit, though she may n't say so. Fred had need be careful."

"Perhaps it is too much, father," said Mary, checked in her joy. "There would be no happiness in bringing you any fresh trouble."

"Nay, nay—work is my delight, child, when it does n't vex your mother. And then, if you and Fred get married," here Caleb's voice shook just perceptibly, "he'll be steady and saving; and you've got your mother's cleverness, and mine too, in a woman's sort of way; and you'll keep him in order. He'll be coming by-and-by, so I wanted to tell you first, because I think you'd like to tell *him* by yourselves. After that, I could talk it well over with him, and we could go into business and the nature of things."

"Oh, you dear, good father!" cried Mary, putting her hands round her father's neck, while he bent his head placidly, willing to be caressed. "I wonder if any other girl thinks her father the best man in the world!"

"Nonsense, child; you'll think your husband better."

"Impossible," said Mary, relapsing into her usual tone; "husbands are an inferior class of men, who require keeping in good order."

When they were entering the house with Letty, who had run to join them, Mary saw Fred at the orchard-gate, and went to meet him.

"What fine clothes you wear, you extravagant youth!" said Mary, as Fred stood still and raised his hat to her with playful formality. "You are not learning economy."

"Now that is too bad, Mary," said Fred. "Just look at the edges of these coat-cuffs! It is only by dint of good brushing that I look respectable. I am saving up three suits—one for a wedding-suit."

"How very droll you will look!—like a gentleman in an old-fashioned book."

"Oh no, they will keep two years."

"Two years! be reasonable, Fred," said Mary, turning to walk. "Don't encourage flattering expectations."

"Why not? One lives on them better than on unflattering ones. If we can't be married in two years, the truth will be quite bad enough when it comes."

"I have heard a story of a young gentleman who once encouraged flattering expectations, and they did him harm."

"Mary, if you've got something discouraging to tell me, I shall bolt. I shall go into the house to Mr. Garth. I'm out of spirits. My father is so cut up—home is not like itself. I can't bear any more bad news."

"Should you call it bad news to be told that you were to live at Stone Court, and manage the farm, and be remarkably prudent, and save money every year till all the stock and furniture were your own, and you were a distinguished agricultural character, as Mr. Borthrop Trumbull says—rather stout, I fear, and with the Greek and Latin sadly weather-worn?"

"You don't mean anything except nonsense, Mary?" said Fred, coloring slightly, nevertheless.

"That is what my father has just told me of as what may happen, and he never talks nonsense," said Mary, looking up at Fred now, while he grasped her hand as they walked till it rather hurt her; but she would not complain.

"Oh, I could be a tremendously good fellow then, Mary, and we could be married directly."

"Not so fast, sir; how do you know that I would not rather defer our marriage for some years? That would leave you time to misbehave, and then, if I liked some one else better, I should have an excuse for jilting you."

"Pray don't joke, Mary," said Fred, with strong feeling. "Tell me seriously that all this is true, and that you are happy because of it—because you love me best."

"It is all true, Fred, and I am happy because of it—because I love you best," said Mary, in a tone of obedient recitation.

They lingered on the door-step under the steep-roofed porch, and Fred

almost in a whisper said, "When we were first engaged, with the umbrella-ring, Mary, you used to—"

The spirit of joy began to laugh more decidedly in Mary's eyes, but the fatal Ben came running to the door with Brownie yapping behind him, and, bouncing against them, said, "Fred and Mary! are you ever coming in?—or may I eat your cake?"

"The sphere which George Eliot has made specially her own is that quiet English country life which she knew in early youth. Nobody has approached her in the power of seizing its essential characteristics and exhibiting its real charm. She possesses a vein of humor, of which it is little to say that it is incomparably superior, in depth if not in delicacy, to that of any feminine writer. It is the humor of a calm, contemplative mind, familiar with wide fields of knowledge, and capable of observing the little dramas of rustic life from a higher standing-point. . . . We are on a petty stage, but not in a stifling atmosphere, and we are not called upon to accept the prejudices of the actors or to be angry with them, but simply to understand and to be tolerant.

"The so-called masculine quality in George Eliot—her wide and calm intelligence—was certainly combined with a thoroughly feminine nature; and the more one reads her books and notes her real triumphs, the more strongly this comes out. . . . Her stories are pre-eminently studies of character in this sense, that her main and conscious purpose is to set before us the living beings in what may be called, with due apology, their statical relations—to show them in their quiet and normal state, not under the stress of exceptional events."*

"No preacher of our day has done so much to mold the moral aspirations of her contemporaries as has she. She has a voice to reach the many and words to arrest the few. She afforded the liveliest entertainment to the ordinary novel-reader and the deepest speculation to many who never looked into another novel. Her influence was as wide as it was profound."†

* *Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1881.

† *Contemporary Review*, February, 1881.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

EDWARD GEORGE BULWER, LORD LYTTON, was born at Heydon Hall, in Norfolk, in May, 1805. From under the care of a fond and cultured mother he went, at an early age, to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where, in 1825, he carried off the Chancellor's Prize Medal for English Versification by his poem, *Sculpture*. The next year he graduated.

With Bulwer, composition was begun as a pastime of youth, an Oriental tale, called *Ismael*, having been written as early as 1820, and, not to speak of numerous minor attempts, both in prose and in verse, *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, in 1826.

Between 1828 and 1832 appeared such works as *Pelham*, *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, *Paul Clifford*; *The Siamese Twins*—a satirical poem,—and *Eugene Aram*. These, together with *Ernest Maltravers*, and its complement, *Alice, or the Mysteries*, which succeeded at short intervals, constitute the first and most objectionable class of Bulwer's novels. They abound in most extravagant fancies set forth in most extravagant language, and they deal largely with immoral and vicious phases of life and conduct.

Purer and worthier themes, and a chaster and more scholarly treatment, have characterized the numerous volumes which have since swarmed, as it were, from his teeming brain, such, for instance, as *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), *Rienzi* (1835), *The Last of the Barons* (1843), *The New Timon*—a poetical romance of London (1846), *The Caxtons* (1850), *My Novel* (1851), *What will He do with It* (1858), *A Strange Story* (1861), *Kenelm Chillingly* (1873), and *The Parisians*, published posthumously in 1873. To these novels must be added three of the most popular, and, as respects their acting qualities, the most successful dramas of the age—*The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, which were given to the public about 1838.

Besides the original poems already named, Bulwer has exercised his poetical talents not unworthily in producing a version of the *Poems and Ballads of Schiller*, and in versifying the legends of *King Arthur*. History, too, has claimed a contribution from his ready and versatile pen, as is evidenced by his *History of Athens*. He was, also, for a brief period, editor of the "New Monthly Magazine."

We introduce at this place, an extract from the concluding part of *My Novel*.

On his return to England, he purchased a small house amidst the most beautiful scenes of Devonshire, and there patiently commenced a work in which he designed to bequeath to his country his noblest thoughts in their fairest forms. Some men best develop their ideas by constant exercise; their thoughts spring from their brain ready-armed, and seek, like the fabled goddess, to take constant part in the wars of men. And such are, perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and lofty writers; but Leonard did not belong to this class. Sweetness and serenity were the main characteristics of his genius; and these were deepened by his profound sense of his domestic happiness.

To wander alone with Helen by the banks of the murmurous river; to gaze with her on the deep still sea; to feel that his thoughts, even when most silent, were comprehended by the intuition of love, and reflected on that translucent sympathy so yearned for and so rarely found by poets: these were the sabbaths of his soul, necessary to fit him for its labors; for the writer has this advantage over other men—that his repose is not indolence. His duties, rightly fulfilled, are discharged to earth, and men in other capacities than those of action. If he is not seen among those who act, he is all the while maturing some noiseless influence, which will guide or illumine, civilize or elevate, the restless men whose noblest actions are but the obedient agencies of the thoughts of writers. Call not, then, the poet whom we place amidst the varieties of life, the sybarite of literary ease if, returning on summer eve, Helen's light footstep by his musing side, he greets his sequestered home, with its trellised flowers smiling out from amidst the lonely cliffs in which it is embedded; while, lovers still, though wedded long, they turn to each other with such deep joy in their speaking eyes, grateful that the world, with its various distractions and noisy conflicts, lies so far from their actual existence; only united to them by the happy link that the writer weaves invisibly with the hearts that he moves and the souls that he inspires.

No! Character and circumstance alike unfitted Leonard for the strife of the thronged literary democracy; they led towards the development of the gentler and purer portions of his nature, to the gradual suppression of the more combative and turbulent. The influence of the happy light under which his genius so silently and calmly grew, was seen in the exquisite harmony of its colors, rather than the gorgeous diversities of their glow. His contemplation, intent upon objects of peaceful beauty, and undisturbed by rude anxieties and vehement passions, suggested only kindred reproductions to the creative faculty by which it was vivified; so that the whole man was

not only a poet, but, as it were, a poem—a living idyl, calling into pastoral music every reed that sighed and trembled along the stream of life.

And Helen was so united to a nature of this kind, she so guarded the ideal existence in which it breathes! All the little cares and troubles of the common practical life she appropriated so quietly to herself—the stronger of the two, as should be a poet's wife, in the necessary household duties of prudence and forethought. Thus, if the man's genius made the home a temple, the woman's wisdom gave to the temple the security of the fortress.

They have only one child—a girl; they call her Nora. She has the father's soul-lit eyes, and the mother's warm human smile. She assists Helen in the morning's noiseless domestic duties; she sits in the evening at Leonard's feet, while he reads or writes. In each light grief of childhood she steals to the mother's knee; but in each young impulse of delight, or each brighter flash of progressive reason, she springs to the father's breast. Sweet Helen, thou hast taught her this, taking to thyself the shadows even of thine infant's life, and leaving to thy partner's eyes only its rosy light!

Leonard, at last, has completed the work which has been the joy and the labor of so many years—the work which he regards as the flower of all his spiritual being, and to which he has committed all the hopes that unite the creatures of to-day with the generations of the future. The work has gone through the press, each line lingered over with the elaborate patience of the artist, loath to part with the thought he has sculptured into form, while an improving touch can be imparted by the chisel. He has accepted an invitation from Norreys. In the restless excitement (strange to him, since his first happy maiden effort) he has gone to London.

Unrecognized in the huge metropolis, he has watched to see if the world acknowledged the new tie he has woven between its busy life and his secluded toil. And the work came out in an unpropitious hour; other things were occupying the public; the world was not at leisure to heed him, and the book did not penetrate into the great circle of readers. But a savage critic had seized on it, and mangled, distorted, deformed it, confounding together defect and beauty in one mocking ridicule; and the beauties have not yet found an exponent, nor the defects a defender; and the publisher shakes his head, points to groaning shelves, and delicately hints that the work which was to be the epitome of the sacred life within life, does not hit the taste of the day.

Leonard thinks over the years that his still labor has cost him, and knows that he has exhausted the richest mines of his intellect; and that long years will elapse before he can recruit that capital of ideas which is necessary to sink new shafts, and bring to light fresh ore; and the deep despondency of intellect, frustrated in its highest aims, has seized him, and all he has before done is involved in failure by the defeat of the crowning effort. Failure, and irrecoverable, seems his whole ambition as a writer; his whole existence in the fair Ideal seems to have been a profitless dream, and the face of the Ideal itself is obscured.

And even Norreys frankly, though kindly, intimates that the life of a metropolis is essential to the healthful intuition of a writer in the intellectual wants of his age; since every great writer supplies a want in his own generation, for some feeling to be announced, some truth to be revealed, and as this maxim is generally sound, as most great writers have lived in

cities, Leonard dares not dwell on the exception; it is only success that justifies the attempt to be an exception to the common rule; and with the blunt manhood of his nature, which is not a poet's, Norreys sums up with, "What then? One experiment has failed; fit your life to your genius, and try again." Try again! Easy counsel enough to the man of ready resource and quick, combative mind; but to Leonard, how hard and how harsh! "Fit his life to his genius!"—renounce contemplation and Nature for the jostle of Oxford Street!—would that life not scare away the genius for ever?

Perplexed and despondent, though still struggling for fortitude, he returns to his home, and there at his hearth awaits the Soother, and there is the voice that repeats the passages most beloved, and prophesies so confidently of future fame; and gradually all around smiles from the smile of Helen. And the profound conviction that Heaven places human happiness beyond the reach of the world's contempt or praise, circulates through his system and restores its serene calm. And he feels that the duty of the intellect is to accomplish and perfect itself—to harmonize its sounds into music that may be heard in Heaven, though it wake not an echo on the earth. If this be done, as with some men, best amidst the din and the discord, be it so; if, as with him, best in silence, be it so too. And the next day he reclines with Helen by the sea-shore, gazing calmly as before on the measureless sunlit ocean; and Helen, looking into his face, sees that it is sunlit as the deep. His hand steals within her own, in the gratitude that endears beyond the power of passion, and he murmurs gently, "Blessed be the woman who consoles."

The work found its way at length into fame, and the fame sent its voice loud to the poet's home. But the applause of the world had not a sound so sweet to his ear, as when, in doubt, humiliation, and sadness, the lips of his Helen had whispered, "Hope! and believe."

As exhibiting, in a rather striking and amusing fashion, some of the youthful peculiarities of its hero, we present the following extract from *Kenelm Chillingly*:

The morning after these birthday rejoicings, Sir Peter and Lady Chillingly held a long consultation on the peculiarities of their heir, and the best mode of instilling into his mind the expediency either of entertaining more pleasing views, or at least of professing less unpopular sentiments, compatibly, of course, though they did not say it, with the new ideas that were to govern his century. Having come to an agreement on this delicate subject, they went forth, arm-in-arm, in search of their heir. Kenelm seldom met them at breakfast. He was an early riser, and accustomed to solitary rambles before his parents were out of bed.

The worthy pair found Kenelm seated on the banks of a trout-stream that meandered through Chillingly Park, dipping his line into the water, and yawning, with apparent relief in that operation.

"Does fishing amuse you, my boy?" said Sir Peter, heartily.

"Not in the least, sir," answered Kenelm.

"Then why do you do it?" asked Lady Chillingly.

"Because I know nothing else that amuses me more."

"Ah! that is it," said Sir Peter; "the whole secret of Kenelm's oddities is to be found in these words, my dear; he needs amusement. Voltaire says truly 'amusement is one of the wants of man;' and if Kenelm could be amused like other people, he could be like other people."

"In that case," said Kenelm, gravely, and extracting from the water a small but lively trout, which settled itself in Lady Chillingly's lap—"in that case I would rather not be amused. I have no interest in the absurdities of other people. The instinct of self-preservation compels me to have some interest in my own."

"Kenelm, sir," exclaimed Lady Chillingly, with an animation into which her tranquil Ladyship was very rarely betrayed, "take away that horrid damp thing; put down your rod and attend to what your father says. Your strange conduct gives us cause of serious anxiety."

Kenelm unhooked the trout, deposited the fish in his basket, and, raising his large eyes to his father's face, said, "What is there in my conduct that occasions you displeasure?"

"Not displeasure, Kenelm," said Sir Peter, kindly, "but anxiety; your mother has hit upon the right word. You see, my dear son, that it is my wish that you should distinguish yourself in the world. You might represent this country as your ancestors have done before. I had looked forward to the proceedings of yesterday as an admirable occasion for your introduction to your future constituents. Oratory is the talent most appreciated in a fine country, and why should you not be an orator? Demosthenes says that delivery, delivery, delivery, is the art of oratory; and your delivery is excellent, graceful, self-possessed, classical."

"Pardon me, my dear father. Demosthenes does not say delivery, nor action, as the word is commonly rendered; he says, 'acting a stage-play'—*ὑποκρισις*: the art by which a man delivers a speech in a feigned character—whence we get the word hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy! is, according to Demosthenes, the triple art of the orator. Do you wish me to become triple a hypocrite?"

"Kenelm, I am ashamed of you. You know as well as I do that it is only by metaphor that you can twist the word ascribed to the great Athenian into the sense of hypocrisy. But assuming it, as you say, to mean not delivery, but acting, I understand why your *début* as an orator was not successful. Your delivery was excellent, your acting defective. An orator should please, conciliate, persuade, prepossess. You did the reverse of all this, and though you produced a great effect, the effect was so decidedly to your disadvantage that it would have lost you an election on any hustings in England."

"Am I to understand, my dear father," said Kenelm, in the mournful and compassionate tones with which a pious minister of the church reproves some abandoned and hoary sinner—"am I to understand that you would commend to your son the adoption of deliberate falsehood for the gain of a selfish advantage?"

"Deliberate falsehood! you impertinent puppy!"

"Puppy!" repeated Kenelm, not indignantly, but musingly—"puppy! A well-bred puppy takes after its parents."

Sir Peter burst out laughing.

Lady Chillingly rose with dignity, shook her gown, unfolded her parasol, and stalked away speechless.

"Now, look you, Kenelm," said Sir Peter, as soon as he had composed himself. "These quips and humors of yours are amusing enough to an eccentric man like myself, but they will not do for the world; and how at your age, and with the rare advantages you have had in an early introduction to the best intellectual society, under the guidance of a tutor acquainted with the new ideas which are to influence the conduct of statesmen, you could have made so silly a speech as you did yesterday, I cannot understand."

"My dear father, allow me to assure you that the ideas I expressed are the new ideas most in vogue—ideas expressed in still plainer, or, if you prefer the epithet, still sillier terms than I employed. You will find them instilled into the public mind by 'The Londoner,' and by most intellectual journals of a liberal character."

"Kenelm, Kenelm, such ideas would turn the world topsy-turvy."

"New ideas always do tend to turn old ideas topsy-turvy. And the world, after all, is only an idea, which is turned topsy-turvy with every successive century."

"You make me sick of the word ideas. Leave off your metaphysics and study real life."

"It is real life which I did study under Mr. Welby. He is the Archimandrite of Realism. It is sham life which you wish me to study. To oblige you I am willing to commence it. I dare say it is very pleasant. Real life is not; on the contrary—dull." And Kenelm yawned again.

"Have you no young friends among your fellow-collegians?"

"Friends! certainly not, sir. But I believe I have some enemies, who answer the same purpose as friends, only they don't hurt one so much."

"Do you mean to say that you lived alone at Cambridge?"

"No; I lived a good deal with Aristophanes, and a little with Conic Sections and Hydrostatics."

"Books. Dry company."

"More innocent, at least, than moist company. Did you ever get drunk, sir?"

"Drunk!"

"I tried to do so once with the young companions whom you would commend to me as friends. I don't think I succeeded, but I woke with a headache. Real life at college abounds with headache."

"Kenelm, my boy, one thing is clear—you must travel."

"As you please, sir. Marcus Antonius says that it is all one to a stone whether it be thrown upwards or downwards. When shall I start?"

"Very soon. Of course there are preparations to make; you should have a traveling companion. I don't mean a tutor—you are too clever and too steady to need one; but a pleasant, sensible, well-mannered young person of your own age."

"My own age—male or female?"

Sir Peter tried hard to frown. The utmost he could do was to reply gravely, "Female! If I said you were too steady to need a tutor, it was because you have hitherto seemed little likely to be led out of your way by female allurements. Among your other studies, may I inquire if you have included that which no man has ever yet thoroughly mastered—the study of woman?"

"Certainly. Do you object to my catching another trout?"

"Trout be—blest, or the reverse. So you have studied woman. I should never have thought it. Where and when did you commence that department of science?"

"When? ever since I was ten years old. Where? first in your own house, then at college. Hush!—a bite," and another trout left its native element and alighted on Sir Peter's nose, whence it was solemnly transferred to the basket.

"At ten years old, and in my house! That flaunting hussy Jane, the under-housemaid —"

"Jane! No, sir. Pamela, Miss Byron, Clarissa—females in Richardson, who, according to Dr. Johnson, 'taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.' I trust for your sake that Dr. Johnson did not err in that assertion, for I found all these females at night in your own private apartments."

"Oh!" said Sir Peter, "that's all."

"All I remember at ten years old," replied Kenelm.

"And at Mr. Welby's or at college," proceeded Sir Peter, timorously, "was your acquaintance with females of the same kind?"

Kenelm shook his head. "Much worse; they were very naughty indeed at college."

"I should think so, with such a lot of young fellows running after them."

"Very few fellows run after the females I mean—rather avoid them."

"So much the better."

"No, my father, so much the worse; without an intimate knowledge of those females there is little use going to college at all."

"Explain yourself."

"Every one who receives a classical education is introduced into their society—Pyrrha and Lydia, Glycera and Corinua, and many more, all of the same sort; and then the females in Aristophanes—what do you say to them, sir?"

"Is it only females who lived 2000 or 3000 years ago, or more probably never lived at all, whose intimacy you have cultivated? Have you never admired any real women?"

"Real women! I never met one. Never met a woman who was not a sham—a sham from the moment she is told to be pretty-behaved, conceal her sentiments, and look fibs when she does not speak them. But if I am to learn sham life, I suppose I must put up with sham women."

"Have you been crossed in love, that you speak so bitterly of the sex?"

"I don't speak bitterly of the sex. Examine any woman on her oath, and she'll own she is a sham, always has been, and always will be, and is proud of it."

"I am glad your mother is not by to hear you. You will think differently one of these days. Meanwhile, to turn to the other sex, is there no young man of your own rank with whom you would like to travel?"

"Certainly not. I hate quarreling."

"As you please. But you cannot go quite alone; I will find you a good traveling servant. I must write to town to-day about your preparations, and in another week or so I hope all will be ready. Your allowance will

be whatever you like to fix it at; you have never been extravagant, and—boy—I love you. Amuse yourself, enjoy yourself, and come back cured of your oddities, but preserving your honor.”

Sir Peter bent down and kissed his son's brow. Kenelm was moved; he rose, put his arm around his father's shoulder, and lovingly said, in an undertone, “If ever I am tempted to do a base thing, may I remember whose son I am—I shall be safe then” He withdrew his arm as he said this, and took his solitary way along the banks of the stream, forgetful of rod and line.

The following scene from the *Lady of Lyons* will illustrate Bulwer's peculiarities as a dramatist.

ACT III.

SCENE II.—Melnotte's cottage—Widow bustling about a table spread for supper.

Widow. So, I think that looks very neat. He sent me a line, so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well indeed to have forgotten his birth; for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honorable not to have revealed to her the artifice, which her love only could forgive. Well I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. (*Knock at the door.*) Ah! here they are.

Enter MELNOTTE and PAULINE.

Widow. Oh, my boy—the pride of my heart!—welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, ma'am, but I do love him so!

Pauline. Good woman, I really—why prince, what is this?—does the old lady know you? Oh, I guess you have done her some service. Another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

Mel. Of my kind heart, ay!

Pauline. So you know the prince?

Widow. Know him, madam?—Ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not!

Pauline. Do you think she is mad? Can we stay here, my lord? I think there is something very wild about her.

Mel. Madam, I—no, I cannot tell her; my knees knock together; what a coward is a man who has lost his honor! Speak to her—speak to her (*to his mother*)—tell her that—O Heaven, that I were dead!

Pauline. How confused he looks!—this strange place!—this woman—what can it mean?—I half suspect—Who are you, madam?—who are you? can't you speak? are you struck dumb?

Widow. Claude, you have not deceived her?—Ah, shame upon you! I thought that, before you went to the altar, she was to have known all.

Pauline. All! what!—My blood freezes in my veins!

Widow. Poor lady!—dare I tell her, Claude? (*Melnotte makes a sign of assent.*) Know you not then, madam, that this young man is of poor though honest parents? Know you not that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte?

Pauline. Your son! hold—hold! do not speak to me. (*Approaches Melnotte, and lays her hand upon his arm.*) Is this a jest? is it? I know it is, only speak—one word—one look—one smile. I cannot believe—I who loved thee so—I cannot believe that thou art such a—No, I will not wrong thee by a harsh word—Speak!

Mel. Leave us—have pity on her, on me: leave us.

Widow. Oh, Claude, that I should live to see thee bowed by shame! thee of whom I was so proud! (*Exit.*)

Pauline. Her son—her son!

Mel. Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline. Hear thee!

Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? speak,
That thou mayst silence curses—speak!

Mel. No, curse me:

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline (*laughing wildly.*)

“This is thy palace where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I’ the midst of roses!” Dost thou like the picture?
This is my bridal home, and thou my bridegroom.
O fool—O dupe—O wretch!—I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—
It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon.—(*Touching him.*)

Art flesh? art man? or but

The shadow seen in sleep? It is too real.

What have I done to thee? how sinned against thee,
That thou should’st crush me thus?

Mel. Pauline, by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—

That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—

The evil spirit of a bitter love,

And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee:

I saw thee midst the flow’rs the lowly boy

Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
 Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
 Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
 Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how love, like death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
 My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate;
 And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
 Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
 Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
 Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men! For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.
 For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
 And every muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
 And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty! Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
 Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
 But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Pauline. Has he a magic to exorcise hate!

Mel. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
 And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
 The name—appended by the burning heart
 That long'd to show its idol what bright things
 It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn
 That very hour—when passion, turn'd to wrath,

Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
 Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool
 For their revenge. Thou had'st trampled on the worm—
 It turn'd and stung thee!

Pauline. Love, sir, hath no sting.
 What was the slight of a poor powerless girl
 To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
 Oh, how I loved this man!—a serf—a slave!

Mel. Hold, lady! No, not slave! Despair is free!
 I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
 The anguish—the remorse: No, let it pass
 And let me come to such most poor atonement
 Yet in my power. Pauline —

[Approaching her, and about to take her hand.

Pauline. No, touch me not!
 I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant
 And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work—
 Toil—drudge—do what thou wilt—but touch me not;
 Let my wrongs make me sacred!

Mel. Do not fear me.
 Thou dost not know me, madam: at the altar
 My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
 Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
 Nixed in cathedral aisles, is hallow'd more
 From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
 I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;—
 Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
 A marriage thus unholy—unfulfill'd—
 A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
 Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.
 To-morrow, pure and virgin as the morn
 I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine.
 Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
 The law shall do thee justice, and restore
 Thy right to bless another with thy love.
 And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
 Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think at least
 Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
 In that poor peasant's nature! Ho! my mother!

Enter Widow.

Conduct this lady—(she is not my wife;
 She is our guest,—our honor'd guest, my mother)—
 To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue,

Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
 Ev'n villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
 I think thou wilt believe me. Go, my mother!

Widow. She is not thy wife!

Mel. Hush, hush! for mercy's sake!

Speak not, but go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mel. [*sinking down*] All angels bless and guard her!

But Bulwer has figured in political life also. In 1832 he was returned to Parliament as a member from Lincoln, and continued steadfast in his Radical views until 1841. In 1847, being a candidate for the suffrages of the "Protectionists" of the county of Lincoln, he was defeated; but five years later he was returned to the House of Commons by the voters of Herts. "Despite of physical defects which would have discouraged almost any other man from entering into public life at all, he had succeeded in winning a reputation as a great speaker in a debate where Palmerston, Gladstone, Bright, and Disraeli were champions. So deaf that he could not hear the arguments of his opponents, so defective in utterance as to become often unintelligible, he actually made the House of Commons doubt for a while whether a new great orator had not come among them. It was not great oratory after all; it was not true oratory of any kind; but it was a splendid imitation of the real thing—the finest electroplate anywhere to be found."*

During the Derby Ministry, in 1858, Bulwer held the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was during the early part of this political career, and moved by its peculiar influences, that he published the pamphlet *The Crisis*, which attained to an extensive circulation. He was raised to the peerage in 1866. His death occurred at Torquay, in Devonshire, on the 18th of January, 1873, while the proof-sheets of his last novel—*The Parisians*—were just leaving his hands.

"If Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton would be content to be taken for what he is, a respectable place might be assigned to him in the ranks of modern novelists. His historical romances cannot, indeed, be classed with those either of Scott or of his more immediate artistic predecessor, Chateaubriand. In describing the growth of character, and the influence of varying circumstances upon it—the branch of art on which he most plumes himself—he never comes within distance of 'George Eliot.' His portraits are not distinct, like Trollope's, nor finished and lifelike, like Thackeray's; his plots are never so carefully worked out as Wilkie Collins', nor has he the

* "*Modern Leaders*," by Justin McCarthy.

eye of that writer and of Thackeray for a telling dramatic situation. He is neither original, pathetic, nor amusing, as is Dickens, nor lively and dashing, as are Mr. Lever and the author of 'Guy Livingstone.' In fact, it would be hard to mention any one quality of genius or style in which he has not a living superior.

"But although he is nowhere first, he is throughout a sufficiently good second to justify considerable praise. His ideas are generally ingenious, his incidents are varied, he is fertile in expedients; and when the number of characters and situations are taken into account, it must be owned that he reproduces himself but little. Many shrewd remarks and a few witty ones are scattered up and down his pages. His favorite contrast between speculative and practical life is enforced with a persistency which proves that he has both thought and acted; and we believe him to be free from the vanity with which he is often charged, of making himself his own hero. With some grave exceptions, such as *Eugene Aram*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Alice*, and *Lucretia*, his books are not objectionable in tone and substance; and even when he offends, we believe that the fault may be traced rather to a fault of taste than to a perverted imagination.

"A high and somewhat chivalrous vein of sentiment runs through his writings, passing sometimes into passages of real eloquence and often into a diffused poetic imagery. He tries to be on the right side of things, and has a true sympathy for the struggling and unfortunate. He has always been loyal to his adopted profession, and in the background of his works we may see the figure of an English gentleman of more than ordinary abilities and information. He is unquestionably the first of the particular school to which he belongs—that of sentimental melodrama.

"The general style in which these novels are written is not, in our judgment, either appropriate or striking. It would be difficult to extract a dozen pages which show any real command over the resources of the English tongue. The language is never bold, vigorous, or terse; it is sometimes eloquent, more rarely picturesque; very often it degenerates into mere bombast, or into a dilute mock heroic. And there is throughout a manner, more easily felt than described, which educated people in general most carefully eschew."*

* *The Westminster Review*, April, 1865.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport in Portsea, February 7, 1812. Debarred by a very delicate constitution, and by frequent attacks of illness, from active participation in the sports usual with boys of his age, he found a very satisfactory compensation in the society of books.

What Dickens has written of the youth of "David Copperfield" was, in the following particulars, literally true of himself: "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room up-stairs to which I had access, and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time." "The usual result followed. The child took to writing, himself, and became famous in his childish circle for having written a tragedy called *Misnar*, the Sultan of India."*

But Chatham, the scene of these childhood delights, he was separated from, when about nine years of age, by the removal of his father to Somerset House, London. Here, at this tender age, the bitterest experiences of his whole life awaited him. His father fell into debt, and was finally thrown into the Marshalsea prison; whither, shortly, he was followed by the entire family, save Charles and his sister Fanny. Charles, now about ten years old, found employment in a "crazy, tumble-down" blacking-warehouse; where, associated with coarse, ignorant boys,—Bob Fagin and Poll Green,—he fell to covering pots of paste-blackening. Of this adventure he wrote in later

years : " No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship ; compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood ; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless ; of the shame I felt in my position ; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more ; cannot be written."

Out of this " Slough of Despond " young Charles was rescued two years later, and sent, until fourteen years of age, to Wellington House Academy ; where, according to his own statement, " the boys trained white mice much better than the master trained the boys." A year or two spent as " office-lad " to attorneys, followed by about eighteen months' intense application to the study of Phonography, brought him, at the age of nineteen, into the " gallery " as a Parliamentary reporter. Three years later, January (1834), but while still reporting, Dickens first saw himself in print. " He has described himself dropping this paper stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street ; and he has told his agitation when it appeared in all the glory of print : ' On which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.' " *

This was the beginning of those unique *Sketches by Boz*, which at once decided the public in their author's favor. These *Sketches*, collected into two volumes, and published in 1836, constituted Dickens's first work.

In the spring of the last-named year was begun, in shilling numbers, the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, edited by Boz,—the most purely amusing and the unique of Dickens' works. From it we extract, as a specimen of its author's ability in the department of humor,

MR. PICKWICK'S ADVENTURE AT MISS TOMKINS' SCHOOL.

Half-past ten o'clock arrived, and it was time for Mr. Pickwick to issue forth on his delicate errand. Resisting Sam's tender of his great coat, in order that he might have no incumbrance in scaling the wall, he set forth, followed by his attendant. . . . They found the house, read the brass-plate, walked round the wall, and stopped at that portion of it which divided them from the bottom of the garden.

"You will return to the inn, Sam, when you have assisted me over," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery well, sir."

"And you will sit up 'till I return."

"Cert'nly, sir."

"Take hold of my leg; and, when I say 'Over,' raise me gently."

"All right, sir."

Having settled these preliminaries, Mr. Pickwick grasped the top of the wall, and gave the word "Over," which was literally obeyed. Whether his body partook in some degree of the elasticity of his mind, or whether Mr. Weller's notions of a gentle push were of a somewhat rougher description than Mr. Pickwick's, the immediate effect of his assistance was to jerk that immortal gentleman completely over the wall on to the bed beneath, where, after crushing three gooseberry bushes, and a rose-tree, he finally alighted at full length.

"You ha'n't hurt yourself, I hope, sir," said Sam, in a loud whisper, as soon as he recovered from the surprise consequent upon the mysterious disappearance of his master.

"I have not hurt *myself*, Sam, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, from the other side of the wall, "but I rather think that you have hurt me."

"I hope not, sir," said Sam.

"Never mind," said Mr. Pickwick, rising, "it's nothing but a few scratches. Go away, or we shall be overheard."

"Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

With stealthy steps Sam Weller departed, leaving Mr. Pickwick alone in the garden. . . . Mr. Pickwick had meditated himself into a doze, when he was roused by the chimes of the neighboring church ringing out the hour—half-past eleven.

"That is the time," thought Mr. Pickwick, getting cautiously on his feet. He looked up at the house. The lights had disappeared, and the shutters were closed—all in bed, no doubt. He walked on tip-toe to the door, and gave a gentle tap. Two or three minutes passing without any reply, he gave another tap rather louder, and then another rather louder than that.

At length the sound of feet was audible on the stairs, and then the light of a candle shone through the key-hole of the door. There was a good deal of unchaining and unbolting, and the door was slowly opened.

Now the door opened outwards: and as the door opened wider and wider, Mr. Pickwick receded behind it, more and more. What was his astonishment when he just peeped out by way of caution, to see that the person who had opened it was—not Job Trotter, but a servant-girl with a candle in her hand!

"It must have been the cat, Sarah," said the girl, addressing herself to some one in the house. "Puss, puss, puss—tit, tit, tit." But no animal being decoyed by these blandishments, the girl slowly closed the door, and refastened it; leaving Mr. Pickwick drawn up straight against the wall.

* * * * *

"What a dreadful situation!" said Mr. Pickwick. He looked up at the house—all was dark. They must have gone to bed now. He would try the signal again. He walked on tip-toe across the moist gravel, and tapped at the door. He held his breath, and listened at the key-hole. No reply: very odd. Another knock. He listened again. There was a low whispering inside, and then a voice cried—"Who's there?"

"That's not Job," thought Mr. Pickwick, hastily drawing himself straight up against the wall again. "It's a woman." He had scarcely had time to form this conclusion, when a window above stairs was thrown up, and three or four female voices repeated the query—"Who's there?"

Mr. Pickwick dared not move hand or foot. It was clear that the whole establishment was roused. He made up his mind to remain where he was, until the alarm had subsided: and then by a supernatural effort to get over the wall, or perish in the attempt.

What was his discomfiture, when he heard the chain and bolts withdrawn, and saw the door slowly opening, wider and wider! He retreated into the corner, step by step; but do what he would, the interposition of his own person prevented its being opened to its utmost width.

"Who's there?" screamed a numerous chorus of treble voices from the stair-case inside, consisting of the spinster lady of the establishment, three teachers, five female servants, and thirty boarders, all half-dressed, and in a forest of curl-papers. Of course Mr. Pickwick did n't say who *was* there: and then the burden of the chorus changed into—"Lor'! I am so frightened."

"Cook," said the lady abbess, who took care to be on the top stair, the very last of the group—"Cook, why don't you go a little way into the garden?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't like," responded the cook.

"Lor', what a stupid thing that cook is!" said the thirty boarders.

"Cook," said the lady abbess, with great dignity; "don't answer me, if you please. I insist upon your looking into the garden immediately." Here the cook began to cry, and the housemaid said it was "a shame!" for which partisanship she received a month's warning on the spot.

"Do you hear, cook?" said the lady abbess, stamping her foot, impatiently. "Don't you hear your missis, cook?" said the three teachers. "What an impudent thing that cook is!" said the thirty boarders.

The unfortunate cook, thus strongly urged, advanced a step or two, and holding her candle just where it prevented her seeing anything at all, declared there was nothing there, and it must have been the wind. The door was just going to be closed in consequence, when an inquisitive boarder, who had been peeping between the hinges, set up a fearful screaming, which called back the cook and the housemaid, and all the more adventurous, in no time.

"What is the matter with Miss Smithers?" said the lady abbess, as the aforesaid Miss Smithers proceeded to go into hysterics of four young lady

power. "Lor', Miss Smithers, dear," said the other nine and twenty boarders.

"Oh, the man—the man—behind the door!" screamed Miss Smithers.

The lady abess no sooner heard this appalling cry, than she retreated to her own bedroom, double-locked the door, and fainted away comfortably. The boarders, and the teachers, and the servants, fell back up the stairs, and upon each other; and never was such a screaming, and fainting, and struggling beheld. In the midst of the tumult, Mr. Pickwick emerged from his concealment, and presented himself amongst them.

"Ladies—dear ladies," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, he says we're dear," cried the oldest and ugliest teacher. "Oh, the wretch!"

"Ladies," roared Mr. Pickwick, rendered desperate by the danger of his situation. "Hear me. I am no robber. I want the lady of the house."

"Oh, what a ferocious monster!" screamed another teacher. "He wants Miss Tomkins." Here there was a general scream.

"Ring the alarm bell, somebody!" cried a dozen voices.

"Don't—don't," shouted Mr. Pickwick. "Look at me. Do I look like a robber? My dear ladies—you may bind me hand and leg, or lock me up in a closet, if you like. Only hear what I have got to say—only hear me."

"How did you come in our garden?" faltered the housemaid.

"Call the lady of the house, and I'll tell her everything—everything," said Mr. Pickwick, exerting his lungs to the utmost pitch. "Call her—only be quiet, and call her, and you shall hear everything."

It was proposed, as a test of Mr. Pickwick's sincerity, that he should immediately submit to personal restraint; and that gentleman having consented to hold a conference with Miss Tomkins, from the interior of a closet in which the day boarders hung up their bonnets and sandwich-bags, he at once stepped into it, of his own accord, and was securely locked in. This revived the others; and Miss Tomkins having been brought-to, and brought down, the conference began.

"What did you do in my garden, Man?" said Miss Tomkins, in a faint voice.

"I came to warn you, that one of your young ladies was going to elope to-night," replied Mr. Pickwick, from the interior of the closet.

"Elope!" exclaimed Miss Tomkins, the three teachers, the thirty boarders, and the five servants. "Who with?"

"Your friend, Mr. Charles Fitz Marshall."

"My friend! I don't know any such person."

"Well; Mr. Jingle, then."

"I never heard the name in my life."

"Then, I have been deceived, and deluded," said Mr. Pickwick. "I have been the victim of a conspiracy—a foul and base conspiracy. Send to the Angel, my dear ma'am, if you don't believe me; send to the Angel for Mr. Pickwick's man-servant, I implore you, ma'am." . . .

So two of the servants were despatched to the Angel in search of Mr. Samuel Weller: and the remaining three stopped behind to protect Miss Tomkins, and the three teachers, and the thirty boarders. And Mr. Pick-

wick sat down in the closet, beneath a grove of sandwich bags, and awaited the return of the messengers, with all the philosophy and fortitude he could summon to his aid.

An hour and a half elapsed before they came back, and when they did come, Mr. Pickwick recognized, in addition to the voice of Mr. Samuel Weller, two other voices, the tones of which struck familiarly on his ear; but whose they were, he could not for the life of him call to mind. A very brief conversation ensued. The door was unlocked. Mr. Pickwick stepped out of the closet, and found himself in the presence of the whole establishment of Westgate House, Mr. Samuel Weller, and—old Wardle, and his destined son-in-law, Mr. Trundle!

“My dear friend,” said Mr. Pickwick, running forward and grasping Wardle’s hand, “my dear friend, pray, for Heaven’s sake, explain to this lady the unfortunate and dreadful situation in which I am placed. You must have heard it from my servant; say, at all events, my dear fellow, that I am neither a robber nor a madman.”

“I have said so, my dear friend. I have said so already,” replied Mr. Wardle, shaking the right hand of his friend, while Mr. Trundle shook the left.

“And whoever says, or has said, he is,” interposed Mr. Weller, stepping forward, “says that which is not the truth, but so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse. And if there’s any number o’ men on these here premises as has said so, I shall be very happy to give ’em all a very convincing proof o’ their being mistaken, in this here wery room, if these wery respectable ladies ’ll have the goodness to retire and order ’em up, one at a time.” Having delivered this defiance with great volubility, Mr. Weller struck his open palm emphatically with his clenched fist, and winked pleasantly on Miss Tomkins; the intensity of whose horror at her supposing it within the bounds of possibility that there could be any men on the premises of Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, it is impossible to describe.

Mr. Pickwick’s explanation having been already partially made, was soon concluded. But neither in the course of his walk home with his friends, nor afterwards when seated before a blazing fire at the supper he so much needed, could a single observation be drawn from him. He seemed bewildered and amazed.

While the last of the *Pickwick Papers* was being penned, *Oliver Twist* was begun, and during the years 1837–38 completed in monthly numbers. Hardly had the last work left his hands, when *Nicholas Nickleby* was undertaken, and between February 1838 and October 1839 finished. The beginning of the year 1840 marked the opening of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which was closed in the Spring of the next year.

Dickens’s next work—*Barnaby Rudge*—was begun during the progress of *Oliver Twist*, but, except at intervals, had been laid aside until the completion of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, when it was resumed and finished in weekly parts before the end of 1841. As an instance of our author’s vivid descriptive power, we cite, from this work,

THE SACKING OF NEWGATE PRISON.

And now the strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate, and on the strong building; for those who could not reach the door spent their fierce rage on anything—even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron mingled with the deafening tumult, and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammer rattled on the nailed and plated door: the sparks flew off in showers; men worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work; but there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and, saving for the dints upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task; and some, rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale; and some again engaged a body of police a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers; others besieged the house on which the jailer had appeared, and, driving in the door, brought out his furniture, and piled it up against the prison gate, to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device was understood, all those who had labored hitherto, cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap; which reached half-way across the street, and was so high, that those who threw more fuel on the top, got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile, to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch, and tar, and rosin they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine. To all the woodwork round the prison doors they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by, awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry, and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first, they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks; but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped, and roared, like a great furnace—when it shone upon the opposite houses, and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the inmost corners of each habitation—when, through the deep-red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin—when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St. Sepulchre's, so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jewelled—when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness—when wall and tower, and roof and chimney-stack, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect—then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamor, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height.

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils, as it were, from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although the glass fell from the window-sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs blistered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and, rendered giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile; still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it men were going always. They never slackened in their zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard, that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that, although they knew the pain, and thirst, and pressure to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting-fits, and were not crushed or burnt, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand, and dashed with water from a pump, of which buckets full were passed from man to man among the crowd; but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the fighting to be first that, for the most part, the whole contents were spilled upon the ground, without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the war and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire about the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladder, and some of them, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these fire-brands on the roof, or down into the yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful; which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horror of the scene; for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that they were in danger of being burnt alive. This terrible fear, spreading from cell to cell, and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailings, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise; which was loudly heard, even above the shouting of the mob and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair, that it made the boldest tremble.

In June, 1841, Dickens visited Scotland, acquainting himself with its wildest Highland scenery; and, at the invitation of distinguished citizens, partook of a public dinner in his honor in Edinburgh. This trip was followed, the next year, by a first visit to America, during which he passed through the principal cities of Canada, and also those of the United States as far to the south-west as St. Louis. Everywhere he realized that his fame as a novelist had preceded him, and his reception was rendered even annoyingly cordial and ceremonious. The succeeding fall brought out, as the result of his observations of scenery, institutions, and customs, his *American Notes*.

The first number of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared in January, 1843, the entire work occupying him until midsummer of the next year. From this volume, as another sample of Dickens' graphic and

minute word-painting, though of a different sort from the last quoted, we instance his description of

THE WIND.

An evening wind uprose too, and the slighter branches cracked and rattled as they moved in skeleton dances to its moaning music. The withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit; the laborer unyoked his horses, and with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them; and from the cottage windows lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields.

Then the village forge came out in all its bright importance. The lusty bellows roared Ha, ha! to the clear fire, which roared in turn, and bade the shining sparks dance gaily to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvil. The gleaming iron, in its emulation, sparkled too, and shed its red-hot gems around profusely. . . .

Out upon the angry wind! how from sighing, it began to bluster round the merry forge, banging at the wicket, and grumbling in the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows for doing anything to order. And what an impotent swaggerer it was too, for all its noise: for if it had any influence on that hoarse companion, it was but to make him roar his cheerful song the louder, and by consequence to make the fire burn the brighter, and the sparks to dance more gaily yet: at length, they whizzed so madly round and round, that it was too much for a surly wind to bear; so off it flew with a howl, giving the old sign before the ale-house door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards, and indeed, before Christmas, reared clean out of his crazy frame.

It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves; but this wind happening to come up with a great heap of them just after venting its humor on the insulted Dragon, did so disperse and scatter them that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round and round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury; for not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and, scattering the saw-dust in the air, it looked for them underneath, and when it did meet with any, whew! how it drove them on and followed at their heels!

The scared leaves only flew the faster for all this, and a giddy chase it was; for they got into unfrequented places, where there was no outlet, and where their pursuer kept them edging round and round at his pleasure; and they crept under the eaves of houses, and clung tightly to the sides of hayricks, like bats; and tore in at open chamber windows, and cowered close to hedges; and in short went anywhere for safety.

But the oddest freak they achieved was, to take advantage of the sudden opening of Mr. Pecksniff's front door, to dash wildly into his passage; whither the wind, following close upon them, and finding the back door open, incontinently blew but the lighted candle held by Miss Pecksniff, and slammed the front door against Mr. Pecksniff, who was at that moment entering, with such violence, that in the twinkling of an eye he lay on his

back at the bottom of the steps. Being by this time weary of such trifling performances, the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it.

The year 1843 was memorable, too, as inaugurating in the *Christmas Carol*, the annual advent of his Christmas stories. The next year, and a part also of 1845, found Dickens enjoying a delightful, and much-needed, too, season of rest and recreation in Italy, principally at Genoa, with no literary product save the *Chimes*—a second Christmas book. The remainder of the latter year was passed in England, bringing, at its close, to the delight of the public, a third holiday annual—the *Cricket on the Hearth*.

The glimpse he had caught of Switzerland, on his late return home, filled Dickens with an ardent desire to gain a more perfect experience of the grand scenery and hardy life of that country; and the next year (1846), with the exception of a brief sojourn in Paris, was devoted to this object. It was while here—at Lausanne—that his fourth Christmas Story—*The Battle of Life*, was written, and *Dombey and Son* was begun. The latter was completed in England, in the spring of 1848. In this work we meet with Dickens' masterpiece of pathos, in the

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city: and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars; and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they paused, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

* * * * *

"Floy!" he said, "what is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and he thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more: then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of

him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that who said 'Walter'?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again, "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-bye!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! . . .

So thoroughly occupied was Dickens with writing the last-named novel, that his Christmas story for 1847, though actually begun in the fall of that year, was necessarily laid aside until the next year, when it appeared as *The Haunted Man*. *David Copperfield* was projected in the summer of 1849, while Dickens was enjoying his first sea-side holiday, and concluded in the latter part of the following year. About the same time, a project long revolved in our author's mind arrived at maturity, in the establishment of a miscellany of general literature, called "Household Words," of which he became the editor. Through the pages of this periodical and its successor, "All the Year Round" (begun in 1860), were given to the world, chapter by chapter, *Bleak House* (1852-53)—an exposure of Chancery Court abuses; *Hard Times* (1854)—a blow at the false civilization of the present; *Little Dorritt* (1856)—a picture of unselfishness, as well as an exhibit of the evils of debtors' prisons; *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859-60)—a tragical diorama of revolutionary days in France; *Great Expectations* (1861-62); *Our Mutual Friend* (1865); and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*—the work from the midst of which the master's hand was so suddenly withdrawn by death, June 9, 1870. The episodes of relaxation from literary toil and the leading personal incidents of the later years of our author's life were a second visit to Switzerland and Italy in 1853, several visits to Boulogne and Paris during the years 1853-56, the purchase and occupation of Gadshill Place in 1856, several reading tours, and a second visit to America in 1867.

"Dickens is a poet; he is as much at home in the imaginative world as in the actual. Objects take their hue from the thoughts of his characters. His imagination is so lively, that it carries everything with it in the path which it chooses. If the character is happy, the stones, flowers, and clouds must be happy too; if he is sad, nature must weep with him. Even to the ugly houses in the street, all speak. The style runs through a swarm of visions; it breaks out into the strangest oddities. . . . Dickens does not hunt after quaintnesses; they come to him. His excessive imagination is like a string too tightly stretched; it produces of itself, without any violent shock, sounds not otherwise heard. . . .

"The imagination of Dickens is like that of monomaniacs. To plunge one's self into an idea, to be absorbed by it, to see nothing else, to repeat it under a hundred forms, to enlarge it, to carry it thus enlarged to the eye of the spectator, to dazzle and overwhelm him with it, to stamp it upon him so tenacious and impressive that he can never again tear it from his memory,—these are the great features of this imagination and style. . . . Therefore Dickens is admirable in the depiction of hallucinations. We see that he feels

himself those of his characters, that he is engrossed by their ideas, that he enters into their madness. As an Englishman and a moralist, he has described remorse frequently. Perhaps it may be said that he makes a scarecrow of it, and that an artist is wrong to transform himself into an assistant of the policeman and the preacher. What of that? The portrait of Jonas Chuzzlewit is so terrible, that we may pardon it for being useful. . . .

"Dickens does not perceive great things; this is the second feature of his imagination. Enthusiasm seizes him in connection with everything, especially in connection with vulgar (common) objects, a curiosity-shop, a sign-post, a town-crier. He has vigor, he does not attain beauty. . . . He will be lost, like the painters of his country, in the minute and impassioned observation of small things; he will have no love of beautiful forms and fine colors. . . .

"When the mind, with rapt attention, penetrates the minute details of a precise image, joy and grief shake the whole man. Dickens has this attention, and sees these details: this is why he meets everywhere with objects of exaltation. He never abandons his impassioned tone; he never rests in a natural style, and in simple narrative; he only rails or weeps; he writes but satires or elegies. He has the feverish sensibility of a woman who laughs loudly, or melts into tears at the sudden shock of the slightest occurrence. This impassioned style is extremely potent, and to it may be attributed half the glory of Dickens. . . .

"This sensibility can hardly have more than two issues—laughter and tears. There are others, but they are only reached by lofty eloquence; they are the path to sublimity, and from this path Dickens is cut off. Yet there is no writer who knows better how to touch and melt; he makes us weep—absolutely shed tears; before reading him we did not know there was so much pity in the heart. The grief of a child, who wishes to be loved by his father, and whom his father does not love; the despairing love and slow death of a poor half-imbecile young man: all these pictures of secret grief leave an ineffaceable impression. The tears which he sheds are genuine, and comparison is their only source.

"This same writer is the most railing, the most comic, the most jocose of English authors. And it is moreover a singular gaiety! It is the only kind which would harmonize with this impassioned sensibility. Wounded by misfortunes and vices, Dickens avenges himself by ridicule. He does not paint, he punishes. Nothing could be more damaging than those long chapters of sustained irony, in which the sarcasm is pressed, line after line, more sanguinary and piercing in the chosen adversary. . . . He makes

hypocrisy so deformed and monstrous, that his hypocrite ceases to resemble a man; you would call him one of those fantastic figures whose nose is greater than his body. This extravagant comicality springs from excess of imagination. . . .

“In reality, the novels of Dickens can be reduced to one phrase, to wit: Be good, and love; there is genuine joy only in emotions of the heart; sensibility in the whole man. Leave science to the wise, pride to the nobles, luxury to the rich; have compassion on humble wretchedness; the smallest and most despised being may in himself be worth as much as thousands of the powerful and the proud. Take care not to bruise the delicate souls which flourish in all conditions, under all costumes, in all ages. Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the finest things in man; believe that intimacy, expansion, tenderness, tears, are the finest things in the world. To live is nothing; to be powerful, learned, illustrious, is little; to be useful is not enough. He alone has lived and is a man who has wept at the remembrance of a benefit, given or received.”*

* *Taine's English Literature*, Vol. II.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born in 1811, at Calcutta. His father dying four years after, his mother removed with her son to England in 1817. When about twelve years of age he was sent to the Charterhouse school, from whence, about 1828, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Among his fellow-students at Trinity was the poet Tennyson, with whom he became intimate, and for whom and for whose poetry he cherished a life-long admiration. Thackeray's literary career began while at college, in his part editorship of a series of humorous papers, under the title of "The Snob; a Literary and Scientific Journal."

Though originally intended for the bar, Thackeray's bent was toward art; for ministering to which he resided for some time first at Rome, and afterwards at Paris. His happiest attainment in this direction, however, consisted in those off-hand pen-and-ink sketches of character and situation, such as, at a later period, served to illustrate his nobler literary productions.

It was in 1834 that Thackeray became a contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," his articles relating chiefly to the Fine Arts and to his experiences in Paris. Two years later he engaged, for a short time, in the publication in London of a newspaper called the "Constitutional and Public Ledger." In 1840 he collected certain of his sketches, previously contributed to "Fraser's" and other magazines, into a volume, with the title of *The Paris Sketch Book*—his first independent publication.

Sketches, stories, a ballad, notes of a journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, and Christmas books—published under the droll *nom de plume* of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, made up the sum of Thackeray's literary efforts for the next six years. From February, 1847, to July, 1848, was published, in monthly numbers, *Vanity Fair*, the work in which Thackeray first caught

the ear of the great public. In 1849 he gave to the world, in two volumes, his second fiction, namely : *History of Pendennis*, also, during the same year, *Dr. Birch* and *Rebecca and Rowena*.

Two years later, Thackeray appeared before the public in a new character,—that of a lecturer, his subjects being the English Humorists. His experiment proved surprisingly successful in England ; and, a year later, was the means of introducing him personally to his many admirers in the United States. In 1852 *The Adventures of Henry Esmond*, complete in three volumes, made its appearance. The most striking feature of the work was a most elaborate imitation of the style and mode of thought of the time of Queen Anne's reign. The year 1855 was productive of *The Newcomes*, which contained traces of kindlier and lovelier characterization than any he had yet given.

A second visit to the United States, equally successful with his first, both as regards its literary and its pecuniary features, was made in 1856. The subject of his lectures was the *Four Georges*. *The Virginians*, a tale of the last century, and illustrated by the author, was commenced in monthly parts, in the fall of 1857. Three years later, Thackeray realized a long-cherished design in the starting of the "Cornhill Magazine," in which were given to the public the series of *Roundabout Papers*, and the stories of *Lovel the Widower* and *Philip on his Way through the World*.

Thackeray died December 24, 1863, leaving unaccomplished the promise made a month or two before in the "Cornhill," that in the early numbers of that magazine for the year 1864 he would commence "a new serial story."

From *Vanity Fair*, Vol. I., we produce

A QUARREL ABOUT AN HEIRESS.

Love may be felt for any young lady endowed with such qualities as Miss Swartz possessed ; and a great dream of ambition entered into old Mr. Osborne's soul, which she was to realize. He encouraged, with the utmost enthusiasm and friendliness, his daughter's amiable attachment to the young heiress, and protested that it gave him the sincerest pleasure as a father, to see the love of his girls so well disposed.

"You won't find," he would say to Miss Rhoda, "that splendor and rank to which you are accustomed at the West End, my dear Miss, at our humble mansion in Russell Square. My daughters are plain, disinterested

girls, but their hearts are in the right place, and they've conceived an attachment for you which does them honor—I say which does them honor. I'm a plain, simple, humble British merchant—an honest one, as my respected friends Hulker and Bullock will vouch, who were the correspondents of your late lamented father. You'll find us a united, simple, happy, and, I think I may say, respected family—a plain table, a plain people, but a warm welcome, my dear Miss Rhoda—Rhoda, let me say, for my heart warms to you, it does, really. I'm a frank man, and I like you. A glass of Champagne! Hicks, Champagne to Miss Swartz."

There is little doubt that old Osborne believed all he said, and that the girls were quite earnest in their protestations of affection for Miss Swartz. People in Vanity Fair fasten on to rich folks quite naturally. If the simplest people are disposed to look not a little kindly on great Prosperity (for I defy any member of the British public to say that the notion of Wealth has not something awful and pleasing to him; and you, if you are told that the man next you at dinner has got half a million, not to look at him with a certain interest); if the simple look benevolently on money, how much more do your old worldlings regard it! Their affections rush out to meet and welcome money. Their kind sentiments awaken spontaneously towards the interesting possessors of it. I know some respectable people who don't consider themselves at liberty to indulge in friendship for any individual who has not a certain competency, or place in society. They give a lease to their feelings on proper occasions. And the proof is, that the major part of the Osborne family, who had not, in fifteen years, been able to get up a hearty regard for Amelia Sedley, became as fond of Miss Swartz in the course of a single evening as the most romantic advocate of friendship at first sight could desire.

What a match for George she'd be (the sisters and Miss Wirt agreed), and how much better than that insignificant little Amelia! Such a dashing young fellow as he is, with his good looks, rank, and accomplishments, would be the very husband for her. Visions of balls in Portland Place, presentations at Court, and introductions to half the peerage, filled the minds of the young ladies, who talked of nothing but George and his grand acquaintances to their beloved new friend.

Old Osborne thought she would be a great match, too, for his son. He should leave the army; he should go into Parliament; he should cut a figure in the fashion and in the state. His blood boiled with honest British exultation, as he saw the name of Osborne ennobled in the person of his son, and thought that he might be the progenitor of a glorious line of baronets. He worked in the City and on 'Change, until he knew everything relating to the fortune of the heiress, how her money was placed, and where her estates lay. Young Fred Bullock, one of his chief informants, would have liked to make a bid for her himself (it was so the young banker expressed it), only he was booked to Maria Osborne. But not being able to secure her as a wife, the disinterested Fred quite approved of her as a sister-in-law. "Let George cut in directly and win her," was his advice. "Strike while the iron's hot, you know—while she's fresh to the town: in a few weeks some d—d fellow from the West End will come in with a title and a rotten rent-roll and cut all us City men out, as Lord Fitzrulus did last year with Miss Grogram, who was actually engaged to Podder, of Podder & Brown's. The sooner it is done the better, Mr. Osborne; them's my sentiments," the wag said; though, when Osborne had left the bank parlor, Mr. Bullock remembered Amelia, and what a

pretty girl she was, and how attached to George Osborne; and he gave up at least ten seconds of his valuable time to regretting the misfortune which had befallen that unlucky young woman.

While thus George Osborne's good feelings, and his good friend and genius, Dobbin, were carrying back the truant to Amelia's feet, George's parent and sisters were arranging this splendid match for him, which they never dreamed he would resist.

When the elder Osborne gave what he called a "hint," there was no possibility for the most obtuse to mistake his meaning. He called kicking a footman down stairs a hint to the latter to leave his service. With his usual frankness and delicacy he told Mrs. Haggistoun that he would give her a cheque for five thousand pounds on the day his son was married to her ward; and called that proposal a hint, and considered it a very dexterous piece of diplomacy. He gave George finally such another hint regarding the heiress; and ordered him to marry her out of hand, as he would have ordered his butler to draw a cork, or his clerk to write a letter.

This imperative hint disturbed George a good deal. He was in the very first enthusiasm and delight of his second courtship of Amelia, which was inexpressibly sweet to him. The contrast of her manners and appearance with those of the heiress, made the idea of a union with the latter appear doubly ludicrous and odious. Carriages and opera-boxes, thought he; fancy being seen in them by the side of such a mahogany charmer as that! Add to all, that the junior Osborne was quite as obstinate as the Senior; when he wanted a thing, quite as firm in resolution to get it; and quite as violent when angered, as his father in his most stern moments. . . .

The dark object of the conspiracy into which the chiefs of the Osborne family had entered, was quite ignorant of all their plans regarding her (which, strange to say, her friend and chaperon did not divulge), and, taking all the young ladies' flattery for genuine sentiment, and being, as we have before had occasion to show, of a very warm and impetuous nature, responded to their affection with quite a tropical ardor. And if the truth may be told, I dare say that she too had some selfish attraction in the Russell Square house; and in a word, thought George Osborne a very nice young man. His whiskers had made an impression upon her, on the very first night she beheld them at the ball at Messrs. Hulkers; and, as we know, she was not the first woman who had been charmed by them. George had an air at once swaggering and melancholy, languid and fierce. He looked like a man who had passions, secrets, and private harrowing griefs and adventures. His voice was rich and deep. He would say it was a warm evening, or ask his partner to take an ice, with a tone as sad and confidential as if he were breaking her mother's death to her, or preluding a declaration of love. He trampled over all the young bucks of his father's circle, and was the hero among those third-rate men. Some few sneered at him and hated him. Some, like Dobbin, fanatically admired him. And his whiskers had begun to do their work, and to curl themselves round the affections of Miss Swartz.

Whenever there was a chance of meeting him in Russell Square, that simple and good-natured young woman was quite in a flurry to see her dear Miss Osbornes. She went to great expenses in new gowns, and bracelets, and bonnets, and in prodigious feathers. She adorned her person in her utmost skill to please the Conqueror, and exhibited all her simple accomplishments to win his favor. The girls would ask her, with

the greatest gravity, for a little music, and she would sing her three songs and play her two little pieces as often as ever they asked, and with an always increasing pleasure to herself. During these delectable entertainments, Miss Wirt and the chaperon sate by, and conned over the peerage, and talked about the nobility.

The day after George had his hint from his father, and a short time before the hour of dinner, he was lolling upon a sofa in the drawing-room in a very becoming and perfectly natural attitude of melancholy. He had been to pass three hours with Amelia, his dear little Amelia, at Fulham; and he came home to find his sisters spread in starched muslin in the drawing-room, the dowagers cackling in the background, and honest Swartz in her favorite amber-colored satin, with turquoise bracelets, countless rings, flowers, feathers, and all sorts of tags and gimcracks, about as elegantly decorated as a she chimney-sweep on May day.

The girls, after vain attempts to engage him in conversation, talked about fashions and the last drawing-room until he was perfectly sick of their chatter. He contrasted their behavior with little Emmy's, their shrill voices with her tender ringing tones; their attitudes and their elbows and their starch, with her humble soft movements and modest graces. Poor Swartz was seated in a place where Emmy had been accustomed to sit. Her bejewelled hands lay sprawling in her amber satin lap. Her tags and ear-rings twinkled, and her big eyes rolled about. She was doing nothing with perfect contentment, and thinking herself charming. Anything so becoming as the satin the sisters had never seen.

"Dammy," George said to a confidential friend, "she looked like a China doll, which has nothing to do all day but to grin and wag its head. By Jove, Will, it was all I could do to prevent myself from throwing the sofa-cushion at her." He restrained that exhibition of sentiment, however.

The sisters began to play the Battle of Prague. "Stop that d—— thing," George howled out in a fury from the sofa. "It makes me mad. *You* play us something, Miss Swartz, do. Sing something, anything but the Battle of Prague."

"Shall I sing Blue-Eyed Mary, or the air from the Cabinet?" Miss Swartz asked.

"That sweet thing from the Cabinet," the sisters said.

"We've had that," replied the misanthrope on the sofa.

"I can sing *Fluvy du Tajy*," Swartz said, in a meek voice, "if I had the words." It was the last of the worthy young woman's collection.

"O *Flenve du Tage*," Miss Maria cried; "we have the song," and went off to fetch the book in which it was.

Now it happened that this song, then in the height of the fashion, had been given to the young ladies by a young friend of theirs, whose name was on the title, and Miss Swartz, having concluded the ditty with George's applause (for he remembered that it was a favorite of Amelia's), was hoping for an encore perhaps, and fiddling with the leaves of the music, when her eye fell upon the title, and she saw "Amelia Sedley" written in the corner.

"Lor'!" cried Miss Swartz, spinning swiftly round on the music-stool, "is it *my* Amelia? Amelia that was at Miss P.'s at Hammersmith? I know it is. It's her, and—Tell me about her—where is she?"

"Don't mention her," Miss Maria Osborne said hastily. "Her family has disgraced itself. Her father cheated papa, and as for her, she is never to be mentioned *here*." This was Miss Maria's return for George's rudeness about the Battle of Prague.

"Are you a friend of Amelia's?" George said, bouncing up. "God bless you for it, Miss Swartz. Don't believe what the girls say. *She's* not to blame at any rate. *She's* the best—"

"You know you're not to speak about her, George," cried Jane. "Papa forbids it."

"Who's to prevent me?" George cried out. "I *will* speak of her. I say she's the best, the kindest, the gentlest, the sweetest girl in England; and that, bankrupt or no, my sisters are not fit to hold candles to her. If you like her, go and see her, Miss Swartz; she wants friends now; and I say, God bless everybody who befriends her. Anybody who speaks kindly of her is my friend; anybody who speaks against her is my enemy. Thank you, Miss Swartz;" and he went up and wrung her hand.

"George! George!" one of the sisters cried imploringly.

"I say," George said fiercely, "I thank everybody who loves Amelia Sed—" He stopped. Old Osborne was in the room with a face livid with rage, and eyes like hot coals.

Though George had stopped in his sentence, yet, his blood being up, he was not to be cowed by all the generations of Osborne; rallying instantly, he replied to the bullying look of his father, with another so indicative of resolution and defiance, that the elder man quailed in his turn, and looked away. He felt that the tussle was coming. "Mrs. Haggistoun, let me take you down to dinner," he said. "Give your arm to Miss Swartz, George," and they marched.

From Book III. of *The Adventures of Henry Esmond* we quote

A VISIT TO CASTLEWOOD.

Esmond took horses to Castlewood. He had not seen its ancient gray towers and well-remembered woods for nearly fourteen years, and since he rode thence with my lord, to whom his mistress with her young children by her side waved an adieu. What ages seemed to have passed since then, what years of action and passion, of care, love, hope, disaster! The children were grown up now, and had stories of their own. As for Esmond, he felt to be a hundred years old; his dear mistress only seemed unchanged; she looked and welcomed him quite as of old. There was the fountain in the court babbling its familiar music, the old hall and its furniture, the carved chair my late lord used, the very flagon he drank from. Esmond's mistress knew he would like to sleep in the little room he used to occupy; 't was made ready for him, and wall-flowers and sweet herbs set in the adjoining chamber, the chaplain's room.

In tears of not unmanly emotion, with prayers of submission to the awful Dispenser of death and life, of good and evil fortune, Mr. Esmond passed a part of that first night at Castlewood lying awake for many hours as the clock kept tolling (in tones so well remembered), looking back, as all men will, that revisit their home of childhood, over the great gulf of time, and surveying himself on the distant bank yonder, a sad little melancholy boy with his lord still alive—his dear mistress, a girl yet, her

children sporting around her. Years ago, a boy on that very bed, when she had blessed him and called him her knight, he had made a vow to be faithful and never desert her dear service. Had he kept that fond boyish promise? Yes, before heaven; yes, praise be to God! His life had been hers; his blood, his fortune, his name, his whole heart ever since had been hers and her children's. All night long he was dreaming his boyhood over again, and waking fitfully; he half fancied he heard Father Holt calling to him from the next chamber, and that he was coming in and out from the mysterious window.

Esmond rose up before the dawn, passed into the next room, where the air was heavy with the odor of the wall-flowers; looked into the brazier where the papers had been burnt, into the old presses where Holt's books and papers had been kept, and tried the spring and whether the window worked still. The spring had not been touched for years, but yielded at length, and the whole fabric of the window sank down. He lifted it and it relapsed into its frame; no one had ever passed thence since Holt used it sixteen years ago. . . .

I was interrupted by a tapping of a light finger at the ring of the chamber-door: 'twas my kind mistress, with her face full of love and welcome. She, too, had passed the night wakefully no doubt; but neither asked the other how the hours had been spent. There are things we divine without speaking, and know though they happen out of our sight. This fond lady hath told me that she knew both days when I was wounded abroad. Who shall say how far sympathy reaches, and how truly love can prophesy? "I looked into your room," was all she said; "the bed was vacant, the little old bed! I knew I should find you here." And tender and blushing faintly with a benediction in her eyes, the gentle creature kissed him.

They walked out, hand-in-hand, through the old court, and to the terrace-walk, where the grass was glistening with dew, and the birds in the green woods above were singing their delicious choruses under the blushing morning sky. How well all things were remembered! The ancient towers and gables of the hall darkling against the east, the purple shadows on the green slopes, the quaint devices and carvings of the dial, the forest-crowned heights, the fair yellow plain cheerful with crops and corn, the shining river rolling through it towards the pearly hills beyond; all these were before us, along with a thousand beautiful memories of our youth, beautiful and sad, but as real and vivid in our minds as that fair and always-remembered scene our eyes beheld once more. We forget nothing. The memory sleeps, but wakens again; I often think how it shall be when, after the last sleep of death, the *réveille* shall rouse us for ever, and the past in one flash of self-consciousness rush back, like the soul-revivified.

The house would not be up for some hours yet (it was July, and the dawn was only just awake), and here Esmond opened himself to his mistress, of the business he had in hand, and what part Frank was to play in it. He knew he could confide anything to her, and that the fond soul would die rather than reveal it; and bidding her keep the secret from all, he laid it entirely before his mistress (always as staunch a little loyalist as any in the kingdom), and indeed was quite sure that any plan of his was secure of her applause and sympathy. Never was such a glorious scheme to her partial mind, never such a devoted knight to execute it. An hour or two may have passed whilst they were having their colloquy. Beatrix came out to them just as their talk was over; her tall beautiful form robed

in sable (which she wore without ostentation ever since last year's catastrophe), sweeping over the green terrace, and casting its shadows before her across the grass.

She made us one of her grand curtsies smiling, and called us "the young people." She was older, paler, and more majestic than in the year before; her mother seemed the youngest of the two. She never once spoke of her grief, Lady Castlewood told Esmond, or alluded, save by a quiet word or two, to the death of her hopes. . . .

Esmond's visit home was but for two days—the business he had in hand calling him away, and out of the country. Ere he went, he saw Beatrix but once alone, and then she summoned him out of the long tapestry room, where he and his mistress were sitting, quite as in old times, into the adjoining chamber, that had been Viscountess Isabel's sleeping apartment, and where Esmond perfectly well remembered seeing the old lady sitting up in the bed, in her night-rail, that morning when the troop of guard came to fetch her. Here stood Beatrix in her black robes, holding a box in her hand; 't was that which Esmond had given her before her marriage, stamped with a coronet which the disappointed girl was never to wear; and containing his aunt's legacy of diamonds.

"You had best take these with you, Harry," says she; "I have no need of diamonds any more." There was not the least token of emotion in her quiet low voice. She held out the black shagreen-case with her fair arm, that did not shake in the least. Esmond saw she wore a black velvet bracelet on it, with my Lord Duke's picture in enamel; he had given it her but three days before he fell.

Esmond said the stones were his no longer, and strove to turn off that proffered restoration with a laugh; "Of what good," says he, "are they to me? The diamond loop to his hat did not set off Prince Eugene, and will not make my yellow face look any handsomer."

"You will give them to your wife, cousin," says she. "My cousin, your wife has a lovely complexion and shape."

"Beatrix," Esmond burst out, the old fire flaming out as it would at times, "will you wear those trinkets at your marriage? You whispered once you did not know me: you know me better now: how I sought, what I have sighed for for ten years, what foregone!"

"A price for your constancy, my lord!" says she; "such a *preux chevalier* wants to be paid. Oh, fie, cousin!"

"Again," Esmond spoke out, "if I do something you have at heart; something worthy of me and you; something that shall make me a name with which to endow you; will you take it? There was a chance for me once, you said; is it impossible to recall it? Never shake your head, but hear me; say you will hear me a year hence. If I come back to you and bring you fame, will that please you? If I do what you desire most—what he who is dead desired most—will that soften you?"

"What is it, Henry?" says she, her face lighting up; "what mean you?"

"Ask no questions," he said; "wait, and give me but time; if I bring back that you long for, that I have a thousand times heard you pray for, will you have no reward for him who has done you that service? Put away those trinkets, keep them: it shall not be at my marriage, it shall be at yours; but if man can do it, I swear a day shall come when there shall be a feast in your house, and you shall be proud to wear them. I say no

more now; put aside these words, and lock away yonder box until the day when I shall remind you of both. All I pray of you now is, to wait and to remember."

"You are going out of the country?" says Beatrix, in some agitation.

"Yes, to-morrow," says Esmond.

"To Lorraine, cousin?" says Beatrix, laying her hand on his arm; 't was the hand on which she wore the Duke's bracelet. "Stay, Harry!" continued she, with a tone that had more despondency in it than she was accustomed to show. "Hear a last word. I do love you. I do admire you—who would not, that has known such love as yours has been for us all? But I think I have no heart; at least, I have never seen the man that could touch it; and, had I found him, I would have followed him in rags had he been a private soldier, or to sea, like one of those buccaneers you used to read to us about when we were children. I would do anything for such a man, bear anything for him: but I never found one. You were ever too much of a slave to win my heart; even my Lord Duke could not command it. I had not been happy had I married him. I knew that three months after our engagement—and was too vain to break it. Oh, Harry! I cried once or twice, not for him, but with tears of rage because I could not be sorry for him. I was frightened to find I was glad of his death; and were I joined to you, I should have the same sense of servitude, the same longing to escape. We should both be unhappy, and you the most, who are as jealous as the Duke was himself.

"I tried to love him; I tried, indeed I did: affected gladness when he came: submitted to hear when he was by me, and tried the wife's part I thought I was to play for the rest of my days. But half an hour of that complaisance wearied me, and what would a lifetime be? My thoughts were away when he was speaking; and I was thinking, Oh, that this man would drop my hand, and rise up from before my feet! I knew his great and noble qualities, greater and nobler than mine a thousand times, as yours are, cousin, I tell you, a million and a million times better. But 't was not for these I took him. I took him to have a great place in the world, and I lost it. I lost it, and do not deplore him—and I often thought, as I listened to his fond vows and ardent words, Oh, if I yield to this man, and meet *the other*, I shall hate him and leave him!

"I am not good, Harry: my mother is gentle and good like an angel. I wonder how she should have had such a child. She is weak, but she would die rather than do a wrong; I am stronger than she, but I would do it out of defiance. I do not care for what the parsons tell me with their droning sermons: I used to see them at court as mean and as worthless as the meanest woman there. Oh, I am sick and weary of the world! I wait but for one thing, and when 't is done, I will take Frank's religion and your poor mother's, and go into a nunnery, and end like her. Shall I wear the diamonds then?—they say the nuns wear their best trinkets the day they take the veil. I will put them away as you bid me; farewell, cousin: mamma is pacing the next room, racking her little head to know what we have been saying. She is jealous, all women are. I sometimes think that is the only womanly quality I have.

"Farewell. Farewell, brother." She gave him her cheek as a brotherly privilege. The cheek was as cold as marble.

He rid away from Castlewood to attempt the task he was bound on, and stand or fall by it; in truth, his state of mind was such, that he was eager

for some outward excitement to counteract that gnawing malady which he was inwardly enduring.

"The first characteristic which strikes the reader of Thackeray is unquestionably his *humor*. It is a kind of penetrating force throughout all his works, now lashed into sarcasm and anon dissolved in pathos. It is one of the great mistakes regarding this author that he is satirical and nothing else. He is one of the best of English humorists simply because his nature is sensitive at all points. If ever a man's humor were useful to instruct as well as to delight, it was that of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. When he laughs we know he will do it fairly—his eye wanders round all, and neither friend nor foe, if vulnerable, can keep out the arrows of his wit.

"A second quality that is observable in him is his *fidelity*. And to this we do not attach the restricted meaning that the persons of his novels are faithful to nature—though that they incontestably are—but the wide import of being true to the results of life as we see them daily. He does not allow the development of a story to destroy the unities of character, and in this respect he resembles the greatest of all writers.

"The *subjectiveness* of Thackeray is another quality which has greatly enhanced the value of his works. So eminently subjective are they, that those of his friends who know him well are able to trace in them the successive stages of his personal career, and to show in what manner the incidents of his own life operated upon his novels. There are but few incidents in the whole series that are not drawn either from his personal history or the history of some one of his friends or acquaintances. This is, doubtless, one of the most influential causes of the reality of his stories. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his personages, there are not two which in any sense resemble each other.

"Leading out of his subjectiveness, or rather being a broader and grander development of it, we come to the fourth great characteristic of Thackeray,—his *humanity*. That is the crown and glory of his work. The man was true as the light of heaven to the generous instincts of his nature. To veil at times this side of his character was essential, in order to give play to that satire which kills. If his mission was to exalt the good and the pure, it was also as decidedly his mission to abase the false. To do this he must necessarily appear severe. But who that reads him well can fail to perceive that the eye accustomed to blaze with scorn could also moisten with sympathy and affection?" *

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh. From his earliest years he evinced a keen appetite for incidents of a romantic and chivalrous nature; memorizing with great facility and gusto every border-raid ballad and nursery ditty that he could anywhere come upon; and, a few years later, when about thirteen, deriving absorbing pleasure from Percy's fragments of ancient poetry. To use his own words: "The whole Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy tribe I abhorred, and it required the art of Burney, or the feeling of Mackenzie, to fix my attention upon a domestic tale. But all that was adventurous and romantic, that touched upon knight-errantry, I devoured."

School days past, he gratified still further his youthful passion by several years of travel through the wildest and most picturesque parts of Scotland; examining natural and artificial curiosities, mingling with its pastoral mountaineers, and glean- ing thence a rich store of old ballads and legends, which, in after years, he gave to the world in his first publication—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Then followed, in 1786, his indenture as a writer to the Signet; in 1792, his admission to the bar; shortly afterward, his promotion to the office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 his appointment as Clerk of the Court of Sessions.

But the year before our last date, Scott came before the public, and not without considerable eclat, as a poet, in the authorship of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Then, for about ten years, there followed an almost continuous procession of poems, in which it was thought that their author had quite exhausted both his own fertility and that of Scottish life itself. These were *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Vision of Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and *Harold the Dauntless*.

From *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto I., we select the following passages :

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping-willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.

The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

* * * * *

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.

* * * * *

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
 "Father!" she cried; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 A while she paused, no answer came,—
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name

Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.

"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing;)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

* * * *

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."

"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land!"

The huntsman accompanies the Lady to her Sire's Mansion, where, during the hospitalities of the evening, the latter sings the following song:

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:

Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
 To grace the stranger of the day.

* * * *

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles her shall sound reveille.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveille."

"Scott's poetry belongs to the class of *improvisatori* poetry. It has neither depth, height, nor breadth in it; neither uncommon strength, nor uncommon refinement of thought, sentiment, or language. It has no originality. But if this author has no research, no moving power in his own breast, he relies with the greater safety and success on the force of his subject. He selects a story such as is sure to please, full of incidents, characters,

peculiar manners, costume, and scenery; and he tells it in a way that can offend no one.

"In a word, I conceive that he is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. It has no results. The reader rises up from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. A great mind is one that moulds the minds of others." *

In 1814 appeared a prose fiction, entitled *Waverley*, which, in the immense popularity to which it rapidly succeeded, constituted an unparalleled event hitherto in the annals of British literature. Its author, however, was not known to the public. Then, in the next ensuing decade, there issued, evidently from the same mysterious source, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, several series of *Tales of My Landlord*, *Rob Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Visionary*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *Red Gauntlet*, and *Tales of the Crusaders*—an average of a volume and a half a year.

In the vigorous inquest for the author of these marvellously popular fictions, suspicion fell early upon Scott; and his evasions and final denial availed nothing in the end for preventing his discovery. With the enormous profits accruing from the publication of the foregoing fictions, Sir Walter—for he had been made a baronet in 1820—transformed his modest cottage at Abbotsford into a magnificent feudal castle—a "romance in stone and lime," wherein, for several years, he maintained a princely—a national—hospitality for all who chose to call.

But envious calamity followed close upon the heels of this splendid prosperity; for Scott, through the failure of his publishers—the Ballantynes—with whom he had business connections, was involved in a vast debt of over a hundred thousand pounds. Though fifty-five years of age at this time, he at once set resolutely to work to repair his misfortune by new earnings of his pen. And so eminently successful was he, that, in the six years that remained to him for work, he reduced his gigantic liabilities to considerably less than one-half their original size. The works by whose sale he accomplished this laudable result were *Woodstock*, *Napoleon*, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, *Anne of Geierstein*, *Castle Dangerous*, *Count Robert of Paris*, and several minor works.

In this Herculean task, however, which Scott had set for himself, though grandly his mental powers responded to the demand, he sadly overestimated his physical endurance. His strength had so

* William Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets.

noticeably declined at the beginning of 1831, that he was obliged to go abroad to recuperate. For about six months he tried in vain the salubrious climate of Italy; and returning home in June of the next year, he breathed his last on September 21, 1832.

Our first prose extract shall be from *Rob Roy*, a work wherein Scott has given us some of the most vivid representations of the wild and picturesque life of the Highlands.

The echoes of the rocks and the ravines, on either side, now rang to the trumpets of the cavalry, which, forming themselves into two distinct bodies, began to move down the valley at a slow trot. That commanded by Major Galbraith soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Forth, for the purpose of taking up the quarters assigned them for the night, when they were to occupy, as I understood, an old castle in the vicinity. They formed a lively object while crossing the stream, but were soon lost in winding up the bank on the opposite side, which was clothed with wood.

We continued our march with considerable good order. To ensure the safe custody of the prisoner,* the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, as I was informed, Ewan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-belt, passed round the bodies of both, and buckled before the yeoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop-horse. We were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side with pistol in hand.

In this manner we traveled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken precipitous ravine, which only permitted one horseman to descend at once. The rear and centre of our small body halting on the bank while the front files passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of those riders, who made no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, like a calf, for a' the Dukes in Christendom."

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see toom faulds, a bluidy hearth-stane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob

* Rob Roy.

to the fore, you would have had that sae which it will make your heart sair to lose."

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

"It's a sair thing," continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Ewan's ear that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape. "It's a sair thing, that Ewan of Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, suld mind a gloom from a great man, mair than a friend's life."

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent.—We heard the Duke's voice from the opposite bank call, "Bring over the prisoner."

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as I heard Roy say, "Never weigh a MacGregor's bluid against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it baith here and hereafter," they passed me hastily, and, dashing forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

"Not yet, Sir—not yet," said some of the troopers to me, as I was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

I saw the Duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning.

"Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vassal began to falter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, whether fatally I know not, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villain—An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!"

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan's slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped off at the horse's tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop-horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glimpse of his tartan plaid drew the attention of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others less zealous, or more prudent, broke off in different directions, and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the places at which the fugitive might possibly land.

The hollowing, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points, where they saw, or conceived they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking,—the frequent report of pistols and carbines, fired at every object which excited the least suspicion,—the sight of so many horsemen riding about, in and out of the river, and striking with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain exertions used by their officers to restore order and regularity,—and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub I had hitherto witnessed. I was

indeed left alone to observe it, for our whole cavalcade had dispersed in pursuit, or at least to see the event of the search. Indeed, as I partly suspected at the time, and afterwards learned with certainty, many of those who seemed most active in their attempts to waylay and recover the fugitive, were, in actual truth, least desirous that he should be taken, and only joined in the cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Rob Roy a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the free-booter, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made, which flashed in the water around him; the scene much resembled one of the otter-hunts which I had seen at Osbaldistone-Hall, where the animal is detected by the hounds from its being necessitated to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to elude them by getting under water again as soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the otter; for he contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plaid, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots and stabs were averted from the party for whom they were directed.

Once fairly out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since, in so many places, the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks, or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch, which, overhanging its banks, prevented the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more hopeless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused *melée*, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife.

The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatsoever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they returned, again to assume their ranks. I could see them darkening, as they formed on the southern bank of the river,—whose murmurs, long drowned by the louder cries of vengeful pursuit, were now heard hoarsely mingled with the deep, discontented, and reproachful voices of the disappointed horsemen.

The following description of a tournament is taken from the first volume of *Ivanhoe*:

The proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank,—a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

* * * * *

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated

fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. . . . The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words,—*Laissez aller!*

The trumpets sounded as he spoke—the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests—the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party, advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

* * * * *

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes.

* * * * *

When the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Boeuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other.

“Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!” was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Boeuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career.

* * * * *

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease

those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part of a spectator rather than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunder-bolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "Disinherited! to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Boeuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on the head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front-de-Boeuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow.

The Sable Knight then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Boeuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the Knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

This was no longer a matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

"From Walter Scott we learned history. And yet is this history? All these pictures of a distant age are false. Costumes, scenery, externals alone are exact; actions, speech, sentiments, all the rest is civilized, embellished, arranged in modern guise. We might suspect it when looking at the character and life of the author; for what does he desire, and what do the guests, eager to hear him, demand? Is he a lover of truth as it is, foul and fierce; an inquisitive explorer, indifferent to contemporary applause, bent alone on defining the transformations of living nature? By no means. He is in history, as he is at Abbotsford, bent on arranging points of view and Gothic halls. The moon will come in well there between the towers; here is a nicely placed breastplate, the ray of light which it throws back is pleasant to see above these old hangings; suppose we took out the feudal garments from the wardrobe and invited the guests to a masquerade?"

* * * * *

"Is there a man more suited than the author to compose such a spectacle? He is a good Protestant, a good husband, a good father, very moral, so decided a Tory that he carries off as a relic a glass from which the king has just drunk. In addition, he has neither talent nor leisure to reach the depth of his characters. He devotes himself to the exterior; he sees and describes forms and externals much more at length than feelings and internals. Again, he treats his mind like a coal-mine, serviceable for quick working, and for the greatest possible gain; a volume in a month, sometimes in a fortnight even, and this volume is worth one thousand pounds.

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"Walter Scott pauses on the threshold of the soul, and in the vestibule of history, selects in the Renaissance and the Middle-age only the fit and agreeable, blots out frank language, licentious sensuality, bestial ferocity. After all, his characters, to whatever age he transports them, are his neighbors, 'cannie' farmers, vain lairds, gloved gentlemen, young marriageable ladies, all more or less commonplace, that is, well-ordered by education and character, hundreds of miles away from the voluptuous fools of the Restoration, or the heroic brutes and fierce beasts of the Middle-age. As he has the richest supply of costumes, and the most inexhaustible talent for scenic effect, he makes his whole world get on very pleasantly, and composes tales which, in truth, have only the merit of fashion, but which yet may last a hundred years."*

"Farthermore, surely he was a blind critic who did not recognize here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness, blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep and sincere love of the beautiful in nature and in man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, far-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers."†

* *Taine's English Literature*, Vol. II.

† *Carlyle's Miscellaneous Writings*.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London, in February, 1819. His education was received at Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1839, he won the Newdigate Prize for English poetry. Graduating in 1842, he has since devoted almost exclusively the energies of his genius and the wealth of a varied knowledge to the study of the Fine Arts—particularly Painting and Architecture. As recognitions of the celebrity he has attained in this life-long and all-absorbing pursuit, he was, in 1867, appointed Rode Lecturer at Cambridge, and two years later, was honored as Slade Professor of Art in the University of Oxford.

Not to name all the works which have emanated from his prolific and versatile pen within the interval of thirty years,—considerably more than a volume for each year,—we will enumerate only those of a more generally interesting character, such, for instance, as the *Modern Painters* (five volumes, 1843–60), *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), *The Stones of Venice* (three volumes, 1851–53), *Præ-Raphaelitism* (1851), *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (1854), *The Two Paths* (lectures on Art and its application to Decoration and Manufacture, 1859), “*Unto this Last*” (four essays on the first principles of Political Economy, 1862), *The Crown of Wild Olive* (three lectures on Work, Traffic, and War, 1866), *Fors Clavigera* (letters to the Workingmen and Laborers of Great Britain, 1871), *The Eagle’s Nest* (ten lectures on the relation of Natural Science to Art, 1872), *Ariadne Florentina* (six lectures on wood and metal engraving, 1873–76), and *The Laws of Fesole* (treatise on elementary Principles and Practice of Drawing and Painting, 1877–78.)

Our first two extracts are from the *Modern Painters*.

GREATNESS IN ART.

There is therefore a distinction to be made between what is ornamental in language and what is expressive. That part of it which is necessary to the embodying and conveying the thought is worthy of respect and attention, as necessary to excellence, though not the test of it. But that part of it which is decorative has little more to do with the intrinsic excellence of the picture than the frame or the varnishing of it. And this caution in distinguishing between the ornamental and the expressive is peculiarly necessary in painting; for, in the language of words, it is nearly impossible for that which is not expressive to be beautiful, except by mere rhythm or melody, any sacrifice to which is immediately stigmatized as error. But the beauty of mere language in painting is not only very attractive and entertaining to the spectator, but requires for its attainment no small exertion of mind and devotion of time by the artist. Hence, in art, men have frequently fancied that they were becoming rhetoricians and poets when they were only learning to speak melodiously; and the judge has over and over again advanced to the honor of authors those who were never more than ornamental writing-masters.

Most pictures of the Dutch school, for instance, excepting always those of Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, are ostentatious exhibitions of the artist's power of speech, the clear and vigorous elocution of useless and senseless words; while the early efforts of Cimabue and Giotto are the burning messages of prophecy, delivered by the stammering lips of infants. It is not by ranking the former as more than mechanics, or the latter as less than artists, that the taste of the multitude, always awake to the lowest pleasures which art can bestow, and blunt to the highest, is to be formed or elevated. It must be the part of the judicious critic carefully to distinguish what is language, and what is thought, and to rank and praise pictures chiefly for the latter, considering the former as a totally inferior excellence, and one which cannot be compared with, or weighed against, thought in any way, nor in any degree whatsoever.

The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed. No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought. Three pen-strokes of Raffaello are a greater and a better picture than the most finished work that ever Carlo Dolci polished into inanity. A finished work of a great artist is only better than its sketch, if the sources of pleasure belonging to color and realization—valuable in themselves—are so employed as to increase the impressiveness of the thought. But if one atom of thought has vanished, all color, all finish, all execution, all ornament, are too dearly bought. Nothing but thought can pay for thought; and the instant that the increasing refinement or finish of the picture begins to be paid for by the loss of the faintest shadow of an idea, that instant all refinement or finish is an excrescence and a deformity. . . .

If I say that the greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas, I have a definition which will include as subjects of comparison every pleasure which art is capable of conveying. If I were to say, on the contrary, that the best picture was that which most closely imitated nature, I should assume that art could only please by imitating nature, and I should cast out of the pale of criticism those parts of works of art which are not imitative, that is to

say, intrinsic beauties of color and form, and those works of art wholly, which, like the arabesques of Raffaele in the Loggias, are not imitative at all.

Now I want a definition of art wide enough to include all its varieties of aim: I do not say therefore that the art is greatest which gives most pleasure, because, perhaps, there is some art whose end is to teach, and not to please. I do not say that the art is greatest which teaches us most, because, perhaps, there is some art whose end is to please, and not to teach. I do not say that the art is greatest which imitates best, because, perhaps, there is some art whose end is to create, and not to imitate. But I say that the art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received.

From the Chapter on "Truth of Color" we extract what we will name

A PICTURE AND ITS LANDSCAPE.

There is, in the first room of the National Gallery, a landscape attributed to Gaspar Poussin, called sometimes *Aricia*, sometimes *Le or La Riccia*, according to the fancy of catalogue printers. Whether it can be supposed to resemble the ancient *Aricia*, now *La Riccia*, close to Albano, I will not take upon me to determine, seeing that most of the towns of these old masters are quite as like one place as another; but, at any rate, it is a town on a hill, wooded with two-and-thirty bushes, of very uniform size, and possessing about the same number of leaves each. These bushes are all painted in with one dull opaque brown, becoming very slightly greenish toward the lights, and discover in one place a bit of rock, which, of course would, in nature have been cool and gray beside the lustrous hues of foliage, and which, therefore, being more completely in shade, is consistently and scientifically painted of a very clear, pretty, and positive brick red, the only thing like color in the picture. The foreground is a piece of road, which, in order to make allowance for its greater nearness, for its being completely in light, and, it may be presumed, from the quantity of vegetation usually present on carriage-roads, is given in a very cool green gray, and the truth of the picture is completed by a number of dots in the sky on the right, with a stalk to them, of a sober and similar brown.

Not long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage-road, the first turn after you leave Albano, not a little impeded by the worthy successors of the ancient prototypes of Veiento. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half ether and half-dew.

The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of *La Riccia*, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as

with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivered with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock,—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen,—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all,—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture furnishes our remaining extracts. We quote from "The Lamp of Sacrifice."

It has been said—it ought always to be said, for it is true—that a better and a more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so: woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars and carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work.

The question is not between God's house and His poor: it is not between God's house and His Gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colors on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purpose of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one,—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness.

I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chamber with all man-

ner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be exercised. There are isolated cases, in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses; but then this is true luxury, felt and tasted, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted, nor can be enjoyed; men's average resources cannot reach it; and that which they *can* reach gives them no pleasure and might be spared.

I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, when they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicings of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible uses—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility.

I speak from experience: I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this, emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

Our concluding extract is from

THE LAMP OF MEMORY.

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked with more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea.

And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and

changeable ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring-time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into *nebulæ*; and there was the *oxalis*, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *Mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and *mezereon*, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss.

I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew.

It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavored, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square keep of Granson.

It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality; it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life.

The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate; the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages.

"Less than almost any other author can he be judged by his worst passages. It is impossible, indeed, to consider his many and multifarious works as containing a great body of sound criticism. They have too deep an impress throughout of his self-will and eccentricity for us ever to accept his judgments without a degree of hesitation and distrust. He is a thorough partisan; and appears to see no merit in what he dislikes, no faults in what he is pleased to admire. He praises excellence, but we must understand it as excellence in the abstract; we can never feel sure that the particular person or object on which his remarks are made is excellent. So, too, with his blame; we are never certain that the objects to which it is applied deserve it. We may learn more, perhaps, from his writings than from almost any others in the world; but we must discriminate for ourselves, and not follow blindly where our guide is so exceedingly apt to lead us into error." *

"No man has said truer or finer things than Ruskin; no man has taken greater liberties with the common sense of his readers. His contempt of all that is little and mean, his fidelity to all that is true and good, his noble religious faith and sentiment, his fearlessness, chivalry, and prophetic fervor, are beyond all praise. His paradoxes are most provoking. In spite of many faults of construction, Ruskin is the most effective of English writers. His eloquence and fervor carry all before them. He shows to greatest advantage in select passages. Paragraphs might be selected from his writings which are the finest specimens of prose-poetry which this generation has produced; and apart from such, there is a general eloquence and suggestiveness of expression, which fills his style with rich harmony and color. Ruskin is a preacher rather than an art-critic. He preaches about the moral aims and ends of art, about its relations to life, and about the life to which it has relation, and he inspires us with fine noble sentiment. He also says many true things about the theory of art, but his theory of art is not, therefore, always true." †

* *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1863.

† *British Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1870.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born of well-to-do parents near Manchester, August 15, 1785. His father dying in 1793, young De Quincey was left in care of a guardian, who but imperfectly appreciated the morbidly sensitive temperament and precociously active faculties of his ward. After several years of schooling at Bath and at Winkfield, he desired his guardian to send him to the University of Oxford; and failing to secure this privilege, he ran away from his tutor, and "set off on foot, carrying a small parcel with some articles of dress under his arm; a small English poet in one pocket, and a small duodecimo volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other."

This was the beginning of an extensive tramp through parts of England and Wales, during which, he tells us, he lodged at farm-houses, subsisted on way-side berries, and on such casual hospitality as he received in return for writing letters of business for cottagers, and love-epistles for young serving-women to their sweethearts. At length, after long wanderings, he arrived in London, where, for about four months, he frequently suffered the keenest pangs of hunger, and endured all the miseries incident to a penniless and friendless lad. Then a reconciliation was effected with his relatives, and in 1803 he attained his desire of entering Oxford.

It was during the next year, 1804, that De Quincey, by resorting to opium to lull certain rheumatic pains, took the fatal step, that imparted to all his after life its sad, phantasmagorial character. The remaining incidents of his life are few, and, as compared with the one last named, trivial. In 1809 he took a cottage at Grasmere, and for the ensuing ten years lived there, in almost daily intercourse with his noted neighbors—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson. In 1821, we find him again in London,—not friendless and unknown, however; but

with Lamb, Hazlitt, Hood, and other eminent litterateurs as associates, engaged in writing for the "London Magazine." Finally we meet him in Edinburgh, as one of the famous "Blackwood" clique. Through the periodicals just named, and others of the day, De Quincey, for nearly half a century exhibited to the literary world the unique and dazzling phases of his genius as a writer, in a brilliant succession of autobiographic sketches, literary reminiscences, essays, and historical, philosophical, and critical dissertations. He died in Edinburgh, December 8, 1859.

The following extract, from *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, will, we think, convey a pretty fair idea of De Quincey's graphic style, while it reveals the stages of growth of the masterly horror that afflicted his whole being:

In the early stage of my malady, the splendors of my dreams were chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. . . . To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes, and silvery expanses of water: these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*, and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. . . .

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had often mixed in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face, began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed, and surged with the ocean.

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. This, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into, before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan.

From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her goods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms: I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Sooner or later came a reflex of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way.

I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

From the essay on *The English Mail-Coach*, we present an extract from

THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sudden mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard? A whisper it was—a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off—secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, therefore, healed. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was vised between his upper and lower thigh, this

was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him, for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne. . . .

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers?

The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the "Iliad" to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head. . . .

He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a-day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose, stood upright, and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a

second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very center of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses.

But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching center of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other?

Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawn-light, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground

yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

“That De Quincey could write with a force and elegance seldom attained to, will be questioned by no one even superficially acquainted with his works; such essays as ‘The Theban Sphinx,’ and ‘Protestantism,’ could only have been written by a consummate master of style as well as an ingenious and subtle thinker; but these excellencies are often obscured behind a cloud of rambling words in which the ideas float loosely and feebly, and make us involuntarily think of the daily half-pint of laudanum under whose deadly thrall those brilliant faculties were benumbed. Sometimes page follows page of such just thinking and scholarly writing, that we seem to be going on prosperously to the goal where we shall find the solid result, in the form of a distinct idea or a piece of definite, trustworthy knowledge; but no—this we hardly ever do find; we are suddenly drawn aside into some vexatious byway, or plunged into a thicket of conjectural interjections, or decoyed into labyrinthine notes which lead, only too seductively, far away from the question in hand. . . . In spite of their many faults of diffuseness, vagueness, and rambling incompleteness, many of these essays exhibit a mastery of language and rare felicity of expression seldom to be equalled in modern literature.”*

LIST OF WORKS.

Vol. I. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.

“ II. Biographical Essays.

“ III. Miscellaneous Essays.

“ IV. The Cæsars.

“ V. Life and Manners.

Vols. VI. and VII. Literary Reminiscences.

“ VIII. and IX. Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers.

Vol. X. Essays on the Poets and Other English Writers.

Vols. XI. and XII. Historical and Critical Essays.

“ XIII. and XIV. Essays on Philosophical Writers, etc.

Vol. XV. Letters to a Young Man, etc.

Vols. XVI. and XVII. Theological Essays and Other Papers.

Vol. XVIII. Note-Book of an English Opium-Eater.

Vols. XIX. and XX. Memorials and Other Papers.

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN WILSON, better known as "Christopher North," was born at Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785. He entered Glasgow College in 1797, where he remained four years, engaged in, besides the usual studies, the writing of essays and poems, love-making, and all manner of athletic sports,—in all of which he is confessed to have stood foremost. He next passed to Oxford, and there entered himself as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College.

College days past, he settled in 1807 on the picturesque estate of Ellery, in Cumberland, on Lake Windermere. Here, in daily intercourse with such rare spirits as the Coleridges, Southey, Lloyd, Wordsworth, and De Quincey, all of whom dwelt within easy reach; in his loved recreations of boating, fishing, hunting, and cock-fighting; in daily, and oft-times nightly, excursions on foot over the hills and mountains of the neighborhood; and also in literary occupation, he spent most enjoyably the next eight years of his life.

His first effort as an author of poetry was put forth during this period; resulting in the publication, in 1812, of the *Isle of Palms*, and minor poems. The poem lacked all of those elements—passion, humor, high spirits, that afterward came to be so characteristic of Wilson's writings,—a pure elevated tone and a musical versification being almost its only commendable qualities. Himself dissatisfied with this first venture, he made, four years later, in *The City of the Plague*, a second experiment, with the determination that, if it did not prove more acceptable to the public than the first, it should be his last. And although it was generally conceded that the latter was a much superior production, being intenser, more evenly sustained, fuller of natural beauty and human sympathy, yet it did prove his last court to the Muse.

In 1815, in consequence of the entire loss of his fortune through the ill-management of an uncle, he removed to Edinburgh, and was then and there admitted to the Scottish Bar; but it can hardly be said that he ever entered on the *practice* of law. Two years later, he began his long and illustrious career as a litterateur simultaneously with the starting of "Blackwood's Magazine." Of this magazine he was made the editor, and through its pages, for a period of thirty-five years, he charmed and dazzled the public with sketches of personal adventure, criticisms upon books and authors, and the most brilliant and fantastic essays.

Through "Blackwood" appeared the original papers, since collected and published under the titles, *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* (1822), *The Genius and Character of Burns* (1841), *Critical and Miscellaneous Articles* (1842), *Recreations of Christopher North* (1842), *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (1843), *Specimens of the British Critics* (1846), and his last work, *Dies Boreales* (1850). Besides these, Wilson published in book form, in 1823, a tale entitled *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay*, and two years later, another called the *Foresters*, together with a volume of *Poems and Dramatic Pieces*.

Collaterally with his editorial life, Wilson led that also of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, lecturing daily during five months of the year.

"He did what was better than any pretended additions to the sum of human knowledge in the domain of Moral Philosophy: he gave, to the best of his capacity, what was certainly neither shallow nor contemptible, an exposition of the motives of human action; the grounds of the distinction between virtue and vice; the effects of the passions; the duties of man as an individual, a member of society, and an immortal creature accountable to God. These topics he analyzed with no common acuteness, and illustrated with an eloquence which has not been in modern times surpassed in any university chair. And thus he won the attention and fascinated the hearts of thirty annual successions of Scottish students, stimulating them to generous ambition, and a love of all things pure, and lovely, and of good report; while in his private relations they ever found him a sympathetic friend and counselor, a man full of the milk of human kindness, and so utterly destitute of academic pride or reserve, that he was never ashamed to confess

his difficulties, and did not disdain to open them in discussion even with ingenuous boys."*

From both these spheres of labor and renown, this man, active, strong, and beautiful alike in person and mind, was removed, in 1852, by the gripe of rheumatism and paralysis. Decrepit and demented, he died April 3, 1854.

From the volume containing *The City of the Plague* we quote what has been very generally regarded as one of Wilson's happiest poetical efforts, the

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth;
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!

* *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1863.

Then proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

* * * * *

—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
 Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
 —Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
 Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
 Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
 Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
 With thy presence the pine-grove is filled, as with light,
 And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
 Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
 'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
 Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
 O'er a pit of grim darkness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
 In the midst of his pastime enamored of rest.
 A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
 A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!
 Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
 Magnificent prison inclosing the free!
 With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crowned—
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
 One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep;
 And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold
 Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!

How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
 With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
 The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
 Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!
 Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
 And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
 'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
 The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf.—
 Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,
 And, circling the antlers, booms far, far away.

While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo, unseen, is repeating his note,
And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.

With wide-branching antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold Animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint heirs of the wild. . . .

From the *Recreations of Christopher North* we excerpt the following bit of arabesque :

Nightfall, and we are once more at the Hut of the Three Torrents. Small Amy is grown familiar now, and, almost without being asked, sings us the choicest of her Gaelic airs—a few, too, of Lowland melody : all merry, yet all sad—if in smiles begun, ending in a shower—or at least a tender mist of tears. Heard'st thou ever such a syren as this Celtic child? Did we not always tell you that fairies were indeed realities of the twilight or moonlight world? And she is their Queen. Hark! what thunder of applause! The waterfall at the head of the great Corrie thunders *encore* with a hundred echoes. But the songs are over, and the small singer gone to her heather bed. There is a Highland moon!—The shield of an unfallen archangel. There are not many stars—but those two, ay, that One, is sufficient to sustain the glory of the night. Be not alarmed at that low, wide, solemn, and melancholy sound. Runlets, torrents, rivers, lochs, and seas—reeds, heather, forests, caves, and cliffs, all are sound, sounding together a choral anthem.

Gracious heavens! what mistakes people have fallen into when writing about solitude! A man leaves a town for a few months, and goes with his wife and family, and a traveling library, into some solitary glen. Friends are perpetually visiting him from afar, or the neighboring gentry leaving their cards, while his servant-boy rides daily to the post-village for his letters and newspapers. And call you that solitude? The whole world is with you, morning, noon, and night.

But go by yourself, without book or friend, and live a month in this hut at the head of Glenevis. Go at dawn among the cliffs of yonder pine forest, and wait there till night hangs her moon-lamp in heaven. Commune with your own soul, and be still. Let the images of departed years rise, phantom-like, of their own awful accord from the darkness of your memory, and pass away into the wood-gloom or the mountain mist. Will conscience dread such specters? Will you quake before them, and bow down your head on the mossy root of some old oak, and sob in the stern silence of the haunted place? Thoughts, feelings, passions, spectral deeds, will come rushing around your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your very heart. How many duties undischarged! How many opportunities neglected!

How many pleasures devoured! How many sins hugged! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim, the heaven lowers, and the sun, like God's own eye, stares in upon your conscience!

But such is not the solitude of our beautiful young shepherd girl of the Hut of the Three Torrents. Her soul is as clear, as calm as the pool pictured at times by the floating clouds that let fall their shadows through among the overhanging birch-trees. What harm could she ever do? What harm could she ever think? She may have wept—for there is sorrow without sin; may have wept even at her prayers—for there is penitence free from guilt, and innocence itself often kneels in contrition. Down the long glen she accompanies the stream to the house of God, sings her psalms, and returns wearied to her heather bed. She is, indeed, a solitary child; the eagle, and the raven, and the red-deer see that she is so, and echo knows it when from her airy cliff she repeats the happy creature's song. Her world is within this one glen. In this one glen she may live all her days—be wooed, won, wedded, buried. Buried, said me? Oh, why think of burial when gazing on that resplendent head? Interminable tracts of the shining day await her, the lonely darling of Nature; nor dare Time ever eclipse the lustre of those wild-beaming eyes! Her beauty shall be immortal, like that of her country's fairies. So, Flower of the Wilderness, we wave towards thee a joyful, though an everlasting, farewell.

Our next extract is from *Noctes Ambrosianæ* :

Tickler.—But, oh! my dear North, what grouse-soup at Dalnacardoch! You smell it on the homeward hill, as if it were exhaling from the heather;—deeper and deeper still, as you approach the beautiful chimney vomiting forth its intermitting columns of cloud-like peat smoke, that melts afar over the wilderness!

North.—Yes, Tickler, it was Burke that vindicated the claims of smells to the character of the sublime and beautiful.

Tickler.—Yes, yes! Burke it was. As you enter the inn, the divine afflatus penetrates your soul. When up-stairs, perhaps in the garret, adorning for dinner, it rises like a cloud of rich distilled perfumes through every chink on the floor, every cranny of the wall. The little mouse issues from his hole, close to the foot of the bed-post, and raising himself, squirrel-like, on his hind legs, whets his tusks with his merry paws, and smoothes his whiskers.

North.—Shakesperean!

Tickler.—There we are, a band of brothers round the glorious tureen! Down goes the ladle into "*a profundis clamavi*," and up floats from that blessed Erebus a dozen cunningly resuscitated spirits. Old cocks, bitter to the back-bone, lovingly alternating with young pouts, whose swelling bosoms might seduce an anchorite!

North (rising).—I must ring for supper. Ambrose—Ambrose—Ambrose!

Tickler.—No respect of persons at Dalnacardoch! I plump them into the plates around *sans* selection. No matter although the soup play splash from preser to croupier. There, too, sit a few choice spirits of pointers round the board—Don—Jupiter—Sancho—"and the rest"—with steadfast eyes and dewy chops, patient alike of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger—dogs of the desert indeed, and nose-led by unerring instinct right up to the cowering covey in the heather groves on the mountain-side.

North.—Is eagle good eating, Timothy? Pococke, the traveler, used to eat lion: lion pasty is excellent, it is said—but is not eagle tough?

Tickler.—Thigh good, devilled. The delight of the Highlands is in the Highland feeling. That feeling is entirely destroyed by stages and regular progression. The waterfalls do not tell upon sober parties—it is tedious in the extreme to be drenched to the skin along high-roads—the rattle of wheels blends meanly with thunder—and lightning is contemptible seen from the window of a glass coach. To enjoy mist, you must be in the heart of it as a solitary hunter, shooter, or angler. Lightning is nothing unless a thousand feet below you, and the live thunder must be heard leaping, as Byron says, from mountain to mountain, otherwise you might as well listen to a mock peal from the pit of a theatre.

North.—The Fall of Foyers is terrible—a deep abyss, savage rock-works, hideous groans, ghost-like vapors, and a rumble as if from eternity.

Tickler.—The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly; and, recovering itself from that headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep, bright, foaming current. Then what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks! How cheerful laughs the cottage pestered by the spray! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin! The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the Forest.

North.—Yes, Tickler—what, after all, equals nature! Here in Ambrose's—waiting for a board of oysters—the season has recommenced—I can sit with my cigar in my mouth, and as the whiff ascends, fancy sees the spray of Stonebyres, or of the Falls of the Beaully, the radiant mists of the Dresne! I agree with Bowles, that nature is all in all for the purpose of poetry—Art stark naught.

Tickler.—Yet softly. Who planted those trees by that river side?—Art. Who pruned them?—Art. Who gave room to their giant arms to span that roaring chasm?—Art. Who reared yon edifice on the cliff?—Art. Who flung that stately arch from rock to rock, under which the martins twitter over the unfeared cataract?—Art. Who darkened that long line of precipice with dreadful or glorious associations?—Art, polity, law, war, outrage, and history, writing her hieroglyphics with fire on the scarred visage of those natural battlements. Is that a hermit's cell? Art scooped it out of the living stone. Is that an oratory? Art smoothed the floor for the knee of the penitent. Are the bones of the holy slumbering in that cemetery? Art changed the hollow rock into a tomb, and when the dead saint was laid into the sepulchre, Art joined its music with the torrent's roar, and the mingled anthem rose to the stars which Art had numbered and sprinkled into stations over the firmament of Heaven. What then would Bowles be at, and why more last words to Roscoe? Who made his ink, his pens, and his paper?—Art. Who published his books?—Art. Who criticised them?—Art. Who would fain have damned them?—The Art of the *Edinburgh Review*. And who has been their salvation?—The Art of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

North.—Go on, I'll follow thee. Is a great military road over a mountain, groaning with artillery, bristling with bayonets, sounding with bands of music, trampling with cavalry, red, blue, and yellow with war-dresses, streaming it may be with blood, and overburdened with the standards of

mighty nations, less poetical than a vast untrodden Andes, magnificent as may be its solitudes beneath the moon or stars? Is a naked savage more poetical than with his plume, club, war-mat, and tomahawk? Is a log of wood, be it a whole uprooted pine, drifting on the ocean, as poetical as a hundred-oared canoe? What more sublime than the anchor by which a great ship hangs in safety within roar of the whirlpool? Than the plummet that speaks of the rock foundations of the eternal sea?

Tickler.—What is the chief end of man?—*Art.* That is a clencher.

North.—I cannot imagine, for the life of me, what Ambrose is about. Hush! there he comes. (*Enter Ambrose.*) What is the meaning of this, sir?

Ambrose.—Unfold. (*Folding-doors thrown open and supper-table is shown.*)

Tickler.—What an epergne! *Art*—art. (*Transeunt omnes.*)

“One of the most characteristic qualities of Wilson’s prose is its exuberant diffuseness, its glorious disregard of bounds and curbs. He *could* write, when he chose, with perfect concentration upon one subject, and a clear evolution of thought to a definite aim, as many of his articles in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ distinctly prove. But it was not the method he *did* for the most part choose. He preferred to let his overflowing thoughts and fancies run on at their ‘own sweet will,’ like one of the wild mountain-streams of his own native land. He delighted to mingle together the most boisterous hilarity, and the most sentimental musing; to pass in the course of a single paper from scholarly criticism to descriptions of out-door sport; or to ascend from humorous banter and nonsense into high flights of poetical or philosophic eloquence. That was, in fact, his *forte*, and in that kind of writing he may be said to stand unapproached and alone.

“The defects of that rhapsodical style, which is illustrated in the *Noctes* and the *Recreations*, are as much on the surface as the merits: and if we test these singular compositions by the rules of a pedantic rhetoric, or by that worst method of criticism which can do nothing except by comparison with fixed models, they must certainly be pronounced very anomalous and extravagant. They contrast astoundingly with the chaste and orderly precision of Addison, or the uniform richness and stately dignity of Macaulay. Their humor often verges on coarseness, their pathos on sentimentality, and their eloquence on bombast. Yet with all that, there is nothing like them of their own sort in the English or any other language. Amid all their wilful extravagancies they contain passages of surpassing eloquence and beauty; they are pervaded throughout by a vein of high and pure moral feeling; they bring us into contact at every point with the freshness and freedom of nature; and they never betray a thought that is ungenerous, uncharitable, or unbelieving.” *

* *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1862.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born, February 18, 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, London. His descent was of the humblest; but not so humble, as to cause him to omit a pleasurable reference to it in his *Elia* recollections. In 1782, through the influence of a friend, he received a presentation to Christ's Hospital; and there his remarkable sweetness of disposition won him a degree of favor among his associates, which is not often secured by one of slight stature, delicate frame, and constitutional nervousness and timidity. Lamb remained in this institution until his fifteenth year, acquiring a fair knowledge of the classics, and contracting some valuable friendships, chief of which was that of Coleridge.

Immediately upon leaving school, he obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House; from which, in 1795, he was transferred to the India House. The slender salary he here received he devoted to the maintenance of his parents and sister. And when the latter, during an attack of lunacy, killed her mother, Lamb, who was about to be married, at once gave up all intentions of matrimony, and devoted his earnings and his private leisure to the welfare of his afflicted sister.

He remained in the employ of the India House for twenty-nine years, when, through the generosity of the Directors, he was retired on an annual pension of 440*l*. It was during his brief intervals of leisure throughout these long years of clerical drudgery, and during the short space that succeeded his release, that Lamb penned his delightful works,—*Essays of Elia*, *Letters*, *Essays*, *Poems*, *Rosamund Gray*, *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, *John Woodvil*.

Lamb died in 1834, at the age of fifty-nine.

“As converser and stimulator of witty scholarly converse, Lamb was unapproachable. The anecdotes recorded of him show that

his coruscations of wit were not mere fire-works, let off abruptly, but falling stars, generated by the atmosphere of the night. Hence many of the best of his jokes read ruggedly, torn away from the circumstances which produced them. . . . He deliberately preferred an old folio to a fine gentleman; the parlor of the *Salutation* tavern with Coleridge to any elegant trivial drawing-room; the genial to the genteel. He was pre-eminently human, and detested all the fopperies and elegancies which dehumanize a man. The great burthen of his life we have seen; the great felicity of his life was that among his equals, he found friends so like himself, yet so different, true lovers of literature, men who thought for themselves, intellect that aided the development of his own."*

The extracts that follow are from *The Essays of Elia*.

THE CONVALESCENT.

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not. . . . He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only. . . . He is forever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post. To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when

* *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1867.

the doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. . . .

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanor, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition. How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick-room, which was the presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room? The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid. . . .

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 't is some old woman. Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—what a speck is he dwindled into!

DREAM CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grand-mother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children of the Wood. . . .

Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grand-mother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more

fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry, too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. . . .

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I could never be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their wornout hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings; I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. . . .

Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out;—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome; and how he used to carry

me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago; and how though I did not cry and take it to heart as some do, as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. . . .

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awakening, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but John L—— was gone forever.

"The prose essays under the signature of *Elia*, form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar kind of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retired delicacy itself, the pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages, and, in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison."*

"His works will be received as amongst the most elaborately finished gems of literature; as cabinet specimens which express the utmost delicacy, purity, and tenderness of the national intellect, together with the rarest felicity of finish and expression, although it may be the province of other modes of literature to exhibit the brightest models in the grander and more impassioned forms of intellectual power."†

* De Quincey's Biographical Essays.

† De Quincey's Literary Reminiscences.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born April 10, 1778, at Maidstone, in Kent. At nine years of age he was put to a day-school at Wem, where, as he describes himself about a year after, he drew eyes and noses and faces; read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and *Eutropius*; taught a boy of sixteen, who had begun arithmetic eight months before him, how to cipher; generally stood at the head of his class in spelling; and was one of the best leapers in the school.

In 1793 he was entered as a student at the Unitarian College, Hackney, with a view on his father's part to prepare him for the Dissenting Ministry. But so decided became his antipathy to this destiny, that at length he was permitted to leave college and turn his attention to painting; for which art he had always exhibited a great fondness and no little aptitude. His success, however, though marked in the estimation of his friends, fell despicably below his own exalted conception of what genuine art demanded. "His final determination, therefore, was to relinquish all idea of the art as a profession. But this strong effort, itself a proof of a strong mind, was not made without arousing him to a sense of his powers of expression in another form—of his capacity to realize as well as to imagine; and he resolved upon the simple process of changing the implement of art—the substitution of the pen for the pencil. It was then that he turned his thoughts to literature as a means of livelihood. Still the use of the pencil was, for many years after, the amusement and solace of his leisure hours, and at various periods he was induced to take the portraits of friends to whom he was more closely attached." *

In pursuance of this new plan of life, Hazlitt came to London in 1803, where, two years later, he published his first work, *Principles of Human Action*—a work which had employed his

* Biographical Sketch by his son, Wm. Hazlitt, Jr.

hours of literary effort for the eight years preceding its appearance. The next eight years, spent chiefly at the delightful retreat of Winterslow, number among their products a pamphlet entitled *Free Thoughts on Public Affairs*, an abridgment of Tucker's "Light of Nature," a *Reply to Malthus's Work on Population*, an *English Grammar*, *The Eloquence of the British Senate*, and *Memoirs of Holcroft*.

"At the Russell Institution in 1813, he delivered a series of profound and masterly lectures upon the *History and Progress of English Philosophy*, comprehending a review of the theories and arguments of our principal metaphysicians, with incidental sketches of some of those of France, and his own opinions upon the various features of his subject."* It was shortly after this that he became connected with the public press, first as a Parliamentary reporter, and afterward, at intervals, until shortly before his death, as a writer of political and theatrical criticisms.

In 1817 appeared two volumes of collected essays, under the title of the *Round Table*. "Scattered throughout these essays is a wealth of thought and poetry, beside which half the contemporaries of their author seem as paupers. Hazlitt's remarkable faculty of saying brilliant things, in which the wit only ministers to the wisdom, is very conspicuous in all. His graver aphorisms are peculiar in this:—they are for the most part philosophical distinctions."†

"Hazlitt's success as a lecturer on a former occasion induced him, in the year 1818, to undertake a series of lectures on the *Comic Writers*, and the *Poets of England*, and on the *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. These he delivered at the Surrey Institution, and they were all subsequently published in single volumes under their respective titles.

"He introduces us almost corporally into the divine presence of the Great of old time—enables us to hear the living oracles of wisdom drop from their lips—and makes us partakers, not only of those joys which they diffused, but of those which they felt in the inmost recesses of their souls. His intense admiration of intellectual beauty seems always to sharpen his critical faculties.

* Biographical Sketch by his son, Wm. Hazlitt, Jr.

† Edward Bulwer Lytton.

He perceives it, by a kind of intuitive power, how deeply soever it may be buried in rubbish; and separates it, in a moment, from all that would encumber or deface it. In a word, he at once analyzes and describes, so that our enjoyments of loveliness are not chilled, but brightened, by our acquaintance with their inward sources. The knowledge communicated in his lectures, breaks no sweet enchantment, nor chills one feeling of youthful joy. His criticisms, while they extend our insight into the cause of poetical excellence, teach us, at the same time, more keenly to enjoy, and more fondly to revere it." *

Hazlitt's next published work was the *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*. "It is, in truth, rather an encomium on Shakspeare, than a commentary or critique on him—and is written, more to show extraordinary love than extraordinary knowledge of his productions. There is nothing niggardly in Hazlitt's praises, and nothing affected in his raptures. He seems animated throughout with a full and hearty sympathy with the delight which his author should inspire, and pours himself gladly out in explanation of it, with a fluency and ardor, obviously much more akin to enthusiasm than affectation." †

The works which marked the remaining years of our author's life were *A View of the English Stage* (1818), *Liber Amoris*, *Critical Account of the Principal Picture Galleries of England*, and *Table-Talk*, published in 1824; *Spirit of the Age* (1825), a series of criticisms upon the more prominent literary men of the time; *Plain Speaker* (1826), which with *Table-Talk* was made up of essays upon literature and art; *Selections from the British Poets* (1829); *Life of Napoleon* and *Northcote's Conversations* (1830). Many of the essays comprised in these various works were originally contributed as distinct articles to the leading Magazines and Reviews of the day.

Hazlitt died on the 18th of September, 1830.

Reserving Hazlitt's criticisms upon authors for quotation when those authors shall in turn claim our attention, we present, as possessing greater general interest, two essays from *Table-Talk*.

ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING.

In writing, you have to contend with the world; in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with Nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look Nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work, to shake the hand, or dim the brow: no irritable humors are set afloat: you have no absurd opinions to combat, no point to strain, no adversary to crush, no fool to

*T. N. Talfourd.

† Francis Jeffrey.

annoy—you are actuated by fear or favor to no man. There is “no juggling here,” no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white or white black; but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—

“Study with joy .
Her manner, and with rapture taste her style.” . . .

I have not much pleasure in writing these Essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I own that I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. I sometimes have to write them twice over; then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, sidelong glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish, and become “more tedious than a twice-told tale.” . . .

But I cannot say, from my own experience, that the same process takes place in transferring our ideas to canvas; they gain more than they lose in the mechanical transformation. One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case, you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush, a new field of inquiry is laid open; new difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. One part of a picture shames another, and you determine to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to Nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art; and by the aid of the pencil we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight.

The air-wave visions that hover on the verge of existence have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and glory of the universe is made “palpable to feeling as to sight.” And see! a rainbow starts from the canvas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The “fleecy fools” show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead, dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? We would think this miracle of Rubens’s pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like?

See how the rich fallows, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt’s landscapes! How often have I looked at them and Nature, and tried to do the same, till the very “light thickened,” and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon, till the eye dazzles, and the imagination is lost in the hope to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon the canvas. . . . One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky gradually turned to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky gray, hung

its broad marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. . . .

One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than have painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael!

Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin red-breast in our garden, as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colors, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "*I also am a painter!*" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time.

I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it, before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Hon. Mr. Skeffington. There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. O for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH.

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals. One half of time indeed is spent—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures, for there is no line drawn and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. Death, old age, are words without a meaning, a dream, a fiction, with which we have nothing to do. Others may have undergone, or may still undergo them—we "bear a charmed life," which laughs to scorn all such idle fancies. As, in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager sight forward,

"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,"

and see no end to prospect after prospect, new objects presenting themselves as we advance, so in the outset of life we see no end to our desires nor to the opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag, and it seems that we can go on so for ever. We look round in a new world, full of life and motion, and ceaseless progress, and feel in ourselves all the vigor and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present signs how we shall be left behind in the race, decline into old age, and drop into the grave.

It is the simplicity and, as it were, abstractedness of our feelings in youth that (so to speak) identifies us with our nature and (our experience being weak and our passions strong) makes us fancy ourselves immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with being, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our desires, and hushed into fancied security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager thirst without draining it, and joy and hope seem ever mantling to the brim—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that there is no room for the thoughts of death. We are too much dazzled by the gorgeousness and novelty of the bright waking dream about us to discern the dim shadow lingering for us in the distance. Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts that way even if we could. We are too much absorbed in present objects and pursuits.

While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere “the wine of life is drunk,” we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations: it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favorite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, that passion loosens its hold upon futurity, and that we begin to contemplate as in a glass darkly the possibility of parting with it for good. Till then the example of others has no effect upon us. Casualties we avoid; the slow approaches of age we play at *hide-and-seek* with. Like the foolish fat scullion in Sterne, who hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is, “So am not I!” The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, only seems to strengthen and enhance our sense of the possession and our enjoyment of life. Others may fall around us like leaves or be mowed down by the scythe of Time like grass: these are but metaphors to the unreflecting, buoyant ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope, and Joy withering around us, that we give up the flattering delusions that before led us on, and that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us hypothetically to the silence of the grave.

Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most mysterious. Our first and strongest impressions are borrowed from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we unconsciously transfer its durability as well as its splendor to ourselves. Like a rustic at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thought of going home, or that it will soon be night. We know our existence only by ourselves, and confound our knowledge with the objects of it. We and Nature are therefore one. We do not go from a play till the last act is ended, and the lights are about to be extinguished. But the fairy face of Nature still shines on: shall we be called away before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother, Nature, holds us up

to see the raree-show of the universe, and then, as if we were a burden to her to support, lets us fall down again. Yet what brave sublunary things does not this pageant present, like a ball or *fête* of the universe!

To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the outstretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and to be lord of a thousand creatures; to look down yawning precipices or over distant sunny vales; to see the world spread out under one's feet on a map; to bring the stars near, to view the smallest insect through a microscope; to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing; to say I exist in such a point of time, and in such a point of space; to be a spectator and a part of its every moving scene; to witness the change of season, of spring and autumn, of winter and summer; to feel hot and cold, pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, right and wrong; to be sensible to the accidents of nature; to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight-sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art, and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame, and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakspeare; to gather up the wisdom of the ancients, and to pry into the future; to listen to the trump of war, the shout of victory; to question history as to the movements of the human heart; to seek for truth; to plead the cause of humanity; to overlook the world as if Time and Nature poured their treasures at our feet,—to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing,—to have it all snatched from us as by a juggler's trick, or a phantasmagoria! There is something in this transition from all to nothing that shocks us and damps the enthusiasm of youth new flushed with hope and pleasure, and we cast the comfortless thought as far from us as we can.

“As an author, Hazlitt may be contemplated principally in three aspects,—as a moral and political reasoner; as an observer of character and manners; and as a critic in literature and painting. His metaphysical and political essays contain rich treasures, sought with years of patient toil, and poured forth with careless prodigality,—materials for thinking, a small part of which wisely employed will enrich him who makes them his own,—but the choice is not wholly unattended with perplexity and danger. He had, indeed, as passionate a desire for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame. The purpose of his research was always steady and pure; and no temptation from without could induce him to pervert or to conceal the faith that was in him. But, besides that love of truth, that sincerity in pursuing it, and that boldness in telling it, he had earnest aspirations after the beautiful, a strong sense of pleasure, an intense consciousness of his own individual being, which broke the current of abstract speculation into dazzling eddies, and sometimes turned it astray. One of the most remarkable effects of the strong sense of the *personal* on Hazlitt's abstract

speculation, is a habit of confounding his own feelings and experiences in relation to a subject with proofs of some theory which had grown out of them, or had become associated with them.

"The same causes diminished the immediate effect of Hazlitt's political writings. It was the fashion to denounce him as a sour Jacobin; but no description could be more unjust. Under the influence of some bitter feeling, he occasionally poured out a furious invective against those whom he regarded as the enemies of liberty, or the apostates from its cause; but, in general, his force was diverted (unconsciously to himself) by figures and fantasies, by fine and quaint allusions, by quotations from his favorite authors, introduced with singular felicity as respects the direct link of association, but tending by their very beauty to unnerve the mind of the reader, and substitute the sense of luxury for that of hatred or anger. In some of his essays, when the reasoning is most cogent, every other sentence contains some exquisite passage from Shakspeare, or Fletcher, or Wordsworth, trailing after it a line of golden associations—or some reference to a novel over which we have a thousand times forgotten the wrongs of mankind; till in the recurring shock of pleasurable surprise, the main argument escapes us.

"If the experiences and the sympathies which acted so powerfully on the mind of Hazlitt detract somewhat from his authority as a reasoner, they give an unprecedented interest and value to his essays on character and books. The excellence of these works differs not so much in degree as in kind from that of all others of their class. There is a weight and substance about them, which makes us feel that amidst all their nice and dexterous analysis, they are in no small measure creations. The quantity of thought which is accumulated upon his favorite subjects; the variety and richness of the illustrations; and the strong sense of beauty and pleasure which pervades and animates the composition, give them a place, if not above, yet apart from the writings of all other essayists. The intense interest which he takes in his theme, and which prompts him to adorn it lavishly with the spoils of many an intellectual struggle, commends it to the feelings as well as to the understanding, and makes the thread of his argument seem to us like a fibre of our own moral being."*

* Thoughts upon Hazlitt, by T. N. Talfourd.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was born at Totness, in Devonshire, April 23, 1818. He was educated at Oxford, and subsequently was made a Fellow of Exeter College. His first volume—*The Shadows of the Clouds*, a novel, was published in 1847. Two years later appeared his second volume—*The Nemesis of Faith*—a work of a widely different character from the first. This was followed, in 1854, by *The Book of Job*—"One of the finest idyllic critiques in our language; free in its treatment, but full of fine religious sympathies."

Froude's real importance as a writer, however,—and certainly his reputation as such,—was not assured until 1856, at which date he began the publication of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. The work extends through twelve volumes, and was not completed until 1870. As a specimen of our author's power in the direction of graphic description, we cite, in part,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The Spanish fleet was anchored close on the edge of the shoal water, and to attack it where it lay was impossible. It was determined to drive them out into the channel with fire-ships, of which they were known to be afraid. Among the volunteer vessels which had attached themselves to the fleet, there were many that would be useless in action, and as fit as the best for the service for which they were now needed. Eight were taken, the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch, the hulls filled with any useless material which could be extemporized that would contribute to the blaze. The sky was cloudy. The moon was late in its last quarter, and did not rise till morning; and the tide, towards midnight, set directly down from the English position to where the ships of the Armada, seeking shelter from the bend of the coast, lay huddled dangerously close. Long, low, sighing gusts from the westward promised the rising of a gale. The crews of the condemned vessels undertook to pilot them to their destination, and then belay the sheets, lash the helm, fire, and leave them.

Thus, when the Spanish bells were about striking twelve, and, save the watch on deck, soldier and seaman lay stretched in sleep, certain dark objects which had been seen dimly drifting on the tide near where the galleons lay thickest, shot suddenly into pyramids of light, flames leaping

from ruddy sail to sail, flickering on the ropes and forecastles, foremasts and bowsprits a lurid blaze of conflagration. A cool commander might have ordered out his boats and towed the fireships clear; but Medina Sidonia, with a strain already upon him beyond the strength of his capacity, saw coming upon him some terrible engines of destruction, like the floating mine which had shattered Parma's bridge at Antwerp.

Panic spread through the entire Armada; the enemy they most dreaded was upon them. The galleons were each riding with two anchors; for their misfortune few of them were provided with a third. A shot was fired from the San Martin as a signal to cut or slip their cables and make to sea. Amidst cries and confusion, and lighted to their work by the blaze, they set sail and cleared away, congratulating themselves, when they had reached the open water and found that all or most of them were safe, on the skill with which they had defeated the machinations of the enemy. They lay to six miles from shore, intending to return with the daylight, recover their anchors, and resume their old position. . . .

Drake, whose larger mind comprehended the position in its broader bearings, was determined not only that he (the Spanish commander) should never see his anchors again, but that he should be driven north through the Narrow Seas. The wind was still rising and threatened a storm. He had seen enough of the sailing powers of the galleons to be assured that until it shifted they could make no way against it; and once in the North Sea they would be in unknown waters, without a harbor into which they could venture to run, and at all events for a time cut off from their communication with Dunkirk. They had drifted in the night further than they intended, and when the sun rose they were scattered over a large surface off Gravelines.

Signals were sent up for them to collect and make back for Calais; but Drake, with his own squadron, and Henry Seymour, with the squadron of the Straits, having the advantage of wind, speed, and skill, came on them while they were still dispersed. Seymour opened the action at eight in the morning with a cluster of galleons on the Spaniards' extreme right. Reserving their fires till within a hundred and twenty yards, and wasting no cartridges at any longer distance, the English ships continued through the entire forenoon to pour into them one continuous rain of shot. They were driven in upon their own center, where they became entangled in a confused and helpless mass, a mere target to the English guns, Sir William Winter alone delivering five hundred shot into them, "never out of harquebuz range, and often within speaking distance."

Drake himself, meanwhile, had fallen on Medina Sidonia and Oquendo, who, with a score of galleons better handled than the rest, were endeavoring to keep sea room, and retain some command of themselves. But their wretched sailing powers put them at a disadvantage for which skill and courage could not compensate. The English were always to windward of them, and hemmed in at every turn, they too were forced back upon their consorts, hunted together as a shepherd hunts sheep upon a common, and the whole mass of them forced slowly towards the shoals and banks on the Flanders coast.

Howard came up at noon to join in the work of destruction. The English accounts tell a simple story. The Spaniards' gun practice, which had been always bad, was helpless beyond past experience. Their want of ammunition was not suspected, for they continued to fire throughout the day after their slow, awkward fashion; but their guns, worked on rolling

platforms by soldiers unused to the sea, sent their shot into the air or into the water; while the English, themselves almost untouched, fired into them without intermission from eight in the morning till sunset, "when almost the last cartridge was spent, and every man was weary with labor." They took no prizes, and attempted to take none. Their orders were to sink or destroy. They saw three large galleons go down. Three others, as the wind fell westerly, they saw reeling helplessly towards Ostend, and the fate of these they heard of afterwards; but of the general effect of the fire, neither at the time nor afterwards did they know anything beyond its practical and broad results.

Our second extract will exhibit Froude's felicity as a delineator of character.

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain, and building her Church system out of the broken masonry of Popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honors which Burghley's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant Powers, which had been so often offered her, and so often refused, had been forced upon her in spite of herself. "She was Head of the Name," but it gave her no pleasure.

She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendor, and friendless among the circle of adorers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickenings of a vague disease she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sate silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died. . . .

Circumstances more than elioice threw her originally on the side of the Reformation, and when she told the Spanish Ambassadors that she had been forced into the separation from the Papacy against her will, she probably spoke but the truth. She was identified in her birth with the cause of independence. The first battle had been fought over her cradle, and her right to be on the throne turned morally, if not in law, on the legitimacy of Queen Catherine's divorce. Her sister had persecuted her as the child of the woman who had caused her mother so much misery, and her friends, therefore, had naturally been those who were most her sister's enemies. She could not have submitted to the Pope without condemning her father, or admitting a taint upon her own birth, while in Mary of Scotland she had a rival ready to take advantage of any concession which she might be tempted to make.

For these reasons, and not from any sympathy with the views, either of Luther or Calvin, she chose her party at her accession. She found herself compelled against her will to become the patron of heretics and rebels in

whose objects she had no interest, and in whose theology she had no belief. She resented the necessity while she submitted to it, and her vacillations are explained by the reluctance with which each successive step was forced upon her, on a road which she detested. It would have been easy for a Protestant to be decided. It would have been easy for a Catholic to be decided. To Elizabeth the speculations of so-called divines were but as ropes of sand and sea-slime leading to the moon, and the doctrines for which they were rending each other to pieces a dream of fools or enthusiasts. Unfortunately her keenness of insight was not combined with any profound concern for serious things. She saw through the emptiness of the forms in which religion presented itself to the world. She had none the more any larger or deeper conviction of her own. She was without the intellectual emotions which give human character its consistency and power.

One moral quality she possessed in an eminent degree: she was supremely brave. For thirty years she was perpetually a mark for assassination, and her spirits were never affected, and she was never frightened into cruelty. She had a proper contempt also for idle luxury and indulgence. She lived simply, worked hard, and ruled her household with rigid economy. But her vanity was as insatiable as it was commonplace. No flattery was too tawdry to find a welcome with her, and as she had no repugnance to false words in others, she was equally liberal of them herself. Her entire nature was saturated with artifice. Except when speaking some round untruth Elizabeth never could be simple. Her letters and her speeches were as fantastic as her dress, and her meaning as involved as her policy. She was unnatural even in her prayers, and she carried her affectations into the presence of the Almighty. Obligations of honor were not only occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honor meant.

"The justice of some of Froude's verdicts has been reasonably disputed. His misplaced reliance on statutory evidence; his too-ready faith in the heroism and integrity of men swayed by passion and self-interest, or dumbfounded under the menace of a royal reign of terror; and his naïve acceptance of preposterous excuses for the excesses of despotic wilfulness, are generally known and allowed. Equally conspicuous are the patient research, the freshness, vigor, and eloquence of the copious narrative of the Tudor princes, to the composition of which he has dedicated twenty of the best years of his life."*

"Speaking generally, Froude is rather a pictorial than a philosophic historian; and he is less felicitous in making out the broader bearings of the course of events than in tracing them separately and in reproducing them. He is more apt in seizing the form of an age, than its general spirit and remote tendencies; and he rather gives us a striking narrative than places us in a point of view from which we can see the march of events in their relations with the past and the future. His reflective power, in short, is inferior to his creative and dramatic ability; and we see the results, not only in his method of minute but generally graphic description, and in his love for historical scenes, but in his abstinence from

generalizing from facts, from drawing any large and deep conclusions, from endeavoring to compass in a few sentences clear deductions from any series of phenomena.

"Froude belongs to the school of Carlyle, but he is not an imitator of that great writer; he equals him in industry and profound study, and if inferior in dramatic force, he is calmer and more natural in his tone, more thoughtful in his remarks on events, more unaffected in his narrative, and more simple and life like in his portraits.

"As regards the composition of these volumes, great as is the beauty of some passages, and noble as is the style, on the whole, the narrative is occasionally cumbrous; and perhaps for a general reader too many original documents have been cited."*

In 1867, appeared a first series of essays, that had been contributed by our author during the previous seventeen years to the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* mainly, entitled *Short Studies of Great Subjects*; a second series following in 1871 and others still since then. Speaking of these essays, a prominent review* remarks: "We often dissent from his opinion; we often feel that his imagination throws an illusive glamour over the facts of history; he is prone to laborious demonstrations of historical paradox; but he is a scholarly, conscientious, and able writer—almost a great one."

The honorable office of Rector of the University of St. Andrew's was conferred on Froude in March, 1869. His next work, the first volume of which was issued in 1872, was entitled *The English in Ireland*. "There can be no doubt that this is a book which will give great offence and arouse the bitterest indignation. We cannot conceal from ourselves that its tone is often extravagantly, almost savagely severe, and that Irish faults and crimes are hunted down with a ferocity which has something of the bloodhound in the relentless pertinacity of its pursuit. Sometimes it more resembles the speech of an accusing counsel, or the pamphlet of a political partisan, than a dispassionate narrative of past events; and in certain passages is rather an indictment than a history. But both the partisanship and the savageness are obviously not attributable to any unfairness of mind, nor even to any real injustice of estimate, but to a temperament to which some particular follies and vices are so especially repugnant that they inevitably come in for a disproportionate, though not an undue, share of blame."†

His history of *Julius Cæsar*, published in 1879, completes the list of his works up to the present date.

* *British Quarterly Review*, January, 1867.

† *London Quarterly Review*, January, 1873.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born December 4, 1795, near Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. About 1810 he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where, during a stay of some seven years, he acquired no little reputation for proficiency in mathematics, and for an enthusiastic acquaintance with the German language and literature. In 1824 he virtually inaugurated his celebrated career as an essayist and critic by contributing a series of brilliant biographical articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and to the "New Edinburgh Review." These half dozen or so essays did not, however, prevent him attesting the strength of his early preferences; for during the same year he completed translations of *Legendre's Geometry*, and of *Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*, and also published in numbers in the "London Magazine" a *Life of Schiller*.

The next year Carlyle settled at Craigenputtoch, a rural quietude in his native county, "six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit him," whence he issued critical and biographical essays to the "Edinburgh Review," the "Foreign Quarterly Review," and "Fraser's Magazine;" the most characteristic of which were in 1834 collected into book form under the quaint title of *Sartor Resartus*. At the last named date he removed to London, where he spent a number of years. In 1837 he gave to the public *The French Revolution*, which was followed in 1839 by *Chartism*. Six lectures, delivered in London in 1840, were published the next year, under the name of *Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*. A volume called *Miscellanies*, which comprised a number of the critical and miscellaneous essays previously contributed to Reviews and Magazines, was issued about 1840. Then followed, successively, *Past and Present* (1843), *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (1845), *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850), *Life of John Sterling* (1851), *Life of Frederick the Great* (1858-64), *The Early Kings of Norway*

(1875), and also *The Portraits of John Knox*. In 1866 Carlyle was installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. He died February 5, 1881.

The two extracts that follow are from *Sartor Resartus*, and illustrate, as we think, the two alternating moods of the work,—the one of profound sentiment, the other of grotesque satire.

Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles, that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologue, I might read the hour of the day. . . .

Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance: around some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest in thy great fermenting—vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature!—Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God?" O Heavens, is it, in very deed, He then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me? Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres: but godlike and my Father's.

•With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him brother. Thus

was I standing in the porch of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*;" by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "Divine Depth of Sorrow" lie disclosed to me.

The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the "straddling animal with bandy legs" which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket, fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! Whoso would avoid Falsehood, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshipers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervor as when it contained the Man; nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honors! No haughty looks, no scornful gesture: silent and serene, it fronts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion, no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwell not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the World; and rides there, on its Clothes-horse, as, on a Pegasus, like some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of Civilized Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapor, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth; and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions:—often have I turned into their Old Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty Suits, as through a sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence: the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in "the Prison men call Life." Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish high-priest, who, with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara; on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned garments come to alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep, fearful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: "Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!" Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts, he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear.

Oh! let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshiped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austere thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his

heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, in stifled, jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them these cast-out and trodden-under-foot of Want, Darkness, and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church bells and gallows ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation!

From Carlyle's work *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*, we excerpt:

I.—THE HERO GENERALLY AND AS DIVINITY.

We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did;—on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs. A large topic; indeed, an illimitable one; wide as Universal History itself. For, as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modelless patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwell in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world,—and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven,—a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. . . .

And if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a Hero! Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stands upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religion,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

II.—THE HERO AS POET.

The Poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages; whom all ages possess, when once he is produced; whom the newest age as the oldest may produce,—and will produce, always when Nature pleases. Let Nature send a Hero-soul; in no age is it other than possible that he may be shaped into a Poet. I will remark again, however, as a fact not unimportant to be understood, that the different *sphere* constitutes the grand origin of such distinction; that the Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair, and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher;—in one or the other degree he could have been, he is all these.

So too I cannot understand how a Mirabeau, with that great glowing heart, with the fire that was in it, with the bursting tears that were in it, could not have written verses, tragedies, poems, and touched all hearts in that way, had his course of life and education led him thitherward. The grand fundamental character is that of Great Man; that the man be great. Napoleon has words in him which are like Austerlitz Battles. Louis Fourteenth's Marshals are a kind of poetical men withal; the things Turenne says are full of sagacity and geniality, like sayings of Samuel Johnson. The great heart, the clear, deep-seeing eye: there it lies; no man whatever, in what province soever, can prosper at all without these. Petrarch and Boccaccio did diplomatic messages, it seems, quite well; one can easily believe it; they had done things a little harder than these! Burns, a gifted song-writer, might have made a still better Mirabeau. Shakspeare,—one knows not what *he* could not have made, in the supreme degree.

III.—THE HERO AS PRIEST.

The Priest too, as I understand it, is a kind of Prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the Uniter of them with the Unseen Holy. He is the spiritual Captain of the people; as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains: he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this Earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he too be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen Heaven,—the “open secret of the Universe,” which so few have an eye for! He is the Prophet shorn of his more awful splendor; burning with mild equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a Priest. So in old times; so in these, and in all times.

IV.—THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, is altogether a product of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Heroism for all future ages. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon. He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago,

was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavoring to speak forth the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much has been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the market-place; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copyrights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does) from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living,—is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected. . . .

If *Hero* be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honorable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do. I say *inspired*; for what we call “originality,” “sincerity,” “genius,” the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine, and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men’s life is,—but the weak may know not the fact, and are untrue to it, in most times; the strong—few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.

V.—THE HERO AS KING.

The Commander over Men, he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to *command* over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to *do*. He is called *Rex*, Regulator, *Roi*: our own name is still better; King, *Könning*, which means *Can-ning*, Able-man. . . .

The finding of your *Ableman*, and getting him invested with the *symbols of ability*, with dignity, worship (*worth-ship*), royalty, kingship, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it, is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this world! Hustings-speeches, Parliamentary motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn;—the thing which it will in all ways behave us, with right royal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then,

so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.

As a sample of the prevailing character of Carlyle's great work—*History of Frederick the Great*—we present the following fragment of

THE BATTLE OF PRAG.

Schwerin's Prussians, as they "march up" (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it, or of Winterfeld's disaster by it.

The general Prussian order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, —none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance on these terms, and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds:"—mud-tanks, verdant with mere "bearding cat-crop" sown there as carp provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease!

Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the Battle. Foot-chargings (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other;—King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, "a murder grim and great" going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Deutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were,—"fresh regiments from our Second Line" storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people "took breath," repented, "and themselves stormed in again," say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging, and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem!

And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other further on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, "at sight of his own regiment in retreat," Feldmarschall Schwerin

seized the colors,—as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colors, fiery old man: “*Heran, meine Kinder* (This way, my sons)!” and rides ahead, along the straight dam again, his “sons” all turning, and with hot repentance following. “On, my children, *Heran!*” Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. “*Heran!*” storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag: Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. “*Heran, on!*” in wild storm of rage and grief:—in a word, they manage to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians, too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men;—and “every grenadier that survived of them,” as I read afterwards, “got double pay for life.”

Done, that Sterbohol work;—those Foot-chargings, Horse chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward:—but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case-shot, as they successively get up; Marshal Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne’s extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, “both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others);—and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: “beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country;” never seen again that day.

Prince Karl (after Browne’s death-wound, or before, I never knew) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening;—but to no purpose; the Zietheners and others so heavy on the rear of them:—and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl’s own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion; chased by Ziethen, on Frederick’s express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, “by about half-past one,” Sterbohol work is thoroughly done; and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence*, or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special

steps of cause and effect, no man can say ; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery—thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory,—who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except on the grass, the scientific plan of it ?

“Carlyle is sometimes regarded as a philosopher. He was a philosopher only in a very qualified sense. He saw some truths, not very remote or difficult to discern clearly, and gave them appropriate expression. He philosophized, without being a philosopher. His true interest lay not in analysis, but synthesis. He saw life as a whole ; sympathized with all varieties of human action and human character, and penetrated into the depths of human nature, revealing the secret motives which influence men, and interpreting the outward expression of complicated thought and intricate emotion.

“He was not a poet ; but he had poetry in him in abundance. His art was rough-hewn, but it *was* art. He makes men and places present to our eyes, colored and shaped, as in reality, and, remembering the words of his great German friend (Goethe), ‘the spirit of the Real is the true Ideal,’ he pierces to the very heart of an object, and shows us its essential form, bringing that object, be it place or person, not from ‘some vanished world, some oriental clime or period of chivalry, but from the real world as it lies about us and within us.’ It was principally through this vision and faculty divine, through this power of ‘concrete representation,’ that Carlyle’s genius made itself felt.

“His Moral Philosophy was molded on his cardinal principle of the supremacy of the heroic elements in human nature. The doctrine of Rights was to be superseded by the doctrine of Might. Always resting on the principle of Force, Carlyle was only too often on the side of the strongest battalion ; his innate perception of the just was always distorted by his predilection for the strong. The same error, the same worship of Power reappears in the politics of Carlyle.

“As a spiritual teacher, as an inspiring orator, as a brilliant Opposition speaker, his influence will wane with the waning years. But as an historical painter, as a philosophical humorist, as a literary artist, Thomas Carlyle will have a share in the perennial existence which is the assured inheritance of ‘the splendors in the firmament of Time, that may be eclipsed, but are extinguished not.’ ” *

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1881.

GEORGE GROTE.

GEORGE GROTE was born in 1794, at Clay Hall, near Berkenham, in Kent, England. After a limited service as clerk in his father's banking-house, he turned his attention to politics, and in 1832 represented London in Parliament. He was twice re-elected; but, as if premonished that the political life was not that in which he was destined to achieve distinction, he retired from participation in public affairs in 1841.

Grote's earliest literary productions were articles contributed to the Westminster and Edinburgh Reviews. The work, however, which first attracted general attention, and with which his reputation as a writer has been and will hereafter be bound up, is his *History of Greece*. This work, from the time its first two volumes appeared (1846) until the twelfth and last one was issued, engrossed ten years—and the most vital ten—of our author's life. Beginning with the legends respecting the gods of the Greeks, it brings the narrative down to the death of that last claimant of divine extraction—Alexander the Great. From volume first of this history, we extract, in a slightly condensed form, the

ARGONAUTIC EXPEDITION.

The sons of Phryxus were cordially welcomed by their mother Chalkiopê. Application was made to Aeêtês, that he would grant to the Argonauts, heroes of divine parentage and sent forth by the mandate of the gods, possession of the golden fleece: their aid in return was proffered to him against any or all of his enemies. But the king was wroth, and peremptorily refused, except upon conditions which seemed impracticable.

Hêphaestos had given him two ferocious and untameable bulls with brazen feet, which breathed fire from their nostrils: Jasôn was invited, as a proof both of his illustrious descent and of the sanction of the gods to his voyage, to harness these animals to the yoke, so as to plough a large field and sow it with dragon's teeth. Perilous as the condition was, each one of the heroes volunteered to make the attempt. Idmôn especially encouraged Jasôn to undertake it, and the goddesses Hêrê and Aphroditê made straight the way for him. Mêdea, the daughter of Aeêtês and Eidyia, having seen the youthful hero in his interview with her father, had conceived towards

him a passion which disposed her to employ every means for his salvation and success. She had received from Hekaté pre-eminent magical powers, and she prepared for Jasôn the powerful Prometheian unguent, extracted from a herb which had grown where the blood of Promêtheus dropped. The body of Jasôn having been thus pre-medicated, became invulnerable either by fire or by warlike weapons. He undertook the enterprise, yoked the bulls without suffering injury, and ploughed the field: when he had sown the dragon's teeth, armed men sprang out of the furrows. But he had been forewarned by Mèdeia to cast a vast rock into the midst of them, upon which they began to fight with each other, so that he was easily enabled to subdue them all.

The task prescribed had thus been triumphantly performed. Yet Aeêtês not only refused to hand over the golden fleece, but even took measures for secretly destroying the Argonauts and burning their vessel. He designed to murder them during the night after a festal banquet; but Aphroditê, watchful for the safety of Jasôn, inspired the Kolchian king at the critical moment with an irresistible inclination for his nuptial bed. While he slept, the wise Idmôn counselled the Argonauts to make their escape, and Mèdeia agreed to accompany them. She lulled to sleep by a magic potion the dragon who guarded the golden fleece, placed that much-desired prize on board the vessel, and accompanied Jasôn with his companions in their flight, carrying along with her the young Apsyrtus, her brother.

Aeêtês, profoundly exasperated at the flight of the Argonauts with his daughter, assembled his forces forthwith, and put to sea in pursuit of them. So energetic were his efforts that he shortly overtook the retreating vessel, when the Argonauts again owed their safety to the stratagem of Mèdeia. She killed her brother Apsyrtus, cut his body in pieces and strewed the limbs round about in the sea. Aeêtês on reaching the spot found these sorrowful traces of his murdered son; but while he tarried to collect the scattered fragments, and bestow upon the body an honorable interment, the Argonauts escaped. The spot on which the unfortunate Apsyrtus was cut up received the name of Tomi.

The fratricide of Mèdeia, however, so deeply provoked the indignation of Zeus, that he condemned the Argô and her crew to a trying voyage, full of hardship and privation, before she was permitted to reach home. The returning heroes traversed an immeasurable length both of sea and of river; first up the river Phasis into the ocean which flows round the earth; then following the course of that circumfluous stream until its junction with the Nile, they came down the Nile into Egypt, from whence they carried the Argô on their shoulders by a fatiguing land-journey to the lake Tritônis in Libya. Here they were rescued from the extremity of want and exhaustion by the kindness of the local god Tritôn, who treated them hospitably, and even presented to Euphêmus a clod of earth, as a symbolical promise that his descendants should one day found a city on the Libyan shore. The promise was amply redeemed by the flourishing and powerful city of Kyrênê, whose princes, the Battiads, boasted themselves as lineal descendants of Euphêmus.

Refreshed by the hospitality of Tritôn, the Argonauts found themselves again on the waters of the Mediterranean on their way homeward. But before they arrived at Iôlkos they visited Circê, at the island of Aeaea, where Mèdeia was purified for the murder of Apsyrtus: they also stopped at Korkyra, then called Drepanê, where Alkinous received and protected them. The cave in that island where the marriage of Mèdeia with Jasôn

was consummated was still shown in the time of the historian Timaeus, as well as the altars to Apollo which she had erected, and the rites and sacrifices which she had first instituted. After leaving Korkyra, the Argô was overtaken by a perilous storm near the island of Thêra. The heroes were saved from imminent peril by the supernatural aid of Apollo, who, shooting from his golden bow an arrow which pierced the waves like a track of light, caused a new island suddenly to spring up in their track and present to them a port of refuge. The island was called Anaphî; and the grateful Argonauts established upon it an altar and sacrifices in honor of Apollo Aeglêtês, which were ever afterwards continued, and traced back by the inhabitants to this originating adventure.

On approaching the coast of Krête, the Argonauts were prevented from landing by Talôs, a man of brass, fabricated by Hêphaestos, and presented by him to Minôs for the protection of the island. This vigilant sentinel hurled against the approaching vessel fragments of rock, and menaced the heroes with destruction. But Mêdea deceived him by a stratagem and killed him, detecting and assailing the one vulnerable point in his body. The Argonauts were thus enabled to land and refresh themselves. They next proceeded onward to Aegina, where, however, they again experienced resistance before they could obtain water; then along the coast of Euboea and Lokris back to Iôlkos in the gulf of Pagasae, the place from whence they had started. The ship Argô herself, in which the chosen heroes of Greece had performed so long a voyage and braved so many dangers, was consecrated by Jasôn to Poseidôn at the isthmus of Corinth. According to another account, she was translated to the stars by Athênê, and became a constellation.

Next, we transcribe from volume seven, Grote's description of

THE MUTILATION OF THE HERMAE.

These Hermae, or half-statues of the god Hermês, were blocks of marble about the height of the human figure. The upper part was cut into a head, face, neck, and bust; the lower part was left a quadrangular pillar, broad at the base, without arms, body, or legs, but with the significant mark of the male sex in front. They were distributed in great numbers throughout Athens, and always in the most conspicuous situations; standing beside the outer doors of private houses, as well as of temples, near the most frequented porticos, at the intersection of cross ways, in the public agora. They were thus present to every Athenian in all his acts of intercommunion, either for business or pleasure, with his fellow-citizens. The religious feelings of the Greeks considered the god to be planted or domiciliated where his statue stood, so that the companionship, sympathy, and guardianship of Hermês became associated with most of the manifestations of conjunct life at Athens,—political, social, commercial, or gymnastic. Moreover, the quadrangular fashion of these statues, employed occasionally for other gods besides Hermês, was a most ancient relic handed down from the primitive rudeness of Pelasgian workmanship, and was popular in Arcadia, as well as peculiarly frequent in Athens.

About the end of May, 415 B. C., in the course of one and the same night, all these Hermae, one of the most peculiar marks of the city, were mutilated by unknown hands. Their characteristic features were knocked off or levelled, so that nothing was left except a mass of stone with no

resemblance to humanity or deity. All were thus dealt with in the same way, save and except very few: nay, Andokidēs affirms, and I incline to believe him, that there was but *one* which escaped unharmed.

It is of course impossible for any one to sympathize fully with the feelings of a religion not his own: indeed, the sentiment with which, in the case of persons of different creeds, each regards the strong emotions growing out of causes peculiar to the other, is usually one of surprise that such trifles and absurdities can occasion any serious distress or excitement. But if we take that reasonable pains, which is incumbent on those who study the history of Greece, to realize in our minds the religious and political associations of the Athenians, noted in ancient times for their superior piety, as well as for their accuracy and magnificence about the visible monument embodying that feeling,—we shall in part comprehend the intensity of mingled dismay, terror, and wrath, which beset the public mind on the morning after this nocturnal sacrilege, alike unforeseen and unparalleled. Amidst all the ruin and impoverishment which had been inflicted by the Persian invasion of Attica, there was nothing which was so profoundly felt, or so long remembered as the deliberate burning of the statues and temples of the gods.

If we could imagine the excitement of a Spanish or Italian town, on finding that all the images of the Virgin had been defaced during the same night, we should have a parallel, though a very inadequate parallel, to what was now felt at Athens, where religious associations and persons were far more intimately allied with civil acts, and with all the proceedings of every-day life; where, too, the god and his efficiency were more forcibly localized, as well as identified with the presence and keeping of the statue. To the Athenians, when they went forth on the following morning, each man seeing the divine guardian at his doorway dishonored and defaced, and each man gradually coming to know that the devastation was general, it would seem that the town had become, as it were, godless; that the streets, the market-place, the porticos, were robbed of their divine protectors; and what was worse still, that these protectors, having been grossly insulted, carried away with them alienated sentiments, wrathful and vindictive, instead of tutelary and sympathizing.

It was on the protection of the gods that all their political constitution, as well as the blessings of civil life, depended; insomuch that the curses of the gods were habitually invoked, as sanction and punishment for grave offences, political, as well as others; an extension and generalization of the feeling still attached to the judicial oath. This was, in the minds of the people of Athens, a sincere and literal conviction, not simply a form of speech to be pronounced in prayers and public harangues, without being ever construed as a reality in calculating consequences, and determining practical measures. Accordingly, they drew from the mutilation of the *Hermæ* the inference, not less natural than terrifying, that heavy public misfortune was impending over the city, and that the political constitution to which they were attached was in imminent danger of being subverted.

“It is the third time that the history of Greece has been handled by an Englishman with such success as at once to throw all previous works on the same subject into the shade. To far more than Mitford’s experience of public life, he joins an intimacy with the classical authors and their foreign commentators, at least equal to

that of his immediate predecessor (Thirlwall). A man of business and a recluse professor, a strenuous advocate of vote by ballot, and an indefatigable student of classical antiquity, are the elements which have met together in this laborious performance. The union of experience which Arnold so earnestly desired, and which Niebuhr to a certain extent enjoyed, for the history of Rome has been now, probably for the first time, exemplified in the third English historian of Greece.

“From the most general laws of thought to the most minute incidents, he has labored—and successfully labored—to reproduce the impression which they made upon the mind of the Greek people. The contrast of the moral state of the heroic with that of the later ages of Greece—the enumeration of the various points which distinguished the moral sentiments of the Greek race from those of all contemporary nations—the power of Greek religion and Greek art as a uniting force to control ‘the centrifugal tendencies’ of Grecian politics—the extraordinary and definite impulse given to the Greek, and especially to the Athenian, mind by the first development of the democratic principle, as exemplified in the revolution of Clisthenes—the peculiar reputation won for Sparta at Thermopylæ, lost at Sphacteria, and regained at Mantinea, that ‘the Lacedæmonians die, but never surrender’—the permanent and impressive influence exercised over the feelings of every Grecian state by the regard to the rights of sanctuary and of the great festivals:—these are merely some out of many points in which the student of Greek history will feel that he has derived from these volumes a flood of light, in which the particular facts of the history stand out, as if for the first time, in distinct and intelligible relation with each other.

“With a strict attention to the laws of evidence, with a masculine sagacity and common sense which prevents his intellect from sinking under the load of his learning, he has placed himself in the midst of the facts which he relates, not merely as a judge, but as a spectator. And this position he has gained, not merely by a general perusal of the ancient writers, or by his unwearied investigation of the most recent tracts of France and Germany, but by deep and accurate study of the language of the original authors themselves. In this assertion of what seems to us the pervading and paramount excellence of this work, we have been insensibly approaching to what most readers, perhaps, will regard as its chief defect,—namely, its stubborn disregard or rejection of the finer charms of composition. Instead of the marble colonnades and polished corners, which here, if anywhere, might be expected, we find a mass of Cyclopean architecture—huge masses of stone fitted

together more like natural rock-work than human workmanship.

“One point remains—the high moral tone which breathes through the whole work; not merely the total absence of ostentation or affectation, or the singleminded search after truth, which is implied in all that we have already said of its composition; but the genuine fervor in behalf of what is free, and generous, and just, which gives to his narrative a permanent value both as an example and incentive, even to those who may differ most widely from his political opinions.”*

Nine years elapsed before Grote again appeared before the public, when he published (1865) *Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates*. As an extract from this work, we cite the chapter on the

LIFE OF PLATO.

Plato was born at Aegina (in which island his father enjoyed an estate as kleruch or out-settled citizen) in the month Thargelion (May) of the year B. C. 427. . . . Plato was first called Aristoklēs, after his grandfather; but received when he grew up the name of Plato—on account of the breadth (we are told) either of his forehead or of his shoulders. Endowed with a robust physical frame, and exercised in gymnastics, not merely in one of the palaestrae of Athens (which he describes graphically in the *Charmides*) but also under an Argeian trainer, he attained such force and skill as to contend (if we may credit *Dikæarchus*) for the prize of wrestling among boys at the Isthmian festival.

His literary training was commenced under a schoolmaster named Dionysius, and pursued under *Drakon*, a celebrated teacher of music, in the large sense then attached to that word. He is said to have displayed both diligence and remarkable quickness of apprehension, combined, too, with the utmost gravity and modesty. He not only acquired great familiarity with the poets, but composed poetry of his own—dithyrambic, lyric, and tragic; and he is even reported to have prepared a tragic tetralogy, with the view of competing for victory at the Dionysian festival. We are told that he burned these poems when he attached himself to the society of *Sokrates*. No compositions in verse remain under his name, except a few epigrams—amatory, affectionate, and of great poetical beauty. But there is ample proof in his dialogues that the cast of his mind was essentially poetical. Many of his philosophical speculations are nearly allied to poetry, and acquire their hold upon the mind rather through imagination and sentiment than through reason or evidence. . . .

It was at this period, about 386 B. C., that the continuous and formal public teaching of Plato, constituting as it does so great an epoch in philosophy, commenced. . . . The spot selected by Plato for his lectures or teaching was a garden adjoining the precinct sacred to the *Hero Hekadēmus* or *Akadēmus*, distant from the gate of Athens called *Dipylon* somewhat less than a mile, on the road to *Eleusis*, towards the north. In this precinct there were both walks, shaded by trees, and a gymnasium for bodily exercise: close adjoining, Plato either inherited or acquired a small dwelling-

* *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1850.

house and garden, his own private property. Here, under the name of the Academy, was founded the earliest of those schools of philosophy, which continued for centuries forward to guide and stimulate the speculative minds of Greece and Rome. . . .

Though Plato demanded no money as fee for admission of pupils, yet neither did he scruple to receive presents from rich men such as Dionysius, Dion, and others. In the jests of Ehippus, Antiphanes, and other poets of the middle comedy, the pupils of Plato in the Academy are described as finely and delicately clad, nice in their persons even to affectation, with elegant caps and canes; which is the more to be noticed because the preceding comic poets derided Sokrates and his companions for qualities the very opposite—as prosing beggars, in mean attire and dirt. Such students must have belonged to opulent families; and we may be sure that they requited their master by some valuable present, though no fee may have been formally demanded from them. Some conditions (though we do not know what) were doubtless required for admission. At any rate, the teaching of Plato formed a marked contrast with that extreme and indiscriminate publicity which characterized the conversation of Sokrates, who passed his days in the market-place or in the public porticoes or palaestrae; while Plato both dwelt and discoursed in a quiet residence and garden a little way out of Athens. . . .

The latter half of Plato's life in his native city must have been one of dignity and consideration, though not of any political activity. He is said to have addressed the Dikastery as an advocate for the accused general Chabrias: and we are told that he discharged the expensive and showy functions of Chorêgus with funds supplied by Dion. Out of Athens, also, his reputation was very great. When he went to the Olympic festival of B. C. 360, he was an object of conspicuous attention and respect: he was visited by hearers, young men of rank and ambition, from the most distant Hellenic cities; and his advice was respectfully invoked both by Perdikkas in Macedonia and by Dionysius II. at Syracuse.

“Grote's determination is to abide by the canon of Thrasyllus in the settlement of all questions relating to the genuineness of Plato's writings, deciding them rather by external evidences than by those internal indications of their origin, the uncertainty of which is demonstrated by the fact that they wear an entirely different aspect according to the prepossessions of the various minds by which they are interpreted. With similar judgment, he has dismissed the elaborate schemes for grouping the various Dialogues together, which have found favor with some speculative commentators, but the complicated character of which he rightly regards as a reason sufficient to warrant their rejection.

“Probably many would say that one so intensely practical in the whole turn of his mind. is not capable of thoroughly appreciating the peculiar genius of Plato, and we are not prepared to deny the force of this objection. Still, whatever exceptions may be taken to many of his criticisms, it is not to be denied that this book, with its massive learning, its vivid sketches, not only of Plato, but still more of his great teacher, others of his associates, and its pains-

taking analysis of his several works, is one of the noblest tributes that has yet been raised in honor of the great founder of Athenian philosophy."*

In 1868 appeared Grote's *Review of Stuart Mill's Examination of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Philosophy*. His last and most ambitious, but also most fragmentary, work was *Aristotle*, which was given to the world the year following its venerable and illustrious author's decease. Grote died in London, June 18, 1871.

"Grote could conceive of nothing on a small scale. Looking back as we do now, we can see that it would have been more fortunate had he contented himself with an attempt to deal with a limited province of the Aristotelian philosophy. It must be a matter of regret to us that Grote did not propose to himself, first, at all events, that part of the task of an Aristotelian expositor for which he had pre-eminent qualifications, namely, the setting forth and illustration of Aristotle's political and ethical systems, and of his views on rhetoric and poetry.

"He had undertaken to write an account of the golden period of philosophy in Greece, and it may never have suggested itself to him to attempt anything smaller than a systematic review of the whole. With a noble rashness he threw himself, in his seventy-first year, upon the task of mastering and analyzing the entire works of Aristotle, which in the Oxford edition of the original Greek fill eleven octavo volumes, and on the various questions connected with which more books have been written than on the whole political history of Greece taken together. The six years of life now remaining to Grote were all too few for the accomplishment of his task. What he was able to achieve the two large volumes now published show. The work is a mere torso, and yet is a monument of splendid industry, which may well serve as an example and stimulus to the youth of this country."†

"Grote is not a writer who has done his work superficially. No German could be more exact in detail, more unwearied in research, and, perhaps some readers would say, more painful in the elaboration of the minutest points of his subject. Happily for himself, in other points he has very little of the spirit of the great German scholars. He has no novel theory of his own to propound, and to which the facts must be made to conform, but is content to take the more humble but more useful position of a simple historian and interpreter. In all his judgments, he displays that sound practical sense so characteristic of all that he has written."‡

* *British Quarterly Review*, Oct., '65.

† *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., '72.

‡ *British Quarterly Review*, Oct., '65.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born October 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. His career throughout was singularly prosperous, eminent, and brilliant. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, at eighteen, he speedily established a name for scholarship; twice carried off the Chancellor's Medal for excellence in poetical composition; for classical proficiency was elected, in 1821, to the Craven Scholarship; graduated Bachelor of Arts; was elected a Fellow of Trinity; and finally received, in 1825, the distinction of Master of Arts.

He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1826, and two years after was appointed Commissioner of Bankruptcy. In 1830 began his Parliamentary career, in which, as a Whig, he bore a conspicuous and honorable part in furthering all measures tending toward the establishment of liberal and just government. Sent to India, in 1834, as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, he prepared while there a Penal Code of Laws, which subsequently were made the basis of the legal system of the country.

Secretary of War in 1839, Member of Parliament for city of Edinburgh in 1840, Paymaster-General of the Forces and Member of Cabinet in 1846, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1849, Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy in 1850, recipient of the Prussian Order of Merit in 1853, Member of Parliament a second time from Edinburgh,—these were the distinctions that trooped to greet and to glorify the advancing years of his fruitful life.

In 1856, wearied of public services and honors, instinctively urged to a closer intimacy with literary pursuits, and admonished by declining health, he relinquished all public trusts and withdrew to private life. But not alone; for close behind him

followed (1857) his promotion to the peerage. A brief promotion, however, for he died December 28, 1859.

Though the foregoing events might seem sufficiently numerous and grave to engross the energies of even an extraordinary life, yet they by no means exhausted the activities of Macaulay's life; for through his entire career ran the pure, majestic current of literary achievement. He was poet, essayist, and historian, as well as legislator, jurist, and orator. His earliest poems,—not to speak of his college efforts,—such as *The Battle of Ivry*, *The Cavalier's March to London*, *The Spanish Armada*, and *A Song of the Huguenots*,—were contributed to Knight's Quarterly Magazine. But in 1842 he won a lasting reputation in this field by his publication of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. We have space only for the closing part of

HORATIUS.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!”

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night.
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;

Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

"It is a great merit of these poems that they are free from ambition and exaggeration. Nothing seems overdone; no tawdry piece of finery disfigures the simplicity of the plan that has been chosen. They seem to have been framed with great artistic skill, with much self-denial and abstinence from anything incongruous, and with a very successful imitation of the effects intended to be represented. Yet every here and there images of beauty and expressions of feeling are thrown out that are wholly independent of Rome or the Romans, and that appeal to the widest sensibilities of the human heart. In point of homeliness of thought and language there is often a boldness which none but a man conscious of great powers of writing would have ventured to show."*

His *Essay on Milton*, published in August, 1825, introduced Macaulay to the readers of the "Edinburgh Review;" following which effort, he continued for about a score of years to contribute to this periodical essay after essay, in all about forty, unsurpassed in varied and accurate erudition, and in fervid eloquence, by any compositions of the kind in the English language. From his essay on *Milton* we excerpt his summary of the character of the Puritans, which, though it may be somewhat familiar, we cannot afford to pass by, if we would cite the most splendid single passage to be found in our author's essays.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and external interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor,

* Professor Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec., 1842.

they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems crowns of glory that should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose

unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

“Macaulay enlightens inattentive minds, as well as he convinces opposing minds; he manifests as well as he persuades. It is impossible not to understand him; he approaches the subject under every aspect, he turns it over on every side; it seems as though he addressed himself to every spectator, and studied to make himself understood by every individual; he calculates the scope of every mind, and seeks for each a fit mode of exposition; he takes us all by the hand, and leads us alternately to the end, which he has marked out beforehand. When a subject is obscure, he is not content with a first explanation; he gives a second, then a third: he sheds light in abundance from all sides, he searches for it in all regions of history; and the wonderful thing is, that he is never long. In reading him we find ourselves in our proper sphere; we feel as though we were born to understand; we are annoyed to have taken twilight so long for day; we rejoice to see this abounding light rising and leaping forth in streams; the exact style, the antithesis of ideas, the harmonious construction, the artfully balanced paragraphs, the vigorous summaries, the regular sequence of thoughts, the frequent comparisons, the fine arrangement of the whole—not an idea or phrase of his writings in which the talent and the desire to explain, the characteristic of an orator, does not shine forth.”*

History, and particularly English history, had always been a favorite study with Macaulay; and as a result of this application, he gave to the public, in 1849, the first two volumes of a work which, beginning with the accession of James II.,—where Hume's history terminated,—was designed to bring the history of the English nation to a point within the memory of those now living. But two additional volumes, published in 1855, and a fragmentary fifth one, issued since the author's death, have sufficed for carrying out the original intent only as far as the year 1702. Volume I. furnishes us with the following description of

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

And now the time for the great hazard drew near. The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor, that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.

* *Taine's English Literature*, Vol. II.

The clock struck eleven, and the duke, with his body-guard, rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, nearly six miles in length, toward the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday, the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass; but, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long, narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out, vehemently, that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms, and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the king," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which king?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colors of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agree to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity; yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up, running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay

between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the Rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they leveled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. He was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition wagons.

The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful; yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon be in the rear, and would interrupt his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like good soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterward obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand.

And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach-horses and traces for the purpose. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke. The king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them. The king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the

Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

From Vol. III. we produce the following passages, descriptive, first, of

WILLIAM AND MARY.

His manners gave almost universal offense. He was, in truth, far better qualified to save a nation than to adorn a court. In the highest parts of statesmanship, he had no equal among his contemporaries. He had formed plans not inferior in grandeur and boldness to those of Richelieu, and had carried them into effect with a tact and wariness worthy of Mazarin. Two countries, the seats of civil liberty and the Reformed faith, had been preserved by his wisdom and courage from extreme perils. Holland he had delivered from foreign, and England from domestic foes. Obstacles apparently insurmountable had been interposed between him and the ends on which he was intent, and these obstacles his genius had turned into stepping-stones.

Under his dexterous management, the hereditary enemies of his house had helped him to mount a throne, and the persecutors of his religion had helped him to rescue his religion from persecution. Fleets and armies, collected to withstand him, had, without a struggle, submitted to his orders. Factions and sects, divided by moral antipathies, had recognized him as their common head. Without carnage, without devastation, he had won a victory compared with which all the victories of Gustavus and Turenne were insignificant. In a few weeks he had changed the relative position of all the states in Europe, and had restored the equilibrium which the preponderance of one power had destroyed. In every Continental country where Protestant congregations met, fervent thanks were offered to God, who, from among the progeny of His servants, Maurice, the deliverer of Germany, and William, the deliverer of Holland, had raised up a third deliverer, the wisest and mightiest of all. . . .

One of the chief functions of our sovereigns had long been to preside over the society of the capital. That function Charles the Second had performed with immense success. His easy bow, his good stories, his style of dancing and playing tennis, the sound of his cordial laugh, were familiar to all London. One day he was seen among the elms of St. James' Park chatting with Dryden about poetry. Another day his arm was on Tom Durfey's shoulder; and his majesty was taking a second while his companion sang "Phillida, Phillida," or "To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse." But of this sociableness William was entirely destitute. He seldom came forth from his closet; and when he appeared in the public rooms, he stood among the crowd of courtiers and ladies stern and abstracted, making no jest and smiling at none. His freezing look, his silence, the dry and concise answers which he uttered when he could keep silence no longer, disgusted noblemen who had been accustomed to be slapped on the back by their royal masters, called Jack or Harry, congratulated about race-cups, or rallied about actresses. The women missed the homage due to their sex. They observed that the king spoke in a somewhat imperious tone, even to the wife to whom he owed so much, and whom he sincerely loved and esteemed. They were amused and shocked to see him, when the Prin-

cess Anne dined with him, and when the first green peas of the year were put on the table, devour the whole dish without offering a spoonful to her royal highness; and they pronounced that this great soldier and politician was no better than a Low Dutch bear.

One misfortune, which was imputed to him as a crime, was his bad English. He spoke our language, but not well. His accent was foreign, his diction was inelegant, and his vocabulary seems to have been no larger than was necessary for the transaction of business. To the difficulty which he felt in expressing himself, and to his consciousness that his pronunciation was bad, must be partly ascribed the taciturnity and the short answers which gave so much offense. Our literature he was incapable of enjoying or of understanding. He never once, during his whole reign, showed himself at the theatre. The poets who wrote Pindaric verses in his praise complained that their flights of sublimity were beyond his comprehension. Those who are acquainted with the panegyrical odes of that age will perhaps be of opinion that he did not lose much by his ignorance.

It is true that his wife did her best to supply what was wanting, and that she was excellently qualified to be the head of the court. She was English by birth, and English also in her tastes and feelings. Her face was handsome, her port majestic, her temper sweet and lively, her manners affable and graceful. Her understanding, though very imperfectly cultivated, was quick. There was no want of feminine wit and shrewdness in her conversation, and her letters were so well expressed that they deserved to be well spelled. She took much pleasure in the lighter kinds of literature, and did something toward bringing books into fashion among ladies of quality. The stainless purity of her private life, and the strict attention which she paid to her religious duties, were the more respectable, because she was singularly free from censoriousness, and discouraged scandal as much as vice. . . . Her charities were munificent and judicious; and, though she made no ostentatious display of them, it was known that she retrenched from her own state in order to relieve Protestants whom persecution had driven from France and Ireland, and who were starving in the garrets of London. So amiable was her conduct, that she was generally spoken of with esteem and tenderness by the most respectable of those who disapproved of the manner in which she had been raised to the throne, and even of those who refused to acknowledge her as queen.

The same eminent critic quoted before comments as follows: "The history is universal, and not broken. It comprehends events of every kind, and treats of them simultaneously. Some have related the history of races, others of classes, others of governments, others of sentiments, ideas, and manners; Macaulay has related all. He has separated nothing, and passed nothing by. His portraits are mingled with his narrative. Read those of Danby, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Howe, during the account of a session, between two parliamentary divisions. Short curious anecdotes, domestic details, the description of furniture, intersect, without disjointing, the record of a war. A political dissertation precedes or follows the relation of a battle; at other times the author is a tourist or a psychologist before becoming a politician or a tactician.

“He is successively an economist, a literary man, a publicist, an artist, an historian, a biographer, a story-teller, even a philosopher; by this diversity of parts he imitates the diversity of human life, and presents to the eyes, heart, mind, all the faculties of man, the complete history of the civilization of his country.

“I know no historian who has a surer, better furnished, better regulated memory. When he is relating the actions of a man or a party, he sees in an instant all the events of his history, and all the maxims of his conduct; he has all the details present; he remembers them every moment, in great numbers. No one has so well taught or known history. He is as much steeped in it as his personages. . . . No one explains better, or so much, as Macaulay. It seems as if he were making a wager with his reader, and said to him: Be as absent in mind, as stupid, as ignorant as you please; in vain you will be absent in mind, you shall listen to me; in vain you will be stupid, you shall understand; in vain you will be ignorant, you shall learn. . . .

“He proves all that he says, with astonishing vigor and authority. We are almost certain never to go astray in following him. If he cites a witness, he begins by measuring the veracity and intelligence of the authors quoted, and by correcting the errors they may have committed, through negligence or partiality. If he pronounces a judgment, he relies on the most certain facts, the clearest principles, the simplest and most logical deductions. If he develops an argument, he never loses himself in a digression; he always has his goal before his eyes; he advances towards it by the surest and straightest road. If he rises to general consideration, he mounts step by step through all the grades of generalization, without omitting one; he feels the ground every instant; he neither adds nor subtracts from facts; he desires, at the cost of every precaution and research, to arrive at the precise truth. He knows an infinity of details of every kind; he owns a great number of philosophic ideas of every species; but his erudition is as well tempered as his philosophy, and both constitute a coin worthy of circulation, amongst all thinking minds.”

HENRY HALLAM.

HENRY HALLAM was born at Windsor, in the year 1777. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. On completing his collegiate course he located in London, where before many years he won a name as a litterateur and as a philanthropist. The work that brought him into general notice, however, was his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*,—i. e., from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century,—which was given to the public in 1818. Our first extract from this work shall be the

CHARACTER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The epoch made by Charlemagne in the history of the world, the illustrious families which prided themselves in him as their progenitor, the very legions of romance, which are full of his fabulous exploits, have cast a lustre around his head, and testify the greatness that has embodied itself in his name. None indeed of Charlemagne's wars can be compared with the Saracenic victory of Charles Martel; but *that* was a contest for freedom, *his* for conquest; and fame is more partial to successful aggression than to patriotic resistance. As a scholar, his acquisitions were probably little superior to those of his unrespected son; and in several points of view the glory of Charlemagne might be extenuated by an analytical dissection.

But, rejecting a mode of judging equally uncandid and fallacious, we shall find that he possessed in everything that grandeur of conception which distinguishes extraordinary minds. Like Alexander, he seemed born for universal innovation: in a life restlessly active, we see him reforming the coinage, and establishing the legal divisions of money; gathering about him the learned of every country; founding schools and collecting libraries; interfering, but with the tone of a king, in religious controversies; aiming, though prematurely, at the formation of a naval force; attempting, for the sake of commerce, the magnificent enterprise of uniting the Rhine and the Danube; and meditating to mold the discordant codes of Roman and barbarian laws into a uniform system.

The great qualities of Charlemagne were indeed alloyed by the vices of a barbarian and a conqueror. Nine wives, whom he divorced with very little ceremony, attest the license of his private life, which his temperance and frugality can hardly be said to redeem. Unsparing of blood, though not constitutionally cruel, and wholly indifferent to the means which his ambition prescribed, he beheaded in one day four thousand Saxons; an act of atrocious butchery, after which his persecuting edicts, pronouncing the pain of death against those who refused baptism, or even who ate flesh during Lent, seem scarcely worthy of notice. This union of barbarous

ferocity with elevated views of national improvement, might suggest the parallel of Peter the Great. But the degrading habits and brute violence of the Muscovite place him at an immense distance from the restorer of the empire.

A strong sympathy for intellectual excellence was the leading characteristic of Charlemagne, and this undoubtedly biased him in the chief political error of his conduct, that of encouraging the power and pretensions of the hierarchy. But, perhaps, his greatest eulogy is written in the disgraces of succeeding times, and the miseries of Europe. He stands alone like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean. His sceptre was as the bow of Ulysses, which could not be drawn by any weaker hand. In the dark ages of European history, the reign of Charlemagne affords a solitary resting-place between two long periods of turbulence and ignominy, deriving the advantages of contrast both from that of the preceding dynasty and of a posterity for whom he had formed an empire which they were unworthy and unequal to maintain.

Our second extract from the same work shall be

ABOUT TOURNAMENTS.

The kings of France and England held solemn or plenary courts at the great festivals, or at other times, where the name of knight was always a title to admittance; and the masque of chivalry, if I may use the expression, was acted in pageants and ceremonies, fantastical enough in our apprehension, but well calculated for those heated understandings. Here the peacock and the pheasant, birds of high fame in romance, received the homage of all true knights.

The most singular festival of this kind was that celebrated by Philip, duke of Burgundy, in 1453. In the midst of the banquet a pageant was introduced, representing the calamitous state of religion in consequence of the recent capture of Constantinople. This was followed by the appearance of a pheasant, which was laid before the duke, and to which the knights present addressed their vows to undertake a crusade, in the following very characteristic preamble: I swear before God my creator in the first place, and the glorious Virgin his mother, and next before the ladies and the pheasant.

Tournaments were a still more powerful incentive to emulation. These may be considered to have arisen about the middle of the eleventh century; for though every martial people have found diversion in representing the image of war, yet the name of tournaments, and the laws that regulated them, cannot be traced any higher. Every scenic performance of modern times must be tame in comparison of these animating combats.

At a tournament, the space enclosed within the lists was surrounded by sovereign princes and their noblest barons, by knights of established renown, and all that rank and beauty had most distinguished among the fair. Covered with steel, and known only by the emblazoned shield, or by the favors of their mistresses, a still prouder bearing, the combatants rushed forward to a strife without enmity, but not without danger. Though their weapons were pointless, and sometimes only of wood, though they were bound by the laws of tournaments to strike only upon the strong armor of the trunk, or, as it was called, between the four limbs, those impetuous conflicts often terminated in wounds and death.

The church uttered her excommunications in vain against so wanton an exposure to peril; but it was more easy for her to excite than to restrain that martial enthusiasm. Victory in a tournament was little less glorious, and perhaps at the moment more exquisitely felt, than in the field; since no battle could assemble such witnesses of valor. "Honor to the sons of the brave," resounded amid the din of martial music from the lips of the minstrels, as the conqueror advanced to receive the prize from his queen or his mistress; while the surrounding multitude acknowledged in his prowess of that day an augury of triumphs that might in more serious contests be blended with those of his country.

Speaking of the work represented by the preceding extracts, the "Edinburgh Review" remarks:

"Mr. Hallam appears to have bestowed much time and much reflection on his subject. . . . To a familiar acquaintance with the early chronicles and original histories of the Barbarians, he has added a diligent examination of their laws; and wherever records throw their steady and certain light on the progress of events, he has consulted them with care. But it is not the labor and industry employed by Mr. Hallam in the composition of this work, nor even the valuable and interesting information it contains, that constitute its chief or peculiar merit. It is written throughout with a spirit of freedom and liberality that do credit to the author. A firm but temperate love of liberty, an enlightened but cautious philosophy, form its distinguished excellence. We never find the author attempting to palliate injustice or excuse oppression: and whenever he treats of popular rights, or pronounces upon the contentions of subjects with their sovereigns, we meet with a freedom and intrepidity of discussion that remind us of better times. But, though a decided enemy to the encroachments of arbitrary power, Mr. Hallam is no infatuated admirer of ancient turbulence nor blind apologist of popular excesses. If, indeed, there is any quality of his work that merits our unqualified approbation, it is the spirit of fairness and impartiality that pervades the whole."

About nine years after the publication of the foregoing work, appeared (1827) our author's second historical production—*The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* Chapter XVIII. of this work contains the following concise and comprehensive exhibit of

THE EARLY STATE OF IRELAND.

In the twelfth century it is evident that the Irish nation had made far less progress in the road of improvement than any other of Europe in circumstances of climate and position so little unfavorable. They had no arts that deserve the name, nor any commerce, their best line of sea-coast being occupied by the Norwegians. They had no fortified towns, nor any houses

or castles of stone, the first having been erected at Tuam a very few years before the invasion of Henry. Their conversion to Christianity, indeed, and the multitude of cathedral and conventual churches erected throughout the island, had been the cause, and probably the sole cause, of the rise of some cities, or villages with that name, such as Armagh, Cashel, and Trim; but neither the chiefs nor the people loved to be confined within their precincts, and chose rather to dwell in scattered cabins amid the free solitude of bogs and mountains.

As we might expect, their qualities were such as belong to man by his original nature, and which he displays in all parts of the globe where the state of society is inartificial: they were gay, generous, hospitable, ardent in attachment and hate, credulous of falsehood, prone to anger and violence, generally crafty and cruel. With these very general attributes of a barbarous people, the Irish character was distinguished by a peculiar vivacity of imagination, an enthusiasm and impetuosity of passion, and a more than ordinary bias toward a submissive and superstitious spirit in religion.

This spirit may justly be traced, in a great measure, to the virtues and piety of the early preachers of the Gospel in that country. Their influence, though at this remote age and with our imperfect knowledge it may hardly be distinguishable amid the licentiousness and ferocity of a rude people, was necessarily directed to counteract those vices, and cannot have failed to mitigate and compensate their evil. In the seventh and eighth centuries, while a total ignorance seemed to overspread the face of Europe, the monasteries and schools of Ireland preserved, in the best manner they could, such learning as had survived the revolutions of the Roman world. But the learning of monasteries had never much effect in dispelling the ignorance of the laity; and, indeed, even in them, it had decayed long before the twelfth century. The clergy were respected and numerous, the bishops alone amounting at one time to no less than three hundred; and it has been maintained by our most learned writers, that they were wholly independent of the See of Rome till, a little before the English invasion, one of their primates thought fit to solicit the pall from thence on his consecration, according to the discipline long practiced in our Western churches.

It will be readily perceived that the government of Ireland must have been almost entirely aristocratical, and, though not strictly feudal, not very unlike that of the feudal confederacies in France during the ninth and tenth centuries. It was, perhaps, still more oppressive. The ancient condition of the common people of Ireland, says Sir James Ware, was very little different from slavery. Unless we believe this condition to have been greatly deteriorated under the rule of their native chieftains after the English settlement, for which there seems no good reason, we must give little credit to the fanciful pictures of prosperity and happiness in that period of aboriginal independence which the Irish, in their discontent with later times, have been apt to draw.

They had, no doubt, like all other nations, good and wise princes, as well as tyrants and usurpers; but we find by their annals that, out of two hundred ancient kings, of whom some brief memorials are recorded, not more than thirty came to a natural death, while for the later period, the oppression of the Irish chieftains, and of those degenerate English who trod in their steps, and emulated the vices they should have restrained, is the one constant theme of history. Their exactions kept the peasants in hopeless poverty, their tyranny in perpetual fear. The chief claimed a right of taking from his tenants provisions for his own use at discretion, or

of sojourning in their houses. This was called coshery, and is somewhat analogous to the royal prerogative of purveyance. A still more terrible oppression was the quartering of the lords' soldiers on the people, sometimes mitigated by a composition, called by the Irish bonaght; for the perpetual warfare of these petty chieftains had given rise to the employment of mercenary troops, partly natives, partly from Scotland, known by the uncouth name of Kerns and Gallowglasses, who proved the scourge of Ireland down to its subjugation by Elizabeth.

This unusually backward condition of society furnished but an inauspicious presage for the future. Yet we may be led by the analogy of other countries to think it probable that, if Ireland had not tempted the cupidity of her neighbors, there would have arisen in the course of time some Egbert or Harold Harfager to consolidate the provincial kingdoms into one hereditary monarchy, which, by the adoption of better laws, the increase of commerce, and a frequent intercourse with the chief courts of Europe, might have taken as respectable a station as that of Scotland in the Commonwealth of Christendom. If the two islands had afterward become incorporated through intermarriage of their sovereigns, as would very likely have taken place, it might have been on such conditions of equality as Ireland, till lately, has never known, and certainly without that long tragedy of crime and misfortune which her annals unfold.

In an elaborate and able review of the *Constitutional History*, written in 1828, Macaulay observes: "Mr. Hallam is, on the whole, far better qualified than any other writer of our time for the office which he has undertaken. He has great industry and great acuteness. His knowledge is extensive, various, and profound. His mind is equally distinguished by the amplitude of its grasp and by the delicacy of its tact. His speculations have none of that vagueness which is the common fault of political philosophy. On the contrary, they are strikingly practical. They teach us not only the general rule, but the mode of applying it to solve particular cases.

"The style is sometimes harsh, and sometimes obscure. We have also here and there remarked a little of that unpleasant trick which Gibbon brought into fashion—the trick, we mean, of narrating by implication and allusion. Mr. Hallam, however, has an excuse which Gibbon had not. His work is designed for readers who are already acquainted with the ordinary books on English history, and who can therefore unriddle these little enigmas without difficulty.

"His work is eminently judicial. Its whole spirit is that of the bench, not of the bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alternately biting their lips to hear their conflicting misstatements and sophisms exposed. On a general survey, we do not scruple to pronounce the *Constitutional History* the most impartial book that we ever read. . . .

"We should probably like Mr. Hallam's book more, if instead of pointing out, with strict fidelity, the bright points and the dark spots of both parties, he had exerted himself to whitewash the one and to blacken the other. But we should certainly prize it far less. Eulogy and invective may be had for the asking. But for cold, rigid justice—the one weight and the one measure—we know not where else we can look."

As a recognition of the rare merit of the two works already mentioned, Hallam had bestowed on him, in 1830, one of the two valuable medals instituted by George IV. for eminence in historical composition. In 1837–39 appeared the third and last great production of our author—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*. Volume LXXII. of the "Edinburgh Review" pronounces this "The most important contribution to literary history which English libraries have received for many years. It has a dry and austere style, uniformly clear, indeed, and English, but sometimes chastised to a degree of tameness, sometimes, though not often, laboriously figurative, and loaded with rather heavy ornament. But most assuredly the reader who does not employ it merely to fill up the leisure of a few hours, but consults it for guidance, and refers to its authority, will never use it without an augmented sense of its value, and respect for its author. He will be struck with the modest simplicity with which its stores of very extensive erudition are displayed. He will be struck with an honesty, even in the mere conduct of the work, rarely found in publications pretending to anything like the same amount of research."

Hallam died in January, 1859.

WILLIAM COWPER.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

—MRS. BROWNING.

WILLIAM COWPER was born on the 15th of November, 1731, at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, of which place his father was rector. At the age of six he lost his mother. "I can truly say," said Cowper, nearly fifty years after her death, "that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her: such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." We may no longer doubt the genuineness of his profession, when we read the verses he wrote, a little later, on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk, the gift of a cousin; verses which Hazlitt has declared to be "some of the most pathetic that ever were written."

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrance of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!

Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a Mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My Mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced

A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humor, interposed, too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"
And thy loved Consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

A few years after his mother's death a complaint in his eyes, which threatened blindness, caused his removal to the house of a female oculist in London, from whence, at the age of ten, he was sent to Westminster school. About seven years were spent here, our poet leaving the school with a considerable classical reputation to enter on the study of law.

In 1752 he took chambers in the Temple, but during the eleven years of his occupancy neither got, nor sought to get, any practice. This professional failure must be attributed for the most part to a morbid sensitiveness and constitutional melancholy, which from early youth had verily dominated over him—the same that the bare thought of appearing, a few years later, at the bar of the House of Lords and taking the oath necessary to qualify him as Clerk of the Journals, excited into insanity. In this sad state he remained for a year and a half in charge of Doctor Cotton of St. Alban's; when, recovering his reason, he removed to Huntingdon, and there formed the invaluable acquaintance of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Unwin. Of the latter he wrote, in March, 1766, "The lady in whose house I live is so excellent a person, and regards me with a friendship so truly Christian, that I could almost fancy my mother restored to life again, to compensate me for all the friends I have lost and all my connexions broken."

With this motherly woman he removed, after her husband's

death, to Olney; and here he contracted another most fortunate friendship, that of Rev. John Newton. But alas! his mind, which had been tolerably free from annoyance for eight years, now (1773) exhibited a return of its former derangement. A conviction that his soul was excluded from the reach of Divine mercy took possession of him, and despite the expostulations of esteemed friends, held him in its gloomy power more or less completely to the end of his life.

His first volume of poems, including *The Progress of Error, Truth, Table-Talk*, and *Expostulation*, was published in 1781, when our author was fifty years of age. Its appearance was no doubt largely due to the encouraging influence Mrs. Unwin exerted over the poet. Indeed, the tender, sympathetic, and sunny companionship of women seems to have been a vital and salutary element of Cowper's poetic life; for it is pretty well authenticated that to the suggestions of Lady Austen, Lady Hesketh, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin, are to be traced the themes at least of many of his happiest creations, such, for instance, as the *Task*, *The History of John Gilpin*, and his translation of *Homer*.

The *Task* was published in 1785. From this poem—Book I.—The Sofa—we excerpt the following passages, descriptive of a summer landscape.

Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft, upon yon eminence, our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His laboring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain, diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
Delighted.

There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That as with molten glass inlays the vale,

The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years:
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit, while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

And now, turning the glass a little, we come upon a winter scene.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,

Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way ;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning East,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy West ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.

I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
No powder'd pest, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.

The Poet's or Historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry : the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine Bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love enjoy.

Next let us listen to "The Timepiece," as it sublimely measures off for us the following eloquent satire :

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own.
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry—heu; and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practiced at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

Some, decent in demeanor while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket-mirror.—First we stroke
An eyebrow; next compose a straggling lock;
Then, with an air most gracefully perform'd,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye

With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognise the slow-retiring fair.—
Now, this is fulsome, and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul.
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No! he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those, by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

A second volume of poems, including *Tirocinium*; or, *A Review of Schools*, was published in 1784. The translation of *Homer* was completed and published by subscription in 1791. Cowper next undertook, in conjunction with his friend William Hayley, an edition of Milton, which work, however, was never completed. In 1794 a pension of three hundred pounds was granted him by government.

The remainder of our poet's life was more than usually characterized by mental despondency and torturing fancies. In its few lucid intervals he was occupied with a revision of his translation of *Homer*, with translating Greek epigrams, and with composing a few short Latin and English poems—the "Cast-away" being the last of his original verses. The death of his devoted friend, Mrs. Unwin, in 1796, proved the removal of the last of the few objects he had ever considered life worth living for, and he rapidly sank into a state of unmitigable despondency, dying on the 25th of April, 1800.

As an example of an exceptional style of composition with Cowper, we cite the

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,—
Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happen’d, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!

Our concluding extract will serve as a transcript of Cowper’s prevailing state of mind and thought:

THE SHRUBBERY.

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fix'd unalterable Care
Forgoes not what she feels within;
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While Peace possess'd these silent bowers
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish woe!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

“The great merit of this writer appears to us to consist in the boldness and originality of his composition, and in the fortunate audacity with which he has carried the dominion of poetry into regions that had been considered as inaccessible to her ambition. Cowper was one of the first who reclaimed the natural liberty of invention, and walked abroad in the open field of observation as freely as those by whom it was originally trodden. He passed from the imitation of poets to the imitation of nature, and ventured boldly upon the representation of objects that had not been sanctified by the description of any of his predecessors. In the ordinary occupations and duties of domestic life, and the consequences of modern manners, in the common scenery of a rustic situation, and the obvious contemplation of our public institutions, he has found a multitude of subjects for ridicule and reflection, for pathetic and picturesque description, for moral declamation, and devotional rap-

ture, that would have been looked upon with disdain, or with despair, by most of our poetical adventurers.

“He took as wide a range in language, too, as in matter; and, shaking off the tawdry incumbrance of that poetical diction which had nearly reduced the art to the skilful collocation of a set of conventional phrases, he made no scruple to set down in verse every expression that would have been admitted in prose, and to take advantage of all the varieties with which our language could supply him.

“But, in disdaining to follow the footsteps of others, he has frequently mistaken the way, and has been exasperated, by their blunders, to rush into opposite extremes. In his contempt for their scrupulous selection of topics, he has introduced some that are unquestionably low and uninteresting; and in his zeal to strip off the tinsel and embroidery of their language, he has sometimes torn it into terrible rents and beggarly tatters. He is a great master of English, and evidently values himself upon his skill and facility in the application of rich and diversified idioms: but he has indulged himself in this exercise a little too fondly, and has degraded some grave and animated passages by the unlucky introduction of expressions unquestionably too colloquial and familiar.”*

* Francis Jeffrey in *Edinburgh Review*.

ROBERT BURNS.

The lark of Scotia's morning sky!
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
He walked among the daisies,
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
He soared to fields of glory;
But left his land her sweetest song
And earth her saddest story.

HOLMES.

ROBERT BURNS was born January 25, 1759, in the Parish of Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland. His father—a farmer of very meager means—was a thoughtful, earnest, pious, and not unintelligent man, to whose active interest Robert owed no small part of his early training; while to his mother, and to an old woman who lived in the family, he was indebted for his knowledge of and his keen relish for the early ballads, the legendary tales, and the ghost and witch lore of his native country. Much farming and little schooling were the two main ingredients of Burns's youthful years; but, touched by the vitalizing writings of Shakespeare, Pope, and Allan Ramsay, it was during this same period of rusticity that he began to be sensible of his poetic gift, and felt a divine urgency to its exercise. His instinctive repugnance to the harsh, unlovable tenets of the Calvinism of his day, was the most conspicuous occasion of his earliest literary efforts; the fruits whereof we recognize in those satires, *The Holy Fair*, *The Ordination*, and *Holy Willie's Prayer*.

Burns's first volume of poems was published for the express purpose of obtaining the means to enable him to fly from his "native banks of Ayr," to avoid the consequences of certain distressful entanglements of a social nature, which in the heat and indiscretion of youth he had involved himself in. A copy of this volume falling into the hands of Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, was the cause of his being invited to that center of Scotch

culture. And so, in 1786, instead of the friendless exile from his native country he had despairingly elected for himself, we behold him arrived in that country's splendid capital, the invited and the most highly flattered guest of its men of wealth and of letters.

He spends, unspoilt, several months in the midst of these blandishments; obtains a handsome subscription to his volume of poems; from which, together with the sale of his copyright, he is said to have realized no less than £700; visits the English border, also the northern parts of Scotland; then returns to his obscure home; retrieves his late disgraceful conduct by honorably marrying Jane Armour; and, in 1788, settles down to the life of a farmer in Elliesland. The three years that immediately followed were, he maintains, the happiest of his whole life. Among the occasional products of his muse, at this period, was the long, spirited, and amusing witch-tale of *Tam O'Shanter*.

In 1791, Burns quitted the peaceful, virtuous employments of his farm for an appointment as exciseman at the town of Dumfries. Here, it is generally allowed, began his downward career; for he not only frequented the clubs, where he met spirits somewhat kindred to his own, but even condescended to lavish the pearly treasures of his heart and brain upon swinish revelers. Nevertheless, it was during the four or five years of his residence at Dumfries that he produced his finest lyrics. But the almost continual dissipation that marked his life here, together with the grief experienced from the death of his only daughter, excited to their fatalest activity certain life-long organic disorders, and Burns died July 21, 1796.

"With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler Mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of man. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside

to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines."*

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

"The house of William Burns was the scene of this fine, devout, and tranquil drama, and William himself was the saint, the father, and the husband, who gives life and sentiment to the whole."

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;†
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh:
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher‡ thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle,§ blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie Wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh|| and care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve,¶ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun':
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie** rin
 A cannie†† errand to a neeber town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,

* Carlyle in *Edinburgh Review*, 1828.

† Bluster.

‡ Stagger.

§ Fire.

|| Anxiety.

¶ Presently.

** Heedful.

†† Dexterous.

Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers: *
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd, fleet;
 Each tells the uncos† that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The Mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars‡ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;—
 The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warned to obey;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
 “And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!”

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens§ the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the Mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;||
 A strappan youth; he tak's the Mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.¶
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate,** an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.††

* Inquires.

† News.

‡ Makes.

§ Knows.

|| Into the room.

¶ Cows.

** Bashful.

†† The rest.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 "If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns the simple board,
 The halesome parritch,* chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie† does afford,
 That 'yont‡ the hallan snugly‡ chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd § kebbuck,§ fell,||
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond ¶ auld, sin' lint** was i' the bell.**

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart †† haffets †† wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;

* Oatmeal pudding. † Cow. ‡ Beyond the wall. § Well-kept cheese.
 || Biting or keen. ¶ Twelvemonth. ** Flax in flower. †† Gray temples.

14
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

15
The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or wrapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

16
Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand:
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command.

17
Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear:
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

18
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

19 Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 Their Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

20 From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

21 O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

22 O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart:
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun* crush among the stoure†

* Must.

† Dust.

Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's* maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield†
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie‡ stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 'Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

* Walls.

† Shelter.

‡ Dry or barren.

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 'Till wrenched of every stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 'Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

THE WHISTLE.

"In the train of Anne of Denmark," says Burns, "when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory." The present contest took place in the dining-room of Friars-Carse, Burns being present as the judge.

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 "This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
 And drink them to hell, sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on his whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the Lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
 Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
 Craigarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;

And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rosie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
Though fate said—a hero shall perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink;—
“Craigdarroch, thou ’lt soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

“Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

“This song,” says Burns, “alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” “Nannie” is likely the heroine.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o’ the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro’ the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.*

Not Gowrie’s rich valleys, nor Forth’s sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o’ yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequester’d stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still by my path,
Ilk † stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; ‡
For there, wi’ my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o’er us unheeded flee the swift hours o’ love.

She is not the fairest, altho’ she is fair;
O’ nice education but sma’ is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo’e the dear lassie because she lo’es me.

To beauty what man but maun § yield him a prize,
In her armor of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e’e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me:

* As written by Burns, the last two lines of each verse are repeated.

† Each.

‡ Bottom land or plain.

§ Must.

And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

WINTER: A DIRGE.

This is one of Burns's earliest poems, and was written during the season it commemorates, "just after a train of misfortunes."

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While tumbling brown, the burn* comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (O, do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign!

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.†

Written in September, 1793.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

* A stream of water.

† This is the poet's first and favorite version.

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den:
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighboring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

“The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience: it is the scenes he has lived and labored amidst, that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it, too, with such melody and modulation as he can; ‘in homely rustic jingle;’ but it is his own, and genuine. . . .

“In addition to his sincerity, it has another peculiar merit. It displays itself in his choice of subjects, or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. . . . He shows himself at least a poet of Nature's own making; and Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets. . . . Independently of this essential gift of poetic feeling, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written: a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life, and hardy, natural men. . . . We see in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. . . .

“And observe with what a prompt and eager force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! . . . Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns: the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that

rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear, and definite a likeness!

"But, unless we mistake, the intellectual gift of Burns is fine as well as strong. The more delicate relations of things could not well have escaped his eye, for they were intimately present to his heart. . . . No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the poetry of Burns, keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is Love towards all Nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. . . .

"By far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. The reason may be, that Song is a brief and simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. . . . Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades his poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view: in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves *are* music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. . . .

"With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy: he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft. If we further take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud, flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a peck 'o Maunt*, to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven*; from the glad, kind greeting of *Auld Langsyne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart,—it will seem a small praise if we rank him as first of all British song-writers."*

* Carlyle in *Edinburgh Review*, 1828.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born November 10, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, Longford County, Ireland. His parents were respectable, but very poor. At the age of six he was placed in charge of the village school-master—an old soldier and vagabond pedagogue, who fed the minds of his unruly pupils mainly on campaigning stories, fairy superstitions, and doggerel of his own making. Such a master was a godsend to young Goldsmith, to whom severe study was ever repugnant, but whose nature eagerly devoured and assimilated all that partook of the fabulous, the romantic, and the poetic.

His career at several schools to which he was sent at a later date—through the assistance of his uncle, John Goldsmith—is thus described by one of his biographers.* “Even at these schools his proficiency does not appear to have been brilliant. He was indolent and careless, however, rather than dull, and, on the whole, appears to have been well thought of by his teachers. In his studies he inclined toward the Latin poets and historians; relished Ovid and Horace, and delighted in Livy. He exercised himself with pleasure in reading and translating Tacitus, and was brought to pay attention to style in his compositions by a reproof from his brother Henry, to whom he had written brief and confused letters, and who told him in reply, that, if he had but little to say, to endeavor to say that well.”

At length—in 1745—he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer, or poor scholar. Here he spent about four years, principally in neglecting his studies, and in cultivating convivial habits. Leaving the college, he reluctantly consented to prepare himself for holy orders. The character of this preparation is sketched as follows by Irving. “During this loitering life

* Washington Irving.

Goldsmith pursued no study, but rather amused himself with miscellaneous reading; such as biography, travels, poetry, novels, plays—everything, in short, that administered to the imagination. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the river Inny; where, in after years, when he had become famous, his favorite seats and haunts used to be pointed out. Often he joined in the rustic sports of the villagers, and became adroit at throwing the sledge, a favorite feat of activity and strength in Ireland." As the result of *such* a course of study he failed of ordination.

After this, Goldsmith served for a short time as a tutor in a gentleman's family, and immediately upon canceling his engagement squandered his earnings in a journey to Cork. His friends next determined—for our author seems ever to have been incapable of determining anything for himself—that he should try the law; but the fifty pounds wherewith his uncle supplied him for this purpose he lost in a gambling-house in Dublin. At the instance of Dean Goldsmith, another kinsman, he next essayed physic. Two years were spent in Edinburgh, and another at Leyden, on the Continent, in attendance upon medical lectures. But at this juncture, having spent for some costly tulip-roots, as a present for his generous uncle John, all the money he had borrowed for conveying him to Paris, where he intended to complete his medical studies, "he actually set off on a tour of the Continent, in February, 1755, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea."

Two years were thus consumed, during which he attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle at Paris, made the acquaintance of Voltaire, and traveled on foot through parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, procuring his beggarly subsistence principally by his indifferent skill upon the flute, and by disputations upon philosophy and literature at certain of the universities and convents.

Returning to England, he at length, with great difficulty, found his way to London, where "we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather, drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few half-pence in his pocket." Usher to a school, assistant in a laboratory, physi-

cian, proof-reader, school-master,—these were the makeshifts by which poor Goldsmith barely kept himself alive for his first year in London.

In 1757 Goldsmith assumed—incredible as it may appear in view of the multifarious stations he had already flitted into and out of—still another character—that of a literary hack. This he began as a contributor to the “Monthly Review;” and, as a scribbler for various periodicals, a compiler of works on history, literature, biography, and natural history, and a writer of prefaces, notes, and introductions,—excepting, of course, those rare intervals of original authorship,—protracted its killing drudgery to the day of his death.

About 1760, Goldsmith became personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, “The great Cham of Literature,” in whom he found a most constant and valuable friend. These, together with Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Langton, Beauclerc, Chamier, and Hawkins, shortly afterward formed what subsequently became the famous Literary Club. Improved and stimulated by the society of such cultured and powerful minds, Goldsmith, in the moments of leisure that interspersed his hours of mercenary toil, converted his large experience of life into those charming and lasting compositions, whose familiarity might almost excuse their mention,—the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Traveler*, the *Deserted Village*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

“I received, one morning,” says Dr. Johnson, “a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.”

"This novel was the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which was not published, however, until two years after the above incident. It was rescued from its dusty imprisonment in the drawer of an unappreciative publisher, by the *eclat* resulting from the publication of the *Traveler* (1764).

"The plan of the latter was conceived many years before, during his travels in Switzerland, and a sketch of it sent from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. The original outline is said to have embraced a wider scope; but it was probably contracted through diffidence, in the process of finishing the parts. It had laid by him for several years in a crude state, and it was with extreme hesitation, and after much revision, that he at length submitted it to Dr. Johnson. The frank and warm approbation of the latter encouraged him to finish it for the press; and Dr. Johnson himself contributed a few lines towards the conclusion."*

At his summer retreat for the year 1768—a little embowered cottage agreeably situated about eight miles from London, he composed the greater part of the *Deserted Village*, which was not published, however, until 1770. The characters and the scenery of this beautiful poem were all suggested by the personages, surroundings, and incidents of his boyhood's home at Lissoy,—his father and his brother alternately sitting for the picture of the pastor.

The revenue arising from the publication of these works,—although meager in any one instance,—together with that derived from his numerous literary "jobs," was considerable, at least enough, had it been economically managed, to have placed him in comfortable circumstances during the latter part of his life; but so impulsively generous was his nature, as well as improvident, that these hard-earned wages were no sooner got in hand, than thrown away either in sumptuous suppers or in the most indiscreet charities. Between merry "Clubs" and specious "Acquaintances" he was robbed, or rather robbed himself, not only of the comforts, but even of the necessities of life. Health and its attendant, spirits, went along with his means, death shortly following these. He died April 4, 1774.

From the many choice incidents that abound in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, we select the following:

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupation abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town,

* *Biography of Goldsmith*, by Washington Irving.

with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections.

It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family—my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughter happening to return a visit to neighbor Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner who traveled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner—for what could I do?—our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our tastes in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted as being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This

was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request.

The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colors; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbors. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle: some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honor too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honor of Mr. Thornhill's (the 'Squire) addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him on this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme into execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands. "But heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, what is she? but what has she? is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks, and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish

I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. but now, that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband." "Ay, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?" "No, madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person who deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she's a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak what I think; she's an angel."

"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl; but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager: you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals (which was actually the case): but, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."

"How! madam!" replied he, "my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never! What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons." "Indeed, sir," cried Deborah, "if you have your reasons, that's another affair, but I should be glad to know those reasons." "Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery (laying his hand upon his bosom); they remain buried, riveted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine; it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

Our remaining extracts are from the *Deserted Village*.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene.
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

* * * * *

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

* * * * *

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;

Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

* * * * *

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

As a writer of light drama Goldsmith is pronouncedly amusing—decidedly laughter-provoking. His plots are usually strained and unnatural, and his characters are eccentrics rather than normal men and women; but there are always present in his plays all those ingenious contrivances of situation, of individual action, and of dialogue, that constitute stage effect.

His prose writings are admirable condensations of the subject they treat of. They are undoubtedly superficial, uncritical, and inaccurate, but they never lack attractiveness. Dr. Johnson's prediction concerning Goldsmith, to wit, "He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as agreeable as a Persian tale," was verified to the letter.

In fiction Goldsmith was a master of the art of delineating the amiable weaknesses and foibles of human nature. Though his satire bore a stinging rod in its right hand, its eyes were ever moist with sympathetic tears.

The characteristics of his poetry were simplicity, chasteness and sweetness of sentiment, selectness of expression, a most musical versification, vivid description of natural scenery, and an earnest, moral purpose.

"Goldsmith, both in verse and prose, was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream. His ease is quite unconscious. Everything in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected; yet elegant, harmonious, graceful, and nearly faultless. . . . As a poet, he is the most flowing and elegant of our versifiers since Pope, with traits of artless nature which Pope had not, and with a peculiar felicity in his turns upon words, which he constantly repeated with delightful effect." *

* *Essays* by William Hazlitt.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, graduating at the latter in 1738. From his letters written while at college, we learn that he neglected mathematical studies for poetry, classical literature, modern languages, history, and polite learning generally.

Shortly after completing his studies, upon the invitation of Horace Walpole, whose acquaintance he made at Eton, Gray succeeded in gratifying his observing and inquisitive mind, and his æsthetic tastes, by an extensive tour through the most interesting parts of France and Italy. Works of art, marvels in architecture, music, foreign languages, manners, and customs, all became ministers to his susceptible and assimilating nature, informing his mind, enriching his fancy, and educating his tastes. His beautiful *Alcaic Ode* was composed during these travels.

On his return home, Gray again took up his residence at Cambridge, with the professed intention of studying law. For this study, however, he manifested no natural liking or aptness; and accordingly we find him employing his mind mainly in the perusal of the classic authors, in making translations from them, and in composing Latin epistles, Greek epigrams, and English odes.

It was not until 1747 that Gray first ventured before the public as an author, when he published the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. The study of Greek literature seems to have engrossed his attention for the next two years; when he finished what had been commenced a number of years before, and what has immortalized his name—the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. In 1757, we find Gray arrived in London for the purpose of publishing his *Odes*—*The Bard*, *The Progress of Poesy*, and several others.

Upon the death of Cibber, Poet-Laureate, the laureateship was offered to Gray; but he declined it for the following reasons: "The office itself," said he, "has always humbled the possessor hitherto:—if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession; for there are poets little enough, even to envy a poet-laureate."

In 1768, Gray had bestowed upon him by the Duke of Grafton the Professorship of Modern History in the University; and the next year, when his patron was elected to the chancellorship, he celebrated the event by a fine *Ode*, which was set to music. When we add that his quiet and studious life of the next few years was varied by occasional visits of recreation to his friends in various rural parts of England and Scotland, and that he described some of these in very interesting and graphic *Letters*, we have completed the comparatively uneventful story of our poet's career. He died July 30, 1771.

"Perhaps," wrote the Rev. Mr. Temple, "Gray was the most learned man in Europe: he was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that, not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study. Voyages and Travels of all sorts were his favorite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening."

As our sole specimen of Gray's poetry, we present what has been called by Hazlitt "one of the most classical productions that ever was penned by a refined and thoughtful mind, moralizing on human life;"—the

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

"Of all English poets Gray was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendor of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not indeed always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm. But to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellencies.

"Almost all his poetry was lyrical—that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which, for a long composition, the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and its rapidity, only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration. Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose *Latin Verses* deserve general notice, but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects. In his *Letters* he has shown the descriptive power of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have caught from Madame de Sevigné (though it must be said he was somewhat quaint), he was eminently happy. It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton."*

* Sketch of Gray's poetical character by Sir James Mackintosh.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11, 1700. The first three years of his schooling were passed at the grammar-school in Jedburgh, whither he was sent at the age of twelve. In 1715 he repaired to the University of Edinburgh, and there completed his course, with the intention of entering the ministry. But the five ensuing years of preparation that were gone through with as a student of divinity availed nothing for accomplishing the intended object; for the next year (1725) we find Thomson in London, penniless, and all but friendless, nevertheless confident that work and glory awaited him in the metropolis.

In a little room over the shop of one Millan, a bookseller, he completed, in 1726, *Winter*, his first poem, and sold it to his down-stairs neighbor for the sum of *three guineas*. It was sometime before even this paltry sum was shown not to have been an injudicious investment on the part of Mr. Millan. Accident bringing the poem into a fair circulation, however, it was followed the next year by *Summer*, and this, in 1728, by *Spring*. As an indication of Thomson's advancing favor in the estimation of that least flattering class of critics—the publishers—it should be stated that he received *fifty guineas* for *Spring*.

In 1729 he produced *Britannia*, which, after enjoying a brief popularity, fell into a state of extraordinary neglect. Hoping to secure both greater profit and fame by writing for the stage, he brought out in 1730 the tragedy of *Sophonisba*. Aristocratic patronage temporarily insured it a flattering success, but when this was withheld the play soon dropped out of public favor.

Autumn now (1730) made its appearance in company with its predecessors of a similar character, the four being styled the *Seasons*. "Thomson was at the height of his fame. Five years before he was a stranger in the thoroughfares of the great soli-

tude ; and now, having successfully accomplished the work which first introduced him to notice, few amongst his contemporaries could boast so brilliant a catalogue of friends and patrons."* Through the kindness of one of these patrons, he was enabled to spend about a year visiting points of interest on the Continent. The fruits of his political observations during this tour were presented in 1735-36 in his poem of *Liberty*. "*Liberty*," says Dr. Johnson, "called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises, and reward her encomiast : her praises were condemned to harbor spiders and to gather dust : none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded."

Between the years 1738 and 1745, our poet produced his tragedies of *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Eleanor*, and *Tuncred and Sigismunda* ; the last of which is regarded as the best, though none of them ever proved successful as plays. *The Castle of Indolence*, which had occupied his muse at intervals for some fifteen years, was published in 1748. "It originally consisted of merely a few disconnected stanzas, intended to ridicule in some of his friends the love of idleness with which they were in the habit of charging him ; but the personal raillery gradually expanded into a moral lesson, until the poem at last grew to its present dimensions." *

Thomson's tragedy of *Coriolanus* was not published until after his death, which event occurred August 27, 1748.

EXTRACT FROM SPRING.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing year
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promised fruit

Lies like a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds.

Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes; and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of daisy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

* * * * *

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony.

The thrush,
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent; joined to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

EXTRACT FROM SUMMER.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. . . .

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion!* On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

EXTRACT FROM AUTUMN.

But see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue from wan declining green
To sooty dark. There now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks;
And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet.
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock!
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.

Oh, let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove—
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

EXTRACT FROM WINTER.

The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.

Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil.

The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet.

The floodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snarer, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

And now we present, entire, the *Hymn*, which supplemented the foregoing poems upon their joint appearance as the *Seasons*:

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening earth,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'t is nought to me:

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing; I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

From *The Castle of Indolence*, we cite the following verses,
descriptive of

THE CASTLE.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand;
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed;

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavored and rich viands crowned:
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all ocean 'genders in his round,
Some hand unseen then silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,

Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose, and peace impart.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Aeolus it hight.

Ah, me! what hand can touch the string so fine,
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul!
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;

At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all:
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

"As a writer, Thomson is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute.

"His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendor of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments.

"His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts 'both their lustre and their shade;' such as invest them with splendor, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind."*

* Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born on or about the 21st of May, 1688, in Lombard street, London. At the age of eight he began learning the rudiments of Greek and Latin under the care of the family priest, and afterwards further pursued his studies at the Catholic seminary at Twyford, and at a school in London. On the removal of his father to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, our poet, though but twelve years old, resolved on thoroughly educating himself. To this object he devoted most unremittingly the next seven or eight years of his life; rendering into English various interesting compositions of the leading Greek, Latin, and French poets and prose-writers; studying Tasso and Ariosto through approved translations, and reading and memorizing the best parts of Spenser, Waller, and Dryden.

Pope began writing verses at a very early age, one of his first effusions, the *Ode to Solitude*, having been composed when he was about twelve years old. When between thirteen and fifteen he wrote an epic called *Alcander*, consisting of four books, of a thousand lines each, in which he imitated the styles of all his favorite poets—Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Virgil, Homer. His *Pastorals* were written at sixteen, though their publication was delayed for several years; and his *Essay on Criticism* appeared when he was only twenty-one. Hazlitt pronounces the latter “a double-refined essence of wit and sense,” and adds, “the quantity of thought and observation in this work, for so young a man as Pope was when he wrote it, is wonderful: unless we adopt the supposition that most men of genius spend the rest of their lives in teaching others what they themselves have learned under twenty. The conciseness and felicity of the expression are equally remarkable.”

“The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor’s hair by Lord Petre,” says Pope, “was taken too seriously, and caused an estrange-

ment between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance, and well-wisher to both, desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, which was well received, and had its effect in the two families." It was published anonymously in 1711, and at that time consisted of only 350 lines; but it was afterwards (1714) amplified to double that length, and was embellished with the machinery of the Sylphs.

Hazlitt says of this poem: "It is the most exquisite specimen of *fillagree* work ever invented. It is admirable in proportion as it is made of nothing. It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to everything,—to paste, pomatum, billet-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs breathe around; the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilette is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the goddess of vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornament, no splendor of poetic diction, to set off the meanest things. You hardly know whether to laugh or to weep. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock heroic."

The Messiah, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, and *The Temple of Fame* first appeared in 1712, and also, about the same year, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*. The next year was signalized by the publication of *Windsor Forest* and the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. The translation of Homer's *Iliad* next engaged Pope's energies. He says of it: "*The Iliad* took me up six years; and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehension. Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night. When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easy enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure."

In 1715 Pope induced his parents to sell their property at Binfield and remove with him to Twickenham. Here he purchased a delightful villa on the banks of the Thames, where he

resided during the rest of his life. A collection of his miscellaneous poems was brought out in 1717, containing, among others, his fine and eloquent verses entitled *Eloisa to Abelard*.

Pope's next achievement was the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, which was given to the public in the years 1725-26. Four of the books—the 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th—were translated by Fenton; eight—the 2d, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23d—by Broome, and the remaining twelve by Pope himself. *The Dunciad*—a withering satire, directed against his many and virulent traducers, was published in its first perfect form in 1729.

Of Pope's various *Essays*, the most celebrated is the *Essay on Man*. It was issued in four separate epistles, the first of which appeared in 1732. *The Universal Prayer* followed in 1738. *Imitations* of the Epistles and Satires of Horace and of Donne, *Epitaphs*, *Epistles*, and *Miscellanies* filled up the remaining years of our poet's life—a life which, always frail and full of pain, closed May 30, 1744.

Pope's acquaintance with the prominent men of his time, political as well as literary, was extensive; Sir Wm. Trumbull, Earl of Halifax, Wycherley, Addison, Steele, Gay, Tickell, Swift, Parnell, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Harley, Lord Bolingbroke, Congreve, Walpole, the painter Jervas, and others scarcely less noted, being among the choicest of his friends. Of his lady friends, Martha and Teresa Blount and Lady Montague were the most intimate.

MESSIAH, A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

From *The Rape of the Lock*, we select Canto Third.

Close by those meads, forever crown'd with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
 In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands* prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, the ærial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

* * * * *

* Of guardian sylphs.

Lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;

Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now thy temples twine,
(The victor cried,) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

The following extracts we make from *An Essay on Man*:

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is, but always to be blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold:
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

* * * * *

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
 See some fit passion every age supply,
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,

And each vacuity of sense by pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is given in vain;
 Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

* * * * *

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix,
 Then give Humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great curse, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh, fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

* * * * *

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
A Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

We conclude our extracts with a fragment from *Eloisa to Abelard*.

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
E'en superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
 See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
 Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And even my Abelard be loved no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
 To Paraclet's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads;
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
 "Oh may we never love as these have loved!"
 From the full choir when loud hosannahs rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

“Pope was a man of exquisite faculties, and of the most refined taste; and as he chose verse (the most obvious distinction of poetry) as the vehicle to express his ideas, he has generally passed for a poet, and a good one. If, indeed, by a great poet, we mean one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, or the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not in this sense a great poet; for the bent, the characteristic power of his mind, lay the clean contrary way; namely, in representing things as they appear to the indifferent observer, stripped of prejudice and passion, as in his *Critical Essays*; or in representing them in the most contemptible and insignificant point of view, as in his *Satires*; or in clothing the little with mock dignity, as in his poems of Fancy; or in adorning the trivial incidents and familiar relations of life with the utmost elegance of expression, and all the flattering illusions of friendship or self-love, as in his *Epistles*.

“Pope was not then distinguished as a poet of lofty enthusiasm, of strong imagination, with a passionate sense of the beauties of nature, or a deep insight into the workings of the heart; but he was a wit and a critic, a man of sense, of observation, and the world, with a keen relish for the elegances of art, or of nature when embellished by art, a quick tact for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and customs of society, refined sympathy with the sentiments and habitudes of human life, as he felt them within the little circle of his family and friends. He was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art.

“Yet within this retired and narrow circle how much, and that how exquisite, was contained! What discrimination, what wit, what delicacy, what fancy, what lurking spleen, what elegance of thought, what pampered refinement of sentiment! It is like looking at the world through a microscope, where everything assumes a new character and a new consequence, where things are seen in their minutest circumstances and slightest shades of difference, where the little becomes gigantic, the deformed beautiful, and the beautiful deformed. The wrong end of the magnifier is, to be sure, held to everything, but still the exhibition is highly curious, and we know not whether to be most pleased or surprised.”*

* *Lectures on the English Poets*, by William Hazlitt.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT "was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquhurn, in the valley of Leven (Scotland), in perhaps the most beautiful district in Britain."* A pretty fair classical education having been given him at Dunbarton and at Glasgow, Smollett was then apprenticed to one Gordon, an eminent surgeon. "During his apprenticeship, his conduct indicated that love of frolic, practical jest, and playful mischief, of which his works show many proofs, and the young novelist gave also several proofs of his talents and propensity to satire."*

At nineteen, Smollett went to London with only the *Regicide*, a tragedy, in his pocket. This he failed of bringing upon the stage at that time, and the disappointment that ensued drove him as a surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line, in the expedition to Carthage, in 1741. "The term of our author's service in the navy was chiefly remarkable from his having acquired, in that brief space, such intimate knowledge of our nautical world as enabled him to describe sailors with such truth and spirit of delineation that, from that time, whoever has undertaken the same task has seemed to copy more from Smollett than from nature."*

Smollett returned to London in 1746, and made an unsuccessful attempt to establish himself there as a physician. Thereupon he had recourse to his pen as a means of support, and brought forth in 1746 *Advice*, and the next year *Reproof*, both poetical satires of indifferent merit. It was not until 1748 that Smollett, discarding both physic and poetry, and embracing fiction, achieved his first, and also a permanent success, in the production of *The Adventures of Roderick Random*. "This may be considered as an imitation of Le Sage, as the hero flits through almost every scene of public and private life, recording, as he

* *A Memoir of Smollett*, by Sir Walter Scott.

paints his own adventures, the manners of the times, with all their various shades and diversities of coloring, but forming no connected plot or story, the several parts of which hold connection with, or bear proportion to, each other." *

In 1750, Smollett went to Paris, and while there (in 1751) gave to the public his second novel, *Peregrine Pickle*. "This work is more finished, more sedulously labored into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than *Roderick Random*; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendor of coloring for simplicity of outline." *

"In the year 1753, Smollett published *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, one of those works which seem to have been written for the purpose of showing how far humor and genius can go in painting a complete picture of human depravity. Condemning, however, the scope and tendency of the work, it is impossible to deny our applause to the wonderful knowledge of life and manners which is evinced in the tale of *Count Fathom*, as much as in any of Smollett's works." *

Passing by with a mere mention his version of "Don Quixote," his editing of the "Critical Review"—during which employment the asperity of his strictures on one occasion subjected him to fine and imprisonment,—his compilation of *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, etc.*, and his comedy of *The Reprisals*, we come, in 1758, to his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748*. "It is said that this voluminous work, containing the history of thirteen centuries, and written with uncommon spirit and correctness of language, was composed and finished for the press within fourteen months, one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition which was ever recorded in the history of literature. Within a space so brief it could not be expected that new facts should be produced; and all the novelty which Smollett's history could present must needs consist in the mode of stating facts, or in the reflections deduced from them." *

Next followed, in the interval between 1760 and 1763, *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*—an imitation to some extent of "Don Quixote," some additional historical and political writing, some translating, and some compiling. Grief at the loss of an only

* *A Memoir of Smollett*, by Sir Walter Scott.

daughter, and ill health, induced Smollett to spend the next three years in France and in Italy. *Travels through France and Italy* was (in 1766) the result of this tour. "Smollett's *Travels* are distinguished by acuteness and shrewdness of expression,—by strong sense and pointed humor; but the melancholy state of the author's mind induced him to view all the ordinary objects from which travelers receive pleasure with cynical contempt."*

Smollett's health now became too precarious to admit of much literary activity, and the only production assigned to the years 1766–69 is *The Adventures of an Atom*—a political satire. Shortly after the publication of the latter, our author sought to mitigate his intense physical sufferings by a residence on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the neighborhood of Leghorn. Here he expended the last and rarest energies of his life in the production of *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, the work appearing only a few months before its author's demise. This last event occurred on the 21st of October, 1771.

The following extract is from *Humphrey Clinker*:

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., AT OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS.—When I wrote to you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon; but I now sit down with a heart so full, that it cannot contain itself; though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connection in this address. We have been this day within a hair's-breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavor to explain.

In crossing the country to get into the post-road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were a-horseback passed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down with such impetuosity as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream. Lismahago and I, and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power. Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already halfway out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely; but, whether his foot slipped, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavored more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a millstone (no bad emblem of matrimony); and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the shades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their distress. I snatched out my sister by the hair of the head, and dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared.

Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker hauling ashore Mrs.

* *A Memoir of Smollett*, by Sir Walter Scott.

Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair disheveled about her ears; but when I asked if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief. As for Humphrey, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor squire, to all appearance deprived of life. The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, carried him ashore, howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation. When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh. Clinker, perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horse-bleam, let him bleed in the farrier style. At first a few drops only issued from the orifice; but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream; and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear.

There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed, and put to bed wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary-water, and held a smelling-bottle to his nose. As I had heard of the efficacy of salt in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the desired effect, or Nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the by-standers. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected. He laughed and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously conveyed him out of the room.

My uncle, seeing me dripping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe. Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry clothes: and having swallowed a little warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family. I found Mrs. Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled periwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like father Thame without his seges, embracing Isis while she cascaded in his urn. Mrs. Jenkins was present also, in a loose bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief; but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy.

As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good woman of the house had shifted her linen, and put her into bed; but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and, in this persuasion, made a dismal outcry; nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe. Mr. Bramble hearing the noise, and being informed of her apprehension, desired she might be brought into his chamber; and she no sooner received this intimation, than she ran thither half naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance.

Seeing the squire sitting up in the bed, she sprung forwards, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a most pathetic tone,—“Are you—are you indeed, my uncle!—My dear uncle!—My best friend!—My father!—Are you really living? or is it an illusion of my poor brain?” Honest Matthew was so much affected, that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying,—“My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to show how sensible I am of your affection. But your spirits are fluttered, child—you want rest—go to bed and compose yourself.” “Well, I will,” she replied; “but still methinks this cannot be real. The coach was full of water—my uncle was under us. Gracious God! you was under water—how did you get out? Tell me that; or I shall think this is all a deception.” “In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear,” said the squire: “and truly that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed.” “I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my clothes; so that I had only time to tell him that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged that it could not proceed without considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being housed at an inn, which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging.

The women being pretty well composed, and the men all afoot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words: “So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water. As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risk, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is.” So saying, he presented him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value. “God forbid,” cried Clinker, “your honor shall excuse me. I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart. Oh, if your honor did but know how I rejoiced to see—blessed be His holy name, that made me the humble instrument—but as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it. I have done no more than my duty; no more than I would have done for the most worthless of my fellow-creatures; no more than I would have done for Captain Lismahago, or Archy M'Alpine, or any sinner upon earth; but, for your worship, I would go through fire as well as water.”

“I do believe it, Humphrey,” said the squire; “but as you think it was your duty to save my life at hazard of your own, I think it mine to express the sense I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment—I insist upon your receiving this small token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompense for the service you have done me. I have determined to settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life; and I desire these gentlemen to bear witness to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book.” “Lord make me thankful for all these mercies!” cried Clinker, sobbing; “I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning. Your honor's goodness found me, when I was—naked—when I was—sick and forlorn—I understand your honor's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your worship won't give me leave to speak—I must vent it in prayer to Heaven for my benefactor.”

When he quitted the room, Lismahago said he should have a much better opinion of his honesty if he did not whine and cant so abominably; but that he had always observed those weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this sarcastic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's resentment of Clinker's having, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpine and the sinners of the earth. The landlord being called to receive some orders about the beds, told the squire that his house was very much at his service, but he was sure he should not have the honor to lodge him and his company. He gave him to understand that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public house when there was an accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighborhood, he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss.

He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr. Dennison when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favor. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paltry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage, as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college; when Mr. Dennison answered,—“Yes,” with some marks of surprise. “Look at me, then,” said our squire, “and let us see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years.” The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly,—“I protest,” cried he, “I do think I recall the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganshire, who was student of Jesus.” “Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Dennison,” exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his breast, “I am that very identical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan.”

Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying—“Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan! O Providence! Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!” Then, clasping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner—“Your worship must forgive me—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, sir!—I can't contain myself!—I shall lose my senses—” “Nay, thou hast lost them already, I believe,” said the squire peevishly; “pr'ythee, Clinker, be quiet—what is the matter?” Humphrey, fumbling in his bosom, pulled out an old wooden snuff-box, which he presented in great trepidation to his master, who, opening it immediately, perceived a small cornelian seal, and two scraps of paper.

At sight of these articles the squire started and changed color, and casting his eye upon the inscriptions—“Ha!—how!—what!—where,” cried he,

"is the person here named?" Clinker, knocking his own breast, could hardly pronounce these words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate sheweth. Humphrey Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me 'prentice." "And who gave you these tokens?" said my uncle hastily. "My poor mother on her death-bed," replied the other. "And who was your mother?" "Dorothy Twyford, an' please your honor, heretofore barkeeper at the Angel at Chippenham." "And why were not these tokens produced before?" "My mother told me she had wrote to Glamorganshire at the time of my birth, but had no answer; and that afterwards, when she made inquiry, there was no such person in that county." "And so, in consequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and misery—I am really shocked at the consequence of my own folly." Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added,—“Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd—you see, gentlemen, how the sins of my youth rise up in judgment against me—here is my direction, written with my own hand, and a seal which I left at the woman's request, and this is a certificate of the child's baptism, signed by the curate of the parish."

The company were not a little surprised at this discovery; upon which Mr. Dennison facetiously congratulated both the father and the son: for my part, I shook my new-found cousin heartily by the hand; and Lismahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes; for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal: but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing, that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery. Mr. Dennison now desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford; and our squire satisfied him, by answering to this effect: "I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganshire; but, when I came of age, I sold that property, in order to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name; so that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambleton-hall, in Monmouthshire, at your service; and this is my nephew Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan."

At that instant the ladies entering the room, the squire presented Mrs. Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. "Sister," said my uncle, "there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces. The quondam Humphrey Clinker is metamorphosed into Matthew Lloyd, and claims the honor of being your carnal kinsman. In short, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting, in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism." Clinker, had by this time dropped upon one knee, by the side of Mrs. Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying with a demure aspect,—“Brother, you have been very wicked; but I hope you'll live to see the folly of your ways—I am very sorry to say, the young man, whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your profane learning, and repeated opportunity. I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the nose of my uncle Lloyd of Flluydwellin; and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's. Brother, as you have changed his name, pray change his dress also; that livery doth not become any person that hath got our blood in his veins."

Liddy seemed much pleased with this acquisition to the family—she took him by the hand, declaring she should always be proud to own her connection with a virtuous young man, who had given so many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her surprise at this discovery and the apprehension of losing her sweetheart, exclaimed, in a giggling tone,—“I wish you joy, Mr. Clinker—Lloyd, I would say—hi, hi, hi!—you’ll be so proud, you won’t look at your poor fellow-servants, oh, oh!” Honest Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deserved—“But wherefore should I be proud?” said he; “a poor object, conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, nursed in a parish workhouse, and bred in a smithy—whenever I seem proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in when I first saw you between Chippenham and Marlborough.”

When this momentous affair was discussed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; so that we walked all together to Mr. Dennison’s house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hospitality. The house is old-fashioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation: the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighborhood, from whose house he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the meantime, as there is a man going to the next market town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beefsteak at Dolly’s, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of yours,

J. MELFORD.

“Smollett’s humor often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance; as, from Roderick Random’s carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap’s ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those of ‘*Gil Blas*,’ might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits the ridiculous accidents and reverses to which human life is liable, not ‘the stuff’ of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface; and, therefore, he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us; we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of a highly amusing scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event.”*

* *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* by William Hazlitt.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in the year 1689, in Derbyshire. His father intended him for the church, a destination in perfect accord with the son's inclination: "but," as the latter informs us, "while I was very young, some heavy losses having disabled him from supporting me as genteelly as he wished in an education proper for the function, he left me to choose, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, a business; having been able to give me only common school learning." His characteristics as an author were early unfolded; for when a mere boy he was noted as a relater and fabricator of tales for the amusement of his juvenile associates; and as a *confidante* of several young women, indited model love-letters for them.

In 1706, he was bound to a printer; served out faithfully his seven years of indenture; passed five or six more as a compositor, proof-reader, and overseer of a printing-office; and finally, with the means accruing from his industry, set up for himself, first in Fleet-street, and subsequently in Salisbury-court. The skill, thrift, and application which Richardson brought to his business affairs, rapidly augmented their profitableness, and placed him, betimes, in not only comfortable, but even affluent circumstances.

And yet, though Richardson, the printer, was in every regard a pattern of a business man, he still found leisure in the midst of his mechanical duties for carrying on an extensive correspondence with friends, and for indulging—though not publicly—literary fancies. Otherwise, it would seem incredible that a man, beginning authorship at fifty years of age, should have so readily attained to literary eminence.

Richardson's first work, *History of Pamela*, was published—the first two volumes of it—in 1740, at the instance of two booksellers, his particular friends, who desired him "to write for

them a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." The result of his compliance was a connected story, the object of which is to describe the deliverance of virtue, in the person of the poor but pure Pamela, from the most insidious arts of vice, in the person of a wealthy young libertine, her master. "The novelty of the plan, the strokes of nature and pathos, with which the work abounds, the simplicity of the language, the sentiments of piety and virtue that are brought forward, took at once the taste of the public. Numberless were the compliments Richardson received upon it, as soon as he was known to be the author; for in the publication he only assumed the character of editor, and that not by name."* At the suggestion of Pope and Warburton, Richardson afterwards added two volumes descriptive of Pamela's career in fashionable society, but these in plan, incidents, style, and general interest proved far inferior to the first two volumes.

In 1748 appeared Richardson's master-work, *Clarissa Harlowe*. It also portrays, but in a higher social circle than his former work, the struggle between virtue and vice, wherein, though at first the former is made to suffer through violence, it is ultimately and sublimely triumphant.

Five years later our author gave to the public his *Sir Charles Grandison*. In his former works he had delineated the lovelinesses of the female character; in this, he aimed to portray a perfect man; one in whom natural parts and accomplishments, station and character, sentiments and actions should be conjoined in perfect harmony. "The conduct of this piece differs from that of *Pamela* and *Clarissa* in this respect; that it does not depend upon one great event, but is intended to open and display this character in a variety of lights. The unity of the work, therefore, consists in the reference which every person, and every incident, bears to him who is the hero of it."*

The foregoing exhaust the number of our author's important works. They were written at his lovely suburban retreat near London, and read while in progress of construction to a circle of refined and appreciative—perhaps *too* appreciative—ladies,

* *Life of Mr. Richardson*, by Anna L. Barbauld.

whom he always had about him, and of whose criticisms and suggestions he freely availed himself.

Richardson died of apoplexy, July 4, 1761.

LETTER 300.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO HER MOTHER.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

HONORED MADAM.—No self-convicted criminal ever approached her angry and just judge with greater awe, nor with a truer contrition, than I do you by these lines. Indeed I must say, that if the matter of my humble prayer had not respected my future welfare, I had not dared to take this liberty. But my heart is set upon it, as upon a thing next to God Almighty's forgiveness necessary for me.

Had my sister known my distresses, she would not have wrung my heart, as she has done, by a severity which I must needs think unkind and unsisterly.

But complaint of any unkindness from her belongs not to me; yet, as she is pleased to write that it must be seen that my penitence is less owing to disappointment than to true conviction, permit me, madam, to insist upon it, that, if such a plea can be allowed me, I am actually *entitled* to the blessing I sue for, since my humble prayer is founded upon a true and unfeigned repentance; and this you will the readier believe, if the creature who never, to the best of her remembrance, told her mamma a wilful falsehood may be credited, when she declares, as she does, in the most solemn manner, that she met the seducer with a determination not to go off with him; that the rash step was owing more to compulsion than to infatuation; and that *her* heart was so little in it, that she repented and grieved from the moment she found herself in his power; and for every moment after, for several weeks *before* she had any cause from him to apprehend the usage she met with.

Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honored mamma, (for on my knees I write this letter,) I do most humbly beg your blessing; say but, in so many words, (I ask you not, madam, to call me your daughter,)—*Lost, unhappy wretch, I forgive you! and may God bless you!*—This is all! Let me, on a blessed scrap of paper, but see one sentence to this effect, under your dear hand, that I may hold it to my heart in my most trying struggles, and I shall think it a passport to Heaven. And, if I do not too much presume, and it were We instead of I, and both your honored names subjoined to it, I should then have nothing more to wish. Then would I say, "Great and merciful God! thou seest here in this paper thy poor unworthy creature absolved by her justly-offended parents: Oh! join, for my Redeemer's sake, thy all-gracious *fiat*, and receive a repentant sinner to the arms of thy mercy!"

I can conjure you, madam, by no subject of motherly tenderness, that will not, in the opinion of my severe censurers, (before whom this humble address must appear,) add to my reproach; let me therefore, for God's sake, prevail upon you to pronounce me blest and forgiven, since you will thereby sprinkle comfort through the last hours of your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER 388.

FROM MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, CLARISSA'S SEDUCER.

Thursday Night.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman (Clarissa), whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light. You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed, for all is hush and still; the family retired, but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin (the Colonel), I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both of his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow, her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, O, Mr. Belford, cried she, with folded hands—the dear lady—A heavy sob permitted her not to say more. Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the window and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swollen with weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed. The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick, on my approach, pronounced my name, O Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now!—Now!—I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—all will soon be over—a few—a very few moments—will end this strife—and I shall be happy!

Comfort here, sir—turning her head to the Colonel—comfort my cousin—see! the blame—able kindness—he would not wish me to be happy—so soon!

Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming, My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may *seem* to labor—but that is all! It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—the rest is worse to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother—There she stopt. And then proceeding—To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure, I bless them—most happy has been to me my punishment *here*! Happy indeed!

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, *O Death!* said she, *where is thy sting!* And after a pause—*It is good for me that I was afflicted!* Words of scripture, I suppose. Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what *foretastes*—what *assurances*—And there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling. Then turning her head towards me,—Do *you*, sir, tell your friend (Lovell) that I forgive him!—And I pray to God to forgive him!—Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would. Let him know how happy I die;—And that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

She was again silent for a few moments; and then resuming—My sight fails me!—Your voices only—(for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own;) and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you *must* come to this,—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes—And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear sir—and, once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Norton—she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in Heaven—tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—And pray God to give them happiness *here* for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and a heavenly crown *hereafter*; and such assurances of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see, in me, how all ends—may *you* be—And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us both her hands.

We thought she was gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief. But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favor her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly—Bless—bless—bless—you all—and—now—and now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—blessed Lord—Jesus!

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired:—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun. O Lovelace! —But I can write no more!

* * * * *

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, through those calamities which in so short a space of time, from the highest pitch of felicity, (every one in a manner adoring her,) brought her to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so *early*, so much to be deplored by all who had the honor of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee; but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

LETTER 418.

MR. LOVELACE TO MR. BELFORD.

Monday, Sep. 18.

Heavy, d—n—y heavy and sick at soul, by Jupiter! I must come into their expedient. I must see what change of climate will do.

You tell these fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming; but I can do neither. He who *can*, must not have the *extinction* of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for.—Harlowe!—Curse upon the name!—and curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done!—Yet I have no need of urging a curse upon myself—I have it effectually.

“To say I once respected you with a preference!”—In what stiff language does maidenly modesty, on these nice occasions, express itself! *To say I once loved you*, is the English; and there is truth and ease in that expression.—“To say I once loved you,” then let it be, “is what I ought to blush to own.” And dost thou own it, excellent creature?—and dost thou then own it?—What music in these words from such an angel!—What would I give that my Clarissa were in being, and *could*, and *would*, own that she loved me!

“But, indeed, sir, I have long been greatly above you.” Long, my blessed charmer!—Long, indeed; for you have been *ever* greatly above me, and above your sex, and above all the world. “That preference was not grounded on ignoble motives.” What a wretch was I, to be so distinguished by her, and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me! Then, how generous her motives! Not for her *own* sake merely, not altogether for *mine*, did she hope to reclaim me; but equally for the sake of innocents who might otherwise be ruined by me.

And now, *why* did she write this letter, and *why* direct it to be given me when an event the most deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the safety of innocents she knew not?—And *when* was this letter written? Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been pursuing her, as I may say, from place to place; when her soul was bowed down by calamity and persecution; and herself was denied all forgiveness from relations the most implacable?

Exalted creature!—And couldst thou, at *such a time*, and *so early*, and in *such circumstances*, have so far subdued thy own just resentments, as to wish happiness to the principal author of all thy distresses?—Wish happiness to him who had robbed thee “of all thy favorite expectations in this life”? To him who had been the cause “that thou wert cut off in the bloom of youth?”

Heavenly aspirer!—What a frame must thou be in, to be able to use the word Only in mentioning these important deprivations!—And as this was before thou puttest off mortality, may I not presume that thou now,

—with pitying eye,
Not derogating from thy perfect bliss,
Survey'st all Heav'n around, and wishest for me?

“Consider my ways.”—Dear life of my life! Of what avail is consideration now, when I have lost the dear creature, for whose sake alone it was worth while to *have* consideration?—Lost her beyond retrieving—swallowed up by the greedy grave—for *ever* lost her—that, *that's* the sting—matchless woman, how does this reflection wound me!

“Your golden dream cannot long last.”—Divine prophetess! my golden dream is *already* over. “Thought and reflection *are* no longer to be kept off.”—No *longer continues* that “hardened insensibility” thou chargest upon me. Dreadful *is* my condition; it *is* all reproach and horror with me!—A thousand vultures in turn are preying upon my heart!

But no more of these fruitless reflections—since I am incapable of writing anything else; since my pen will slide into this gloomy subject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again resume it, till I can be more *its master*, and my own.

“The great excellence of Richardson's novels consists, we think, in the unparalleled minuteness and copiousness of his descriptions, and in the pains he takes to make us thoroughly and intimately acquainted with every particular in the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied. With him, we slip, invisible, into the domestic privacy of his characters, and hear and see everything that is said and done among them, whether it be interesting or otherwise, and whether it gratify our curiosity or disappoint it.

“In this art Richardson is undoubtedly without an equal, and, if we except De Foe, without a competitor, we believe, in the whole history of literature. We are often fatigued as we listen to his prolix descriptions, and the repetitions of those rambling and inconclusive conversations, in which so many passages are consumed without any apparent progress in the story; but by means of all this we get so intimately acquainted with the characters, and so impressed with a persuasion of their reality, that when anything really disastrous or important occurs to them, we feel as for old friends and companions, and are irresistibly led to as lively a conception of their sensations as if we had been spectators of a

real transaction. This we certainly think the chief merit of Richardson's productions; for, great as his knowledge of the human heart, and his powers of pathetic description, must be admitted to be, we are of opinion that he might have been equalled in these particulars by many whose productions are infinitely less interesting.

"Richardson's good people are too wise and too formal ever to appear in the light of desirable companions, or to excite in a youthful mind any wish to resemble them. The gaiety of all his characters, too, is extremely girlish and silly, and is much more like the prattle of spoiled children than the wit and pleasantry of persons acquainted with the world. The diction throughout is heavy, vulgar, and embarrassed; though the interest of the tragical scenes is too powerful to allow us to attend to any inferior consideration. The novels of Richardson, in short, though praised perhaps somewhat beyond their merits, will always be read with admiration."*

* Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*.

HENRY FIELDING.

HENRY FIELDING was born of noble, but not wealthy, parents, April 22, 1707, at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire. After being instructed in the rudiments of a common education by a private tutor, he was sent to Eton, where his progress in classical studies was so rapid that, before he was sixteen, he had acquired a sound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues; and at eighteen was thought qualified for entering the University of Leyden. The slenderness of his father's means, however, as well as his own improvident habits, compelled his return from Leyden in 1727.

Thrown upon his own resources, he at once repaired to London, where his vivacity, wit, accomplishments, and sociableness readily procured him friends and admirers, among whom was Garrick, the celebrated actor. Influenced, doubtless, by the latter, he at once began writing for the stage, and produced in 1727 his first comedy, *Love in several Masques*. For the next ten years he devoted his talents exclusively to this species of composition, writing, rather for money than for reputation, some eighteen theatrical pieces. "It is most probable that his inferiority as a dramatist is partly to be attributed to the rapid manner in which he composed his plays, and to the unfavorable situation in which he was placed, as well as to the disadvantage of his having commenced so difficult a species of composition at too early a period of life." *

The meager income he derived from this sort of literary drudgery, added to the small fortune of his wife, and the revenue of a petty estate of his own, were all rapidly consumed by his imprudent and lavish mode of living; and at thirty, he was obliged to resort to an additional vocation for retrieving his ruined finances. This new employment was the law. He pros-

* *Memoir of Henry Fielding*, by Thomas Roscoe.

ecuted his studies with great application, and was admitted to the bar, but met with only small success as a practitioner.

Whilst thus occupied, pecuniary embarrassments obliged him to resume writing for the stage. Moreover, during this period, he penned numerous prefaces, poems, criticisms, and essays and tracts upon political and social topics. "The True Patriot" was the name of an anti-jacobin paper which Fielding projected, and in which he "displayed a solid knowledge of the British laws and government, as well as brilliant sallies of humor, which would have appeared to no disadvantage among the political compositions of his most distinguished predecessors." *

We have now come to the last and most important epoch of Fielding's life, that in which he discovered his real literary genius in the composition of works of fiction. His first was the *Journey from This World to the Next*—a satire upon the follies and vices of the age, and its aristocratic representatives. The next, *Jonathan Wild*, is an ironical panegyric of the life of a villain, wherein the false estimate generally put upon glory is mercilessly satirized. These, however, in point of merit and popularity, must be considered as only introductory to his main works, *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*.

The first was published in 1742, and was evidently intended to burlesque Richardson's "Pamela." *Tom Jones*, our author's greatest achievement, was given to the public about 1750, while Fielding was fulfilling the duties of a magistrate at Westminster. It was written through a long series of years at such moments of respite as sordid duties and acute infirmities spared him. *Amelia* followed in 1751. "In point of general excellence it has commonly been considered, no less by critics, perhaps, than by the public, as decidedly inferior to *Tom Jones*. In variety and invention it assuredly is so. Its chief merit depends less on its artful and elaborate construction than on the interesting series it presents of domestic paintings, drawn from his own family history. It has more pathos, more moral lessons, with far less vigor and humor, than either of its predecessors." *

In hopes of repairing a constitution originally vigorous, but sadly shattered by the indiscretions and follies of his life, as

* *Memoir*, by Roscoe.

well as by excessive and honorable toil, he took passage for Lisbon in June, 1754. But alas! the attempt was made too late; for here, instead of returning life, he met approaching death, on the 8th of October following his arrival.

Our first extract shall be from *Tom Jones*, Book I., Chapter IV.:

The Gothic style of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's house. There was an air of grandeur in it that struck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the best Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within as venerable without. It stood on the south-east side of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, so as to be sheltered from the north-east by a grove of old oaks which rose above it in a gradual ascent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a most charming prospect of the valley beneath.

In the midst of the grove was a fine lawn, sloping down towards the house, near the summit of which rose a plentiful spring, gushing out of a rock covered with fir, and forming a constant cascade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of steps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and mossy stones till it came to the bottom of the rock, then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many lesser falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the house on the south side, and which was seen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embellished with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with sheep, issued a river, that for several miles was seen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods till it emptied itself into the sea, with a large arm of which, and an island beyond it, the prospect was closed.

On the right of this valley opened another of less extent, adorned with several villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined Abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front of which remained still entire. The left-hand scene presented the view of a very fine park, composed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diversity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taste, but owing less to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this, the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye; and now having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty up rose the sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down

together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and, if you please, shall be glad of your company.

The usual compliments having passed between Mr. Allworthy and Miss Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he summoned Mrs. Wilkins, and told his sister he had a present for her, for which she thanked him,—imagining, I suppose, it had been a gown, or some ornament for her person. Indeed, he very often made her such presents; and she, in complaisance to him, spent much time in adorning herself. I say in complaisance to him, because she always expressed the greatest contempt for dress, and for those ladies who made it their study.

But if such was her expectation, how was she disappointed when Mrs. Wilkins, according to the order she had received from her master, produced the little infant (Tom Jones)! Great surprises, as hath been observed, are apt to be silent; and so was Miss Bridget, till her brother began, and told her the whole story.

Miss Bridget had always expressed so great a regard for what the ladies are pleased to call virtue, and had herself maintained such a severity of character, that it was expected, especially by Mrs. Wilkins, that she would have vented much bitterness upon this occasion, and would have voted for sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the house: but, on the contrary, she rather took the good-natured side of the question, intimated some compassion for the helpless little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

However, what she withheld from the infant, she bestowed with the utmost profuseness on the poor unknown mother, whom she called an impudent slut, a wanton hussy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile strumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to lash those who bring a disgrace on the sex.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER II.

The hero of this great history appears with very bad omens.

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish: and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say, that there was too much reason for this conjecture; the lad having, from his earliest years, discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him: he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Bliffl's (Mr. Allworthy's nephew) pocket of a ball.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman

himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcaistical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now: and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "*Noscitur a socio*;" which, I think, is thus expressed in English, "You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who in two or three instances had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact: for the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves; so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of Nature, had planted one of the game-consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked, (as it is called,) by the two sportsmen, in some furze-bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but, as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and, hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-break, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true, viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a melancholy night; and the more so, as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being, lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence. Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth: for whose honor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instructions of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was, so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals. Tom bore his punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him, between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make amends; again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh! sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying, "He had persisted in an untruth:" and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light. But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said, the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum, with some warmth, "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

"When we read Fielding's novels after those of Richardson, we feel as if a stupendous pressure were removed from our souls. We seem suddenly to have left a palace of enchantment, where we have passed through long galleries filled with the most gorgeous images, and illumined by a light not quite human, nor yet quite divine, into the fresh air, and the common ways of this 'bright and breathing world.' We travel on the high road of humanity, yet meet in it pleasanter companions, and catch more delicious snatches of refreshment, than ever we can hope elsewhere to enjoy.

"The mock heroic of Fielding, when he condescends to that ambiguous style, is scarcely less pleasing than its stately prototype. It is a sort of spirited defiance to fiction, on the behalf of reality, by one who knew full well all the strongholds of that nature which he was defending. There is not in Fielding much of that which can properly be called ideal—if we except the character of Parson Adams; but his works represent life as more delightful than it seems to common experience, by disclosing those of its dear immunities, which we little think of, even when we enjoy them. How delicious are all his refreshments at all his inns! How vivid are the transient joys of his heroes, in their checkered course—how full and overflowing are their final raptures!"*

* T. Noon Talfourd's *Essay on British Novels and Romances*.

DANIEL DE FOE.

DANIEL DE FOE—or Daniel Foe, as his name was originally spelled—was born in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate, London, in the year 1661. The Non-conformist faith of his parents, and his early home discipline in the principles of the severest moral rectitude, exercised an important influence upon his whole after-life.

From the hands of ordinary tutors he passed, at fourteen, to an academy at Newington Green; where, according to his own statement, he mastered five languages; made considerable progress in mathematics, the sciences, logic, and history; went through a complete course in theology; and studied politics enthusiastically.

De Foe began life as an author at twenty-one, his first work being *Speculum Crape-Gownorum, etc.*—a defense of the dissenting ministry against the taunts and aspersions of the established clergy. A few years after, we find him as a soldier among the number of those who had espoused the cause of the hapless Duke of Monmouth; but with singular good fortune he escapes the sad fate of many of his comrades, and settles down to trade in London. His mercantile transactions, though successful at times, were in the end disastrous;—a fate which, no doubt, is very largely to be attributed to a neglect of his business affairs while bestowing especial attention upon literary and polite pursuits.

About 1697 De Foe published his *Essay upon Projects*,—a clear and ingenious discussion of the political, commercial, and benevolent questions of the day. *The True-Born Englishman*, a celebrated satire in verse, directed against a quite prevalent feeling of hostility against King William and his Dutch favorites, appeared in 1701; and had the double effect of greatly mollifying the offensive public sentiment, and of commending its author to royal favor.

In the character of an Ultra High Churchman, De Foe, in 1702, published *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*: which shortest way was represented to consist in a free use of the gallows and galleys as extirpaters of perverse believers. The immediate effect of the book was to ingratiate its author in the good opinion of the High Churchmen, and to involve him in the scorn and obloquy of his late associates, the Dissenters. But when, soon after, it was ascertained that the writer had assumed these views for the sole purpose of committing the High Church party to an avowal of the most intolerant measures imaginable, the rage of the duped party would not be appeased until it had effected the imprisonment of its object. De Foe was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure. As to the real ignominy attending his standing in the pillory, he himself has attested that "the people, who were expected to treat him very ill, on the contrary pitied him, and wished those who set him there were placed in his room, and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when he was taken down." Neither did Newgate prison prove so detrimental as his enemies had hoped it would; for while here he wrote many of his political works, and projected his "Review"—a periodical which was published about three times a week for nine years. The Queen herself at length procured his release, and, by way of reparation, conferred favors not a few upon him.

In 1706 De Foe wrote voluminously in favor of the union with Scotland; and when, shortly afterwards, this event was consummated, he celebrated it by the publication of *The Union of Great Britain*.

About 1715, after a conflict of thirty years, De Foe retired from the arena of political writing into the more congenial walks of fiction. Chief of all his writings of this class is *Robinson Crusoe*, produced in 1719. The bare idea of the work was doubtless suggested by the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, a solitary inhabitant for several years of the Island of Juan Fernandez; but for all the elements that have immortalized and universalized this work—its simplicity of style, vividness of language, and its fertility, plausibility, and interest of incident, it is wholly indebted to De Foe's extraordinary genius.

Succeeding at brief intervals the above work, appeared an *Account of Dickory Crooke*, the *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*, the *History of Duncan Campbell*, the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*, the *Life of Colonel Jacque*, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and, superior to all of these, the *Account of the Plague*. Of the remaining numerous works of fiction which our author produced, all more or less characteristic, but none of them perhaps quite equal to the foregoing, space fails us to make mention.

De Foe died April 24, 1731, in the place of his nativity.

As the best plan of communicating to the student an idea of De Foe's style and spirit as a writer of fiction, we would present one extract of considerable extent from his master work—*Robinson Crusoe*.

[*Our hero discovers himself to us on the morning after his shipwreck.*]

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I at first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe: that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water.

But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hung down by the forechains so low, that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry: for you may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had

no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had, indeed, need enough of to spirit me for what was before me.

[The removal from the wreck of a large and varied stock of supplies having been narrated, our hero next proceeds to acquaint us with the location and construction of his dwelling.]

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make,—whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me: first, health and fresh water; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock, at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door; and, at the end of it, descended irregularly every way down into the low ground by the sea-side. It was on the N. N. W. side of the hill; so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which, in those countries, is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter, from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground, till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground above five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I

could not have done; though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence, or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains, that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it; and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails. And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder. When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence, in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave, just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labor and many days before all these things were brought to perfection; and, therefore, I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent, and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick, dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that, a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself: O my powder! My very heart sank within me when I thought that, at one blast, all my powder might be destroyed; on which, not my defence only, but the providing me food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger, though had the powder took fire I should never have known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over, I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes, to separate the powder, and to keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once; and to keep it so apart, that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight; and I think my powder, which in all was about two hundred and forty pounds weight, was divided into not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that; so I placed it in my new cave, which, in my fancy, I called my kitchen; and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food; and, as near as I could, to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me, viz., that they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them; but I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I

might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them: I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away, as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me; from whence I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward, that they did not really see objects that were above them; so afterwards, I took this method,—I always climbed the rocks first, to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark.

The first shot I made among these creatures I killed a she-goat, which had a little kid by her, which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily; for, when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her, till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me, upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure; upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame; but it would not eat; so I was forced to kill it, and ate it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as I possibly could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of in its place; but I must now give some little account of myself, and of my thoughts about living, which, it may well be supposed, were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition, for as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm, quite out of the course of our intended voyage, and a great way, viz., some hundreds of leagues, out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven, that in this desolate place, and in this desolate manner, I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections; and sometimes I would expostulate with myself why Providence should thus completely ruin its creatures, and render them so absolutely miserable; so without help, abandoned, so entirely depressed, that it could hardly be rational to be thankful for such a life.

But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts and to reprove me; and particularly, one day, walking with my gun in my hand, by the sea-side, I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when reason, as it were, expostulated with me the other way, thus: "Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true; but, pray remember, where are the rest of you? Did not you come eleven of you into the boat? Where are the ten? Why were not they saved, and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here or there?" And then I pointed to the sea. All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them.

* * * * *

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books, and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days; but to prevent this, I cut with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters; and making it into a great cross, I set up on the shore where I first landed, "I came on shore here on

the 30th of September, 1659." Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

* * * * *

Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure, as follows:—

I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck, nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes. I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes, but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same instead of buckles, and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder, and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin, too, in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, and on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy, ugly, goat's skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me next to my gun.

As for my face, the color of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks at Sallee, for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did; of these moustachios, or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

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It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say,

the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me in this supposition, for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footstep? And how was it possible a man should come there. But then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose, too, for he could not be sure I should see it,—this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland opposite, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea; being as loath, perhaps, to have said in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

“On the whole it was his own robust sense of reality that led De Foe to his style. There is none of the sly humor of the foreign picaresque novel in his representation of English ragamuffin life; there is nothing of allegory, poetry, or even of didactic purpose; all is hard, prosaic, and matter-of-fact, as in newspaper paragraphs, or the pages of the Newgate Calendar. Much of his material, indeed, may have been furnished by his recollections of occurrences, or by actual reports and registers; but it is evident that no man ever possessed a stronger imagination of that kind which, a situation

being once conceived, teems with circumstances in exact keeping with it.

“It is a happy accident that the subject of one of his fictions, and that the earliest on a great scale, was of a kind in treating which his genius in matter-of-fact necessarily produced the effect of a poem. The conception of a solitary mariner thrown on an uninhabited island, was one as really belonging to the fact of that time as those which formed the subject of De Foe’s less-read fictions of coarse English life. Dampier and the Buccaneers were roving the South Seas; and there yet remained parts of the land-surface of the earth of which man had not taken possession, and on which sailors were occasionally thrown adrift by the brutality of captains. Seizing this text, more especially as offered in the story of Alexander Selkirk, De Foe’s matchless power of inventing circumstantial incidents made him more a master even of its poetic capabilities than the rarest poet then living could have been; and now that, all round our globe, there is not an unknown island left, we still reserve in our mental charts one such island, with the sea breaking round it, and we would part any day with ten of the heroes of antiquity, rather than with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.”*

* *British Novelists and their Styles*, by David Masson, M. A.

EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON was born at Putney, in the county of Surrey, April 27, 1737. He says of himself: "So feeble was my constitution, so precarious my life, that, in the baptism of each of my brothers, my father's prudence successively repeated my Christian name of Edward, that, in case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymic appellation might be still perpetuated in the family." This delicacy very much retarded his education by procuring an excessive degree of leniency towards him from his instructors; and, in disqualifying him for the sports and the society of youthful associates, it facilitated his falling into a love for desultory and simply entertaining reading.

At fifteen, Gibbon was matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford; and was there provided with a liberal allowance, commodious and elegant apartments, and free access to a large and valuable library. So lax, however, was the discipline of the college at that time, that afterwards, in penning his memoirs, our author pronounced the fourteen months spent there as "the most idle and unprofitable" of his whole life.

His departure from college was precipitated by his avowed conversion, through the influence of the writings of Bishop Bossuet, to Catholicism. With a view to reclaiming him from this belief, his father forthwith sent him to Lausanne, Switzerland, and there placed him in charge of a Mr. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister. The plan proved wholly successful; for in less than two years Gibbon renounced his late profession and re-embraced the Protestant faith. Here, too, he confesses to have begun and prosecuted with extraordinary diligence and success such useful studies as proved the foundation of all his future improvements; and the friendships and the distinguished acquaintances which he here contracted, and the attachment which

he conceived for the place, became weighty and salutary influences in his after life.

Upon his return (in 1758) to England, he resided at his father's comfortable mansion at Buriton, in easy reach of London, where, with the exception of two and a half years spent in military service, he devoted the next four years to study and literary preparation. It was during this interval (in 1761) that he reluctantly gave his first work to the press. It was an essay written in French, and entitled *Essai sur l' Etude de la Littérature*. About this time, too, a vague conviction, which had clung to him from his early youth, that he was one day to be a historian, began to assert a definite influence; for he successively projected the Expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy, a Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, a History of the Liberty of the Swiss, and several other historical schemes. Only one of these he seriously set about developing; but this, after several years consumed in preparation, he relinquished.

The time between 1763 and 1765 was spent in a second visit to Switzerland, and in an extensive tour of France and Italy. It was during this trip, and while engaged in investigating the architectural and historical remains of Rome, that the idea of writing a history of its former greatness and subsequent decline occurred to him. Upon the death of his father, in 1770, Gibbon settled in London, and began the composition of the *History* that has given him so wide and so just a celebrity. The difficulties of the work itself, and the interruptions occasioned by a service of considerable length in Parliament, delayed the appearance of the first volume until 1776. It was received with very general and hearty applause. The remaining volumes appeared at various intervals; the entire work, extending over a period of some thirteen centuries, being completed in 1787, at which time Gibbon was again residing at Lausanne.

Most of our author's remaining years were studiously and happily passed in his favorite Swiss home. He died, while on a visit to his native country, in London, on the 16th of January, 1794.

From Volume IV. of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, we excerpt the following, descriptive of Belisarius' Defense of Rome against Vitiges, the Gothic

KING OF ITALY.

As soon as Belisarius had fortified his new conquests, Naples and Cumae, he advanced about twenty miles to the banks of the Vultur, contemplated the decayed grandeur of Capua, and halted at the separation of the Latin and Appian ways. The work of the censor, after the incessant use of nine centuries, still preserved its primeval beauty, and not a flaw could be discovered in the large polished stones, of which that solid though narrow road was so firmly compacted. Belisarius, however, preferred the Latin way, which, at a distance from the sea and marshes, skirted, in a space of one hundred and twenty miles, along the foot of the mountains. His enemies had disappeared: when he made his entrance through the Asinarian gate, the garrison departed without molestation along the Flaminian way; and the city, after sixty years' servitude, was delivered from the yoke of the barbarians.

The first days, which coincided with the old Saturnalia, were devoted to mutual congratulation and the public joy; and the Catholics prepared to celebrate, without a rival, the approaching festival of the nativity of Christ. In the familiar conversation of a hero, the Romans acquired some notion of the virtues which history ascribed to their ancestors; they were edified by the apparent respect of Belisarius for the successor of St. Peter, and his rigid discipline secured, in the midst of war, the blessings of tranquillity and justice. They applauded the rapid success of his arms, which overran the adjacent country as far as Narni, Perusia, and Spoleto: but they trembled, the senate, the clergy, and the unwarlike people, as soon as they understood that he had resolved, and would speedily be reduced, to sustain a siege against the powers of the Gothic monarchy.

The designs of Vitiges were executed, during the winter season, with diligence and effect. From their rustic habitations, from their distant garrisons, the Goths assembled at Ravenna for the defense of their country; and such were their numbers, that after an army had been detached for the relief of Dalmatia, one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men marched under the royal standard. According to the degrees of rank or merit, the Gothic king distributed arms and horses, rich gifts, and liberal promises; he moved along the Flaminian way, declined the useless sieges of Perusia and Spoleto, respected the impregnable rock of Narni, and arrived within two miles of Rome, at the foot of the Milvian bridge. The narrow passage was fortified with a tower, and Belisarius had computed the value of the twenty days, which must be lost in the construction of another bridge. But the consternation of the soldiers of the tower, who either fled or deserted, disappointed his hopes, and betrayed his person into the most imminent danger.

At the head of one thousand horse, the Roman general sallied from the Flaminian gate to mark the ground of an advantageous position, and to survey the camp of the barbarians; but while he still believed them on the other side of the Tiber, he was suddenly encompassed and assaulted by their innumerable squadrons. The fate of Italy depended on his life, and the deserters pointed to the conspicuous horse, a bay, with a white face, which he rode on that memorable day. *Aim at the bay horse*, was the universal cry. Every bow was bent, every javelin was directed, against that fatal object, and the command was repeated and obeyed by thousands who were ignorant of its real motive. The bolder barbarians advanced to the more honorable combat of swords and spears; and the praise of an enemy has graced the fall of Visandus, the standard-bearer, who maintained his

foremost station till he was pierced with thirteen wounds, perhaps by the hand of Belisarius himself.

The Roman general was strong, active, and dexterous: on every side he discharged his weighty and mortal strokes: his faithful guards imitated his valor, and defended his person: and the Goths, after the loss of a thousand men, fled before the arms of a hero. They were rashly pursued to their camp; and the Romans, oppressed by multitudes, made a gradual, and at length a precipitate, retreat to the gates of the city; the gates were shut against the fugitives; and the public terror was increased by the report that Belisarius was slain. His countenance was indeed disfigured by sweat, dust, and blood; his voice was hoarse, his strength was almost exhausted, but his unconquerable spirit still remained; he imparted that spirit to his desponding companions; and their last desperate charge was felt by the flying barbarians, as if a new army, vigorous and entire, had been poured from the city. The Flaminian Gate was thrown open to a *real* triumph; but it was not before Belisarius had visited every post, and provided for the public safety, that he could be persuaded by his wife and friends to take the needful refreshments of food and sleep. In the more improved state of the art of war, a general is seldom required, or even permitted, to display the personal prowess of a soldier; and the example of Belisarius may be added to the rare examples of Henry IV., of Pyrrhus, and of Alexander.

After this first and unsuccessful trial of their enemies, the whole army of the Goths passed the Tiber, and formed the siege of the city, which continued above a year, till their final departure.

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Eighteen days were employed by the besiegers to provide all the instruments of attack which antiquity had invented. Fascines were prepared to fill the ditches, scaling-ladders to ascend the walls. The largest trees of the forest supplied the timbers of four battering-rams; their heads were armed with iron; they were suspended by ropes, and each of them was worked by the labor of fifty men. The lofty wooden turrets moved on wheels or rollers, and formed a spacious platform of the level of the rampart. On the morning of the nineteenth day, a general attack was made from the Praenestine gate to the Vatican: seven Gothic columns, with their military engines, advanced to the assault; and the Romans, who lined the ramparts, listened with doubt and anxiety to the cheerful assurances of their commander.

As soon as the enemy approached the ditch, Belisarius himself drew the first arrow; and such was his strength and dexterity, that he transfixed the foremost of the barbarian leaders. A shout of applause and victory was re-echoed along the wall. He drew a second arrow, and the stroke was followed with the same success and the same acclamation. The Roman general then gave the word, that the archers should aim at the teams of oxen; they were instantly covered with mortal wounds; the towers which they drew remained useless and immovable, and a single moment disconcerted the laborious projects of the king of the Goths.

After this disappointment, Vitiges still continued, or feigned to continue, the assault of the Salarian gate, that he might divert the attention of his adversary, while his principal forces more strenuously attacked the Praenestine gate and the sepulchre of Hadrian, at the distance of three miles from each other. Near the former, the double walls of the Vivarium were low or broken; the fortifications of the latter were feebly guarded: the

vigor of the Goths was excited by the hope of victory and spoil; and if a single post had given way, the Romans, and Rome itself, were irrecoverably lost.

This perilous day was the most glorious in the life of Belisarius. Amidst tumult and dismay, the whole plan of the attack and defense was distinctly present to his mind; he observed the changes of each instant, weighed every possible advantage, transported his person to the scenes of danger, and communicated his spirit in calm and decisive orders. The contest was fiercely maintained from the morning to the evening; the Goths were repulsed on all sides, and each Roman might boast that he had vanquished thirty barbarians, if the strange disproportion of numbers were not counterbalanced by the merit of one man. Thirty thousand Goths, according to the confession of their own chiefs, perished in this bloody action, and the multitude of the wounded was equal to that of the slain. When they advanced to the assault, their close disorder suffered not a javelin to fall without effect; and as they retired, the populace of the city joined the pursuit, and slaughtered, with impunity, the backs of their flying enemies. Belisarius instantly sallied from the gates; and while the soldiers chanted his name and victory, the hostile engines of war were reduced to ashes. Such was the loss and consternation of the Goths, that, from this day, the siege of Rome degenerated into a tedious and indolent blockade; and they were incessantly harassed by the Roman general, who, in frequent skirmishes, destroyed about five thousand of their bravest troops. Their cavalry was unpracticed in the use of the bow; their archers served on foot; and this divided force was incapable of contending with their adversaries, whose lances and arrows, at a distance or at hand, were alike formidable.

Our remaining extract is from Volume VI.—the last—of the *History*, and describes

THE PRINCES AND THE PALACE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Princes of Constantinople were far removed from the simplicity of nature; yet, with the revolving seasons, they were led by taste or fashion, to withdraw to a purer air, from the smoke and tumult of the capital. They enjoyed, or affected to enjoy, the rustic festival of the vintage; their leisure was amused by the exercise of the chase, and the calmer occupation of fishing; and in the summer heats, they were shaded from the sun, and refreshed by the cooling breezes from the sea. The coasts and islands of Asia and Europe were covered with their magnificent villas; but, instead of the modest art which secretly strives to hide itself, and to decorate the scenery of nature, the marble structure of their gardens served only to expose the riches of their lord, and the labors of the architect.

The successive casualties of inheritance and forfeiture had rendered the sovereign proprietor of many stately houses in the city and suburbs, of which twelve were appropriated to the ministers of state; but the great palace, the centre of the imperial residence, was fixed during eleven centuries to the same position, between the hippodrome, the cathedral of St. Sophia, and the gardens which descended by many a terrace to the shores of the Propontis. The primitive edifice of the first Constantine was a copy or rival of ancient Rome; the gradual improvements of his successors aspired to emulate the wonders of the old world, and, in the tenth century, the Byzantine palace excited the admiration, at least of the Latins, by an

unquestionable pre-eminence of strength, size, and magnificence. But the toil and treasure of so many ages had produced a vast and irregular pile; each separate building was marked with the character of the times, and of the founder; and the want of space might excuse the reigning monarch who demolished, perhaps with secret satisfaction, the works of his predecessors.

The economy of the emperor Theophilus allowed a more free and ample scope for his domestic luxury and splendor. A favorite ambassador, who had astonished the Abbassides themselves by his pride and liberality, presented on his return the model of a palace which the caliph of Bagdad had recently constructed on the banks of the Tigris. The model was instantly copied and surpassed; the new buildings of Theophilus were accompanied with gardens and with fine churches, one of which was conspicuous for size and beauty; it was crowned with three domes, the roof of gilt brass reposed on columns of Italian marble, and the walls were incrustated with marbles of various colors. In the face of the church, a semicircular portico, of the figure and name of the Greek *sigma*, was supported by fifteen columns of Phrygian marble, and the subterraneous vaults were of a similar construction.

The square before the sigma was decorated with a fountain, and the margin of the basin was lined and encompassed with plates of silver. In the beginning of each season, the basin, instead of water, was replenished with the most exquisite fruits, which were abandoned to the populace for the entertainment of the prince. He enjoyed this tumultuous spectacle from a throne resplendent with gold and gems, which was raised by a marble staircase to the height of a lofty terrace. Below the throne were seated the officers of his guards, the magistrates, the chiefs of the factions of the circus; the inferior steps were occupied by the people, and the place below was covered with troops of dancers, singers, and pantomimes.

The square was surrounded by the hall of justice, the arsenal, and the various offices of business and pleasure; and the *purple* chamber was named from the annual distribution of robes of scarlet and purple by the hand of the empress herself. The long series of the apartments were adapted to the seasons, and decorated with marble and porphyry, with painting, sculpture, and mosaics, with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones. His fanciful magnificence employed the skill and patience of such artists as the times could afford; but the taste of Athens would have despised their frivolous and costly labors; a golden tree with its leaves and branches, which sheltered a multitude of birds, warbling their artificial notes, and two lions of massy gold, and of the natural size, who looked and roared like their brethren of the forest.

The successors of Theophilus, of the Basilian and Comnenian dynasties, were not less ambitious of leaving some memorial of their residence, and the portion of the palace most splendid and august, was dignified with the title of the golden *triclinium*. With becoming modesty, the rich and noble Greeks aspired to imitate their sovereign; and when they passed through the streets on horseback, in their robes of silk and embroidery, they were mistaken by the children for kings.

“In the power of generalization and of bringing into one view a whole era of remarkable events, no writer ever equaled Gibbon. His mind ranged over his wide and infinite subject, selecting,

instinctively, the best points of view, and placing the reader where he could catch at a glance a whole splendid panorama. Gibbon compressed into six volumes a period of twelve or fourteen hundred years; but the period embraced is even less wonderful than the vast variety of its events. The Romans, Goths, Huns and Vandals, Turks, Moslems and Gauls, are but a few of that innumerable company of races of whom his narrative treats. He paints the swarthy Arab and the fair-faced Saxon, the forests of Germany, the steppes of Siberia, and the conquests of Ghengis Khan. Yet out of all these distant and inharmonious elements, he produces a narrative so well ordered and methodical that no want of clearness or confusion of subjects is anywhere apparent.

"Although no trace is left of his having written any verses, yet there is much of the poetic in the character of his intellect. His History is not like that of Hume, a philosophical essay; nor like those of Robertson, a series of biography; but resembles rather a splendid epic, filled with the excitement of tragic action, and having for its hero the genius of falling Rome. As he was a poet he fails as a philosopher. With much pretence to philosophical power, there is yet little of real philosophical deduction in all his volumes. He teaches nothing and discovers nothing. Except in his inconclusive attack on the church, his work has no moral or philosophical purpose. It abounds in maxims and contrasts, antithesis and point. But no large views of intellectual or moral progress are to be derived from Gibbon's work. As a politician he contents himself with vague declamations in behalf of freedom, and in an opposing laudation of imperial despotism. He even forms no theory of the causes of the fall of Rome: he discovers no one principle capable of completing that great destruction. Gibbon simply presents facts; he leaves the reader to philosophize at will.

"As a painter of character, Gibbon caught rather the act than the motive. A cold sarcasm runs through all his History: he sneers at religion, mocks at all sincerity, and doubts the truth and honesty of all men. His History shows little trace of any inquiry into the value or accuracy of his materials, except that he in general prefers a pagan authority to a Christian: praises Procopius and decries Eusebius. He had nothing, however, of the active spirit of research which distinguishes a Niebuhr or an Arnold. His style, if style be merely language, was obscure; if it be the arrangement and expression of thought, it was wonderfully perspicuous." *

* *The Lives of the British Historians*: Eugene Lawrence.

DAVID HUME.

DAVID HUME was born April 26, 1711, at Edinburgh, of gentle, but not of wealthy parents. To use his own words: "I passed through the ordinary course of education [he graduated at the University of his native city] with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the greatest source of my enjoyments. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an insurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring."

Mercantile life was next tried at Bristol; but was soon found to be "totally unsuitable." In 1738, Hume made a first attempt at gratifying his passion for authorship by publishing a *Treatise of Human Nature*. "Never literary attempt," says he, "was more unfortunate than my *Treatise of Human Nature*. It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots. But being naturally of a cheerful and sanguine temper, I very soon recovered the blow, and prosecuted with great vigor my studies in the country. In 1742, I printed at Edinburgh the first part of my *Essays*. The work was favorably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment.

"In 1752 were published at Edinburgh, where I then lived, my *Political Discourses*, the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication. It was well received at home and abroad. In the same year was published at London my *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*; which, in my own opinion, who ought not to judge on that subject, is, of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

In the same year, while serving as librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, in which office he had access to a large library, Hume conceived the plan and commenced the work of writing his *History of England*. The first volume, which opened with the accession of the house of Stuart, was published in 1754. Our author says of its reception: "I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation; English, Scotch, and Irish, whig and tory, churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion.

"I was, I confess, discouraged; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere."

The remaining volumes of this work, completing the history of England from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the abdication of James II., appeared at intervals from 1756 until 1761, and were received with a less degree of disfavor than was the first. "Notwithstanding," says our author again, "the variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances, that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England; I was become not only independent, but opulent."

With the completion of his *History* came the end of Hume's literary life. He served in 1765 as secretary to Lord Hertford's embassy to Paris; where, recommended doubtless by his peculiar philosophical views, he became the subject of many attentions and flatteries from men and women of the highest ranks of the society of the French capital. Again, for two years (1767-69), he filled the honorable office of Under-Secretary of State. He then returned to Edinburgh, where he studiously passed the remainder of his life, dying August 25, 1776, "in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

The following extracts are from *The History of England*, the first being from Volume II.:

BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

The prince of Wales, encouraged by the success of the preceding campaign, took the field with an army, which no historian makes amount to

above twelve thousand men, and of which not a third were English; and with this small body, he ventured to penetrate into the heart of France. After ravaging the Argensis, Quercy, and the Limousin, he entered the province of Berry; and made some attacks, though without success, on the towns of Bourges and Issoudun. It appeared that his intentions were to march into Normandy, and to join his forces with those of the earl of Lancaster, and the partisans of the king of Navarre; but finding all the bridges on the Loire broken down, and every pass carefully guarded, he was obliged to think of making his retreat into Guienne. He found this resolution the more necessary, from the intelligence which he received of the king of France's motions. That monarch, provoked at the insult offered him by this incursion, and entertaining hopes of success from the young prince's temerity, collected a great army of above sixty thousand men, and advanced by hasty marches to intercept his enemy. The prince, not aware of John's near approach, lost some days, on his retreat, before the castle of Remorantin; and thereby gave the French an opportunity of overtaking him. They came within sight at Maupertuis, near Poitiers; and Edward, sensible that his retreat was now become impracticable, prepared for battle with all the courage of a young hero, and with all the prudence of the oldest and most experienced commander.

But the utmost prudence and courage would have proved insufficient to save him in this extremity, had the king of France known how to make use of his present advantages. His great superiority in numbers enabled him to surround the enemy; and by intercepting all provisions, which were already become scarce in the English camp, to reduce this small army, without a blow, to the necessity of surrendering at discretion. But such was the impatient ardor of the French nobility, and so much had their thoughts been bent on overtaking the English as their sole object, that this idea never struck any of the commanders; and they immediately took measures for the assault, as for a certain victory.

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The prince of Wales had leisure, during the night, to strengthen, by new intrenchments, the post which he had before so judiciously chosen; and he contrived an ambush of three hundred men at arms, and as many archers, whom he put under the command of the Captal de Buche, and ordered to make a circuit, that they might fall on the flank or rear of the French army during the engagement. The van of his army was commanded by the earl of Warwick, the rear by the earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, the main body by the prince himself. The lords Chandos, Audeley, and many other brave and experienced commanders, were at the head of different corps of his army.

John also arranged his forces in three divisions, nearly equal; the first was commanded by the duke of Orleans, the king's brother; the second by the dauphin, attended by his two younger brothers; the third by the king himself, who had by his side Philip, his fourth son and favorite, then about fourteen years of age. There was no reaching the English army but through a narrow lane, covered on each side by hedges; and in order to open this passage, the mareschals, Andrehen and Clermont, were ordered to advance with a separate detachment of men at arms. While they marched along the lane, a body of English archers, who lined the hedges, plied them on each side with their arrows; and being very near them, yet placed in perfect safety, they coolly took their aim against the enemy, and slaughtered them with impunity. The French detachment, much discouraged by the

unequal combat, and diminished in their number, arrived at the end of the lane, where they met on the open ground the prince of Wales himself, at the head of a chosen body, ready for their reception. They were discomfited and overthrown: one of the mareschals was slain; the other taken prisoner: and the remainder of the detachment, who were still in the lane, and exposed to the shot of the enemy, without being able to make resistance, recoiled upon their own army, and put everything into disorder.

In that critical moment the Captal de Buche unexpectedly appeared, and attacked in flank the dauphin's line, which fell into some confusion. Landas, Bodenai, and St. Venant, to whom the care of that young prince and his brothers had been committed, too anxious for their charge, or for their own safety, carried them off the field, and set the example of flight, which was followed by that whole division. The duke of Orleans, seized with a like panic, and imagining all was lost, thought no longer of fighting, but carried off his division by a retreat, which soon turned into a flight. Lord Chandos called out to the prince that the day was won; and encouraged him to attack the division under king John, which, though more numerous than the whole English army, were somewhat dismayed by the precipitate flight of their companions. John here made the utmost efforts to retrieve by his valor what his imprudence had betrayed; and the only resistance made that day was by his line of battle.

The prince of Wales fell with impetuosity on some German cavalry placed in the front, and commanded by the counts of Sallebruche, Nydo, and Nasto: a fierce battle ensued: one side were encouraged by the near prospect of so great a victory; the other were stimulated by the shame of quitting the field to an enemy so much inferior: but the three German generals, together with the duke of Athens, constable of France, falling in battle, that body of cavalry gave way, and left the king himself exposed to the whole fury of the enemy. The ranks were every moment thinned around him: the nobles fell by his side one after another: his son, scarce fourteen years of age, received a wound, while he was fighting valiantly in defence of his father: the king himself, spent with fatigue and overwhelmed by numbers, might easily have been slain; but every English gentleman, ambitious of taking alive the royal prisoner, spared him in the action, exhorted him to surrender, and offered him quarter: several, who attempted to seize him, suffered for their temerity. He still cried out, "Where is my cousin, the prince of Wales?" and seemed unwilling to become prisoner to any person of inferior rank. But being told that the prince was at a distance on the field, he threw down his gauntlet, and yielded himself to Dennis de Morbec, a knight of Arras, who had been obliged to fly his country for murder. His son was taken with him.

The prince of Wales, who had been carried away in pursuit of the flying enemy, finding the field entirely clear, had ordered a tent to be pitched, and was reposing himself after the toils of battle; inquiring still with great anxiety concerning the fate of the French monarch. He despatched the earl of Warwick to bring him intelligence; and that nobleman came happily in time to save the life of the captive prince, which was exposed to greater danger than it had been during the heat of the action. The English had taken him by violence from Morbec: the Gascons claimed the honor of detaining the royal prisoner; and some brutal soldiers, rather than yield the prize to their rivals, had threatened to put him to death. Warwick overawed both parties, and, approaching the king with great demonstrations of respect, offered to conduct him to the prince's tent.

Here commences the real and truly admirable heroism of Edward; for victories are vulgar things in comparison of that moderation and humanity displayed by a young prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle, and elated by as extraordinary and as unexpected success as had ever crowned the arms of any commander. He came forth to meet the captive king with all the marks of regard and sympathy; administered comfort to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due to his valor; and ascribed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superior Providence, which controls all the efforts of human force and prudence. The behavior of John showed him not unworthy of this courteous treatment; his present abject fortune never made him forget a moment that he was a king: more touched by Edward's generosity than by his own calamities, he confessed that, notwithstanding his defeat and captivity, his honor was still unimpaired; and that if he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of such consummate valor and humanity.

Edward ordered a repast to be prepared in his tent for the prisoner; and he himself served at the royal captive's table, as if he had been one of his retinue: he stood at the king's back during the meal; constantly refused to take a place at table; and declared that, being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank and that of royal majesty, to assume such freedom. All his father's pretensions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion: John in captivity received the honors of a king, which were refused him when seated on the throne: his misfortunes, not his title, were respected, and the French prisoners, conquered by this elevation of mind, more than by their late discomfiture, burst into tears of admiration, which were only checked by the reflection, that such genuine and unaltered heroism in an enemy must certainly in the issue prove but the more dangerous to their native country.

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The prince of Wales conducted his prisoner to Bordeaux; and not being provided with forces so numerous as might enable him to push his present advantages, he concluded a two years' truce with France, which was also become requisite, that he might conduct the captive king with safety into England. He landed at Southwark, and was met by a great concourse of people, of all ranks and stations. The prisoner was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by its size and beauty, and by the richness of its furniture. The conqueror rode by his side in a meaner attire, and carried by a black palfrey. In this situation, more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the king of France to his father, who advanced to meet him, and received him with the same courtesy as if he had been a neighboring potentate that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit. It is impossible, in reflecting on this noble conduct, not to perceive the advantages which resulted from the otherwise whimsical principles of chivalry, and which gave men in those rude times some superiority even over people of a more cultivated age and nation.

VOLUME V.—EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the princess Elizabeth and the duke

of Gloucester; for the duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration. . . .

The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars; and observed, that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations, than to preserve that authority entire which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament, but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor.

When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him: "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a visor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head, streaming with blood, and cried aloud, "This is the head of a traitor!"

HIS CHARACTER.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed; but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices, or, more properly speaking, his imperfections; for scarce any of his faults rose to that pitch as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favorable light, it may be affirmed that his dignity was free from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, his frugality from avarice; all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsid-

erable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence: his beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not very gracious; his virtue was tinged with superstition; his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity inferior to his own; and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great, man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with the vigor requisite for the second.

Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy and his memory precious; had the limitations on prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily, his fate threw him into a period when the precedents of many former reigns savored strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct, in his circumstances, could have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed, without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions, it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

* * * * *

This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet, but melancholy aspect. His face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of a middle stature he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities which form an accomplished prince.

Our citations of critical opinions will aim to present Hume in his three distinctive characters of a philosophical writer, a political writer, and an historian.

Speaking of his moral and metaphysical essays, Lord Brougham observes: "To refuse these well-known essays the praise of great subtilty, much clever argument, some successful sarcasm, and very considerable originality, is impossible; but a love of singularity, an aversion to agree with other men, and particularly with the bulk of the people, prevails very manifestly throughout the work; and we may recollect that it is the author's earliest production, *The Treatise of Human Nature*, which formed the basis of the whole, having been written before his six-and-twentieth year, at an age when the distinction of differing with the world, the boldness of attacking opinions held sacred by mankind at large, is apt to have most charms for vain and ambitious minds. Accordingly, he finds all wrong in the opinions which men generally entertain, whether

upon moral, metaphysical, or theological subjects, and he pushes his theories to an extreme point in almost every instance."

"The philosophy of Hume, as a whole, originated and fell with himself. A more partial and less daring scepticism might, probably, have gained many followers; but it is the inevitable result of every system, professing universal unbelief, to destroy itself."*

"Of the *Political Discourses* it would be difficult to speak in terms of too great commendation. They combine almost every excellence, which can belong to such a performance. . . . The great merit, however, of these discourses, is their originality, and the new system of politics and political economy which they unfold. Hume is, beyond all doubt, the author of the modern doctrines which now rule the world of science, which are to a great extent the guide to practical statesmen."†

"Hume's *History* is scarcely better than a fiction. It is hardly more reliable than the works of Carte or Oldmixon; and far less excusable, since it pretends to philosophic impartiality. A witness on the stand, who should give such an account of facts with which he was familiar, omitting those that made against his purpose, and dwelling on those that favored it, would be guilty of a suppression of the truth, and would violate his oath. An historian, pretending to impartiality, who thus distorts the truth, is guilty of the greatest offense. He is telling to posterity a tale that he knows to be false.

"We read it, not so much for information, as for an agreeable intellectual exercise. We admire its subtile disputations, its artful array of facts, the genius which shines in its false narrative, and illuminates its unsound disputations. Its scenes of pathos fascinate us, although we feel that our pity is wrongly bestowed. Its nice balance of opposing arguments, with a bias ever to one side, satisfies our judgment as a specimen of peculiar mental power.

"His style has an endless rhythm like the verse of Shakespeare, and never fails in harmony. His rhythm is peculiar to himself. It differs from that of Robertson and Gibbon, and the latter declared that he listened to it in despair. It has no resemblance to the sounding periods of Jeremy Taylor, or the simpler flow of Addison. Hume's ear for harmony was perfect, and his great thoughts shaped themselves into delicate modulations of language as naturally as those of Homer compressed themselves in verse."‡

* *Morell's History of Modern Philosophy.*

† Lord Brougham.

‡ *The Lives of the British Historians*: Eugene Lawrence.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, in September, 1751. When eleven years of age,—his parents in the meantime having removed to England,—he was sent to school at Harrow, where he remained some seven or eight years, acquiring a greater name for a vivacious and mischievous leader of games, than for a diligent or successful student of books. However, according to Dr. Parr, he “read Homer’s Iliad now and then; not as a professed scholar would do, critically, but with all the strong sympathies of a poet reading a poet.”

Sheridan’s natural warmth, sprightliness, and gallantry were further displayed in an affair at Bath, whither his father had removed in 1771. Here he became enamored of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Linley—“the Cecilia of her day,” whom, despite paternal opposition and the slanders of an infamous rival, he eloped with and married. His wife’s wounded honor he afterwards sought to retrieve by two duels, in one of which he is reported to have nearly lost his life.

The steady application essential to success as a lawyer was an element lacking in Sheridan’s composition; hence, after a brief spasm of study in the Middle Temple, we find him turning with genuine relish to play-writing. His first play was *The Rivals*—a comedy, which was first performed at Covent Garden in January, 1775. This was followed the same year by the *Duenna*—a comic opera, for which his father-in-law furnished the music.

About this time Sheridan succeeded Garrick as part-owner and manager of Drury-lane Theatre. Here he brought out, in May, 1777, his most admirable play—the inimitable and popular comedy of *The School for Scandal*, and in October, 1788, *The Critic*, a farce that still continues to be a favorite. *Pizarro*, which followed, far from being an original production, was an almost literal translation of one of Kotzebue’s plays.

Some years before our last date—in 1780—Sheridan succeeded in gratifying a newly-developed aspiration for political honors by a return to Parliament for Stafford. From this time until 1812 he figured in public life, certainly as one of the most splendid orators, though not one of the profoundest or most successful statesmen, of the epoch. The most memorable of his numerous oratorical efforts was his speech against Warren Hastings, relative to the Begum Princesses of Oude, delivered in the House of Commons on the 7th of February, 1787. Burke declared the speech to be “the most astonishing burst of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition.”

Embarrassments, arising from loss of property, financial mismanagement, extravagant habits, and broken health occasioned by life-long dissipation, vexed and sadly marred the latter years of his life. He died July 7, 1816.

Our first extract displays *The School for Scandal* in full operation.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lady Sneerwell’s House.

Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candor, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Joseph Surface, *discovered*.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Jos. Surf. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Ben. O plague on ’t, uncle! ’tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no; ’fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Ben. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricie was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I’m sure can’t be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horse-back, too.

Jos. Surf. A very Phoebus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Ben. Oh, dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and MARIA.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teaz. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Snerr. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Mar. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady Teaz. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teaz. What's the matter, Mrs. Candor?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend, Miss Vermilion, to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming fresh color.

Lady Teaz. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. Oh, fie! I'll swear her color is natural; I have seen it come and go!

Lady Teaz. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Ben. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

Crab. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty, if she's an hour!

Mrs. Can. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Ben. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

Sir Ben. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 't is not that she paints so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crab. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Ben. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teaz. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a-jar, as it were—thus.

[Shows her teeth.

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teaz. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: *How do you do, madam?* Yes, madam. [Mimics.

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teaz. In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Pet. Ladies, your most obedient.—[Aside.]—Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Pet. That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candor.

Mrs. Can. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teaz. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and, when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teaz. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Pet. Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great

allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Ben. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Pet. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Pet. No, to be sure!

Sir Ben. Ah! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candor and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teaz. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Ben. So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

Crab. Caledonian locks—

Sir Ben. Dutch nose—

Crab. Austrian lips—

Sir Ben. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crab. And teeth *a la Chinoise*—

Sir Ben. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pet. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week! *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Pet. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candor, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha!, ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Pet. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teaz. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Ben. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teaz. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir Pet. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Pet. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Pet. Yes, madam, I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, who whispers SIR PETER.

Sir Pet. I'll be with them directly.—(*Exit Servant.*) I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*]

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Pet. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*]

Our remaining extracts are from the celebrated *Speech against Warren Hastings*. Referring to the apology urged by Mr. Hast-

ings' friends that the enormity of his crimes was palliated by the greatness of his mind, Sheridan remarked :

To estimate the solidity of such a defense, it would be sufficient merely to consider in what consisted this prepossessing distinction, this captivating characteristic of greatness of mind. Is it not solely to be traced to great actions directed to great ends? In them, and them alone, we are to search for true, estimable magnanimity. To them only can we justly affix the splendid title and honors of real greatness. There was indeed another species of greatness, which displayed itself in boldly conceiving a bad measure, and undauntedly pursuing it to its accomplishment. But had Mr. Hastings the merit of exhibiting either of these descriptions of greatness;—even of the latter?—I see nothing great—nothing magnanimous—nothing open—nothing direct in his measures or in his mind;—on the contrary, he had too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course was an eternal deviation from rectitude. He either tyrannized or deceived; and was by turns a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings' ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all was shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little: nothing simple, nothing unmixed: all affected plainness, and actual dissimulation;—a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities; with nothing great but his crimes; and even those contracted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denoted both his baseness and his meanness, and marked him for a traitor and a trickster.

Nay, in his style and writing there was the same mixture of vicious contrarieties;—the most groveling ideas were conveyed in the most inflated language; giving mock consequence to low cavil, and uttering quibbles in heroics; so that his compositions disgusted the mind's taste, as much as his actions excited the soul's abhorrence. Indeed this mixture of character seemed by some unaccountable, but inherent quality, to be appropriated, though in inferior degrees, to everything that concerned his employers. I remember to have heard an honorable and learned gentleman remark, that there was something in the first frame and constitution of the company, which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a peddler, and the profligacy of pirates. Alike in the political and the military line could be observed *auctioneering ambassadors and trading generally*;—and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits*; an army employed in *executing an arrest*; a town besieged on a *note of hand*; a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little *traffic of a merchant's counting-house*, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and *picking a pocket with the other*.

In alluding to the Princesses of Oude, Sheridan remarked :

The managers have proven the high birth and great rank of the Begums, or Princesses of Oude; they have also proven how sacred was the residence of women in India. A threat, therefore, to force that residence, and violate its purity by sending armed men into it, was a species of torture, the cruelty of which could not be conceived by those who were unacquainted with the customs and notions of the inhabitants of Hindostan. A knowledge of the

customs and manners of the Mussulmen of Turkey would not enable one to judge of those of Mussulmen in India: in the former, ladies went abroad veiled, and, though not so free as those in Christian countries, still they were not so closely shut up as were the ladies professing the same religion in Hindostan. The confinement of the Turkish ladies was in a great measure to be ascribed to the jealousy of their husbands; in Hindostan the ladies were confined because they thought it contrary to decorum that persons of their sex should be seen abroad: they were not the victims of jealousy in the men; on the contrary, their sequestration from the world was voluntary; they liked retirement, because they thought it best suited to the dignity of their sex and situation: they were shut up from liberty, it was true; but liberty, so far from having any charms for them, was derogatory to their feelings; they were enshrined rather than immured; they professed a greater purity of pious prejudice than the Mahomedan ladies of Europe and other countries, and more zealously and religiously practiced a more holy system of superstition. Such was their sense of delicacy, that to them the sight of man was pollution; and the piety of the nation rendered their residence a sanctuary. What, then, do your lordships think of the tyranny of the man, who could act in open defiance of those prejudices, which were so interwoven with the very existence of ladies in that country, that they could not be removed but by death? What do your lordships think of the man, who could threaten to profane and violate the sanctuary of the highest description of ladies in Oude, by saying that he would storm it with his troops, and remove the inhabitants from it by force?

The speech closes as follows:

But justice is not this halt and miserable object! it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod!—it is not the portentous phantom of despair;—it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords! In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me, august and pure; the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and in the aspirings of men!—where the mind rises, where the heart expands—where the countenance is ever placid and benign—where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate—to hear their cry and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succor and save:—majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted without pride; firm without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculations! not in words, but on facts! You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all to administer truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves, with the most exalted bliss possible, or conceivable for our nature,—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world! My lords, I have done.

“Sheridan’s comedies were comedies of society, the most amusing ever written, but merely comedies of society. His first play, *The*

Rivals, and afterwards his *Duenna*, and *The Critic*, are loaded with exaggerated caricatures, and scarce anything else. There is Mrs. Malaprop, a silly, pretentious woman, who uses grand words higgledy-piggledy, delighted with herself, in 'a nice derangement of epitaphs' before her nouns, and declaring that her niece is 'as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.' There is Mr. Acres, who suddenly becomes a hero, gets engaged in a duel, and being led on the ground, calculates the effect of the balls, thinks of his will, burial, embalmment, and wishes he were at home. All this jogs and jostles on, without much order, amid the surprises of a twofold plot, by aid of expedients and rencontres, without the full and regular government of a dominating idea. But in vain one perceives it is a patchwork; the high spirit carries off everything: we laugh heartily; every single scene has its facetious and rapid movement; we forget that the clumsy valet makes remarks as witty as Sheridan himself, and that the irascible gentleman speaks as well as the most elegant of writers.

"This kind of writing, artificial and condensed as the satires of La Bruyère, is like a cut phial, into which the author has distilled without reservation all his reflections, his reading, his understanding. . . . We cease to think of the meagerness of the characters, as we cease to think of the variation from truth; we are willingly carried away by the vivacity of the action, dazzled by the brilliancy of the dialogue; we are charmed, applaud; admit that, after all, next to great inventive faculty, animation and wit are the most agreeable gifts in the world: we appreciate them in their season, and find that they also have their place in the literary banquet; and that if they are not worth as much as the substantial joints, the natural and generous wines of the first course, at least they furnish the dessert."*

What Burke says concerning Sheridan's Begum Speech could not be spoken of any other of his oratorical efforts; though all of them abounded in sallies of wit and flashes of fervid eloquence altogether characteristic. Burke says: "Of all the various speeches of oratory, of every kind of eloquence that had been heard either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, or the morality of the pulpits could furnish, had not been equal to what that House had that day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy religionist, no man of any description as a literary character, could have come up in the one instance to the pure sentiments of morality, or, in the other, to the variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, and strength of expression, to which they had this day listened."

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE was born in the city of Dublin, January 1, 1730. Being of a very delicate constitution, he employed the time which boys usually spend in sports in the perusal of books and the pursuit of knowledge. In 1741, he was sent to the classical academy at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, then under the direction of that honest Quaker and ripe scholar Abraham Shackleton, between whom and Burke there arose a life-long intimacy. Here "his habits," as Shackleton said, "indicated more of solidity than commonly belongs to that period of life. His powers appeared not so much in brilliancy as in steadiness of application, facility of comprehension, and strength of memory; indications which drew the commendation first, and, as his powers unfolded themselves, soon the warm regard of his master, under whose paternal care the improvement of his health kept pace with that of his mind. The grateful pupil never forgot his obligations." *

When he had spent three years at the academy, Burke was entered as a pensioner in Trinity College, Dublin. At college he proved an indefatigable and exemplary student; but bent his mind more to the acquisition of a broad, varied, and well-arranged knowledge, and a mastery in speaking and in composition, than to the attainment of collegiate honors. About 1750 he removed to London, and there pursued the study of the law; but, diverted probably by his early bias for general culture, he never began its practice.

His first work of note was *A Vindication of Natural Society*—an ironical criticism of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, and so exact an imitation of that writer's diction, style of composition, and philosophic animus, as for a time to have passed for a genuine production of that philosopher. It was published in 1756, and elicited a very general admiration of its author's abilities.

* *Life of Burke*: James Prior, Esq.

But this admiration was greatly enhanced when, a few months afterwards, Burke gave to the public *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*:—an essay which, not to quote any other of the numerous encomiums it received, drew from Dr. Johnson, so parsimonious of praise, the remark: “Burke’s Essay is an example of true criticism.”

In 1759, in conjunction with the publisher Dodsley, Burke originated “The Annual Register.” The biographer before quoted remarks of this periodical: “It is the best and the most comprehensive of all the periodical works, without any admixture of their trash, or their frequent tediousness of detail. Many of the sketches of contemporary history, written by himself or from his immediate dictation for about thirty years, are not merely valuable as coming from such a pen, but masterly in themselves; and in the estimation of many competent judges, are not likely to be improved by any future historian.”

Passing by an indefinite term of service in Ireland as private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant’s secretary, we presently meet Burke entering Parliament, having been returned in 1765 for the borough of Wendover. With this was inaugurated one of the most, if not *the* most, illustrious of political careers,—a career ennobled not so much by splendid stations as by eminent services. The principles of moral and political wisdom and integrity, conceived and formulated in youth and early manhood, accompanied and guided his steps through thirty years of parliamentary warfare the fiercest and most trying. Again in 1774 Burke was returned to parliament from Bristol, which city he continued to represent until 1780. From the latter date until the close of his public life he sat for the borough of Malton.

The great features of Burke’s parliamentary career were his opposition to the course of the English government toward the Colonies both before and during the American revolution; his advocacy of the political rights of the Catholics in Ireland; his agitation of measures of economical reform; his denunciation of the slave trade; his exposure of the iniquitous mismanagement of the East India affairs by Warren Hastings; and his condemnation of the principles that actuated and the events that characterized the French Revolution. His speeches in furtherance of these measures were, at the time of their delivery,

and now are, regarded in point of information, lucid arrangement of matter, cogent argument, noble sentiment, force and picturesqueness of language, and felicity of illustration, as unparalleled in the annals of oratory.

In addition to these great legislative efforts, we must not omit to name certain elaborate and eloquent pamphlets which this eminent statesman issued from time to time: such, for example, were his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, and *Letters on a Regicide Peace*.

Burke retired from parliament in 1794, and was succeeded there for a brief time by his son. An extensive correspondence with eminent politicians and scholars, and an occasional pamphlet, filled up for the greater part the few remaining years of his life. He died at Beaconsfield, July 9, 1797.

The *Essay on the Sublime und Beautiful* furnishes our first extract.

CONCERNING SMALLNESS.

In speaking of the magnitude of bodies there is great uncertainty, because the ideas of great and small are terms almost entirely relative to the species of the objects, which are infinite. It is true, that having once fixed the species of any object, and the dimensions common in the individuals of that species, we may observe some that exceed, and some that fall short of, the ordinary standard: those which greatly exceed are, by that excess, provided the species itself be not very small, rather great and terrible than beautiful; but as in the animal world, and in a good measure in the vegetable world likewise, the qualities that constitute beauty may possibly be united to things of greater dimensions; when they are so united, they constitute a species something different both from the sublime and beautiful, which I have before called *fine*: but this kind, I imagine, has not such a power on the passions either as vast bodies have which are endued with the correspondent qualities of the sublime, or as the qualities of beauty have when united in a small object.

The affection produced by large bodies adorned with the spoils of beauty, is a tension continually relieved; which approaches to the nature of mediocrity. But if I were to say how I find myself affected upon such occasions, I should say, that the sublime suffers less by being united to some of the qualities of beauty, than beauty does by being joined to greatness of quality, or any other properties of the sublime. There is something so over-ruling in whatever inspires us with awe, in all things which belong ever so remotely to terror, that nothing else can stand in their presence. There lie the qualities of beauty either dead or inoperative; or at most exerted to mollify the rigor and sternness of the terror, which is the natural concomitant of greatness.

Besides the extraordinary great in every species, the opposite to this, the dwarfish and diminutive, ought to be considered. Littleness, merely as such, has nothing contrary to the idea of beauty. The humming-bird, both in shape and coloring, yields to none of the winged species, of which it is

the least ; and perhaps his beauty is enhanced by his smallness. But there are animals, which, when they are extremely small, are rarely (if ever) beautiful. There is a dwarfish size of men and women, which is almost constantly so gross and massive in comparison of their height, that they present us with a very disagreeable image. But should a man be found not above two or three feet high, supposing such a person to have all the parts of his body of a delicacy suitable to such a size, and otherwise endued with the common qualities of other beautiful bodies, I am pretty well convinced that a person of such a stature might be considered as beautiful ; might be the object of love ; might give us very pleasing ideas on viewing him. The only thing which could possibly interpose to check our pleasure is, that such creatures, however formed, are unusual, and are often therefore considered as something monstrous.

The large and gigantic, though very compatible with the sublime, is contrary to the beautiful. It is impossible to suppose a giant the object of love. When we let our imagination loose in romance, the ideas we naturally annex to that size are those of tyranny, cruelty, injustice, and everything horrid and abominable. We paint the giant ravaging the country, plundering the innocent traveller, and afterwards gorged with his half-living flesh : such are Polyphemus, Cacus, and others, who make so great a figure in romances and heroic poems. The event we attend to with the greatest satisfaction is their defeat and death.

I do not remember, in all that multitude of deaths with which the *Iliad* is filled, that the fall of any man, remarkable for his great stature and strength, touched us with pity ; nor does it appear that the author, so well read in human nature, ever intended it should. It is Simoisius, in the soft bloom of youth, torn from his parents, who tremble for a courage so ill suited to his strength ; it is another hurried by war from the new embraces of his bride, young, and fair, and a novice to the field, who melts us by his untimely fate. Achilles, in spite of the many qualities of beauty which Homer has bestowed on his outward form, and the many great virtues with which he has adorned his mind, can never make us love him.

It may be observed, that Homer has given the Trojans, whose fate he has designed to excite our compassion, infinitely more of the amiable, social virtues than he has distributed among the Greeks. With regard to the Trojans, the passion he chooses to raise is pity ; pity is a passion founded on love ; and these *lesser*, and if I may say domestic virtues, are certainly the most amiable. But he has made the Greeks far their superiors in politic and military virtues. The councils of Priam are weak ; the army of Hector comparatively feeble ; his courage far below that of Achilles. Yet we love Priam more than Agamemnon, and Hector more than his conqueror Achilles. Admiration is the passion which Homer would excite in favor of the Greeks, and he has done it by bestowing on them the virtues which have but little to do with love.

Extract from a speech *On Conciliation with America*, delivered in the House of Commons on March 22, 1775.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of civil rights associated with your government ; they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under

heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office and your instructions, and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine then that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us, a sort of people who think nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything and are all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage

wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is. English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

Extract from a *Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts*, delivered in the House of Commons, February 28, 1785.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution.

Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity, that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-

citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferer and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

Peroration of Burke's great speech on *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings*, delivered before the High Court of Parliament, in February, 1788.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolate provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a moral and social community—all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority we sit, and whose powers you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here—those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors and their posterity to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which

they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law—from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice—to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have the true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity—a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the master of nature chose to appear Himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression, knowing that He who is called first among them and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made Himself the servant of all.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

Our final extract is from Burke's *Pamphlet on the French Revolution*.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just began

to move in ; glittering, like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that genuine royalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the muse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that charity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evils, by losing all its grossness.

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All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

“ Burke’s eloquence will be found less remarkable for the predominance of any one faculty of mind, than for that distinguishing feature, a combination of them all. This peculiarity has so much confused the judgment of many, and not mean critics, as to give rise to contradictory opinions. Some represent him as addressing the passions and the imagination more than the understanding ; others of overwhelming his subject by pouring in argument more than enough. Some will have it that he deals in that bold, flowing, loose, yet powerful style which they term licentious ; others say he is often abrupt and severe. Some consider he is too fond of wit, ornament, and lighter matter ; others see him too metaphysical and refined, and too much above the intellectual level of the assembly he addressed, though that assembly was the House of Commons. Some again have honestly confessed, that after much meditation they can make nothing at all of him—that his qualities contradict each other, and that his powers and his mode of wielding them are equally indescribable.

"All these opinions cannot be true. The confusion perhaps arises from each viewing him in the light which strikes most forcibly at the moment; from not attending so much to the conjoined effect of the whole of his argument as to single parts, each of which is so striking in itself as to appear a principal in the cause in which it is embodied only as an auxiliary.

"As an accuser, his power was terrific. Once under the influence of excited feelings, and possessed of a vocabulary unequalled for force and comprehensiveness, he exhausts the whole compass of the English language in fierceness of invective and bitterness of censure. Even Junius, with all the advantages of indiscriminate personality, private scandal, and the mask under which he fought, which last left him free in the use of terms of censure, has not exceeded him in severity, while he falls infinitely short in reach of thought, command of language, energy of expression, and variety of reproach. Junius is more pungent in accusation, Burke more powerful; Junius imparts the idea of keenness, Burke that of overpowering force; Junius of possessing power to a certain degree circumscribed, Burke of a magnitude nearly boundless; Junius assaults his victim with a razor, Burke with a sledge-hammer; and repeats his blows so often and in so many different modes, that few can again recognize the carcass he has once taken it in hand to mangle." *

* *Life of Edmund Burke*: James Prior, Esq., F.S.A.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, September 7, 1709. The few months he spent, when about sixteen years old, on a visit to his cousin Cornelius Ford, seem to have given a greater impulse to his studies, and to have exercised a larger control over his after literary life, than the eight years previously passed in the free school of his native town. At nineteen, as an assistant of a young gentleman, he entered the University of Oxford a commoner. "Ethics, theology, and classic literature were his favorite studies. He discovered, notwithstanding, early symptoms of that wandering disposition of mind which adhered to him to the end of his life. His reading was by fits and starts, undirected to any particular science. General philology, agreeably to his cousin Ford's advice, was the object of his ambition. He received, at that time, an early impression of piety, and a taste for the best authors, ancient and modern. It may, notwithstanding, be questioned whether, except his Bible, he ever read a book entirely through."*

In 1731, Johnson returned home, having completed a residence of three years at the university; when, poor but courageous, he began life for himself. From under-master of a grammar-school he passed to translator of a voyage to Abyssinia, and thence, several futile plans aside, to matrimony with widow Porter, the possessor of some eight hundred pounds; terminating the first six years of his independent struggles with an abortive attempt at founding an academy for the education of young gentlemen.

In 1737, accompanied by one of the seven or eight students of his late academy—David Garrick, afterwards the famous actor—he went to London with *Irene*, a tragedy, in hand, as his whole literary capital. Even this the indifference of managers

* *Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson*: Arthur Murphy, Esq.

compelled him to lay up in a napkin for twelve years; when Garrick, himself then come to eminence, brought it out at Drury-Lane theatre. The retirement from the city of a beloved and somewhat talented, but dissipated, associate, Richard Savage, suggested to Johnson his poem called *London*, which was published in 1738, and for which he received ten guineas. In 1744, he still further remembered his friend in his *Life of Savage*.

For two years from 1740, Johnson wrote the parliamentary speeches for the "Gentleman's Magazine"—those eloquent, logical, and splendid compositions, which at the time of their production passed for the genuine utterances of the men to whom they were imputed. Literary drudgery, for the most part, then wasted away the years until 1750, when there appeared the first number of a semi-weekly paper called the *Rambler*, which for the next two years was not only edited, but almost wholly written by Johnson himself. "The whole number of essays amounted to two hundred and eight. Addison's, in the 'Spectator,' are more in number, but not half in point of quantity: Addison was not bound to publish on stated days; he could watch the ebb and flow of his genius, and send his paper to the press when his own taste was satisfied. Johnson's case was very different. He wrote singly and alone. In the whole progress of the work he did not receive more than ten essays."*

While this admirable periodical was publishing, our author was also engaged upon a *Dictionary of the English Language*. This arduous task he completed in 1754, giving it to the public the following year. Work of a desultory and varied character as an essayist and reviewer occupied the four years that followed. "He resigned himself to indolence, took no exercise, rose about two, and then received the visits of his friends. Authors long since forgotten waited on him as their oracle, and he gave responses in the chair of criticism. He believed that he could give a better history of Grub-street than any man living. His house was filled with a succession of visitors till four or five in the evening. During the whole time he presided at his tea-table."*

* Arthur Murphy's *Essay*.

In 1758 appeared our author's second literary periodical, the *Idler*, which, like its predecessor, was restricted to the brief period of a two-years' existence. Neither of these ventures proved popular or remunerative. In 1759, pressed for means, Johnson conveyed to a bookseller for one hundred pounds that elegant and sublime work, *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. Three years of poverty and idleness succeed. From the former the king's pension of three hundred pounds a year then relieved him; and the famous Literary Club, he assisted in forming about the same time, afforded rare diversion for his mind.

The products of the next seventeen years were an edition of *Shakespeare*, several political tracts, and an *Account of a Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland*. Then, in 1779, appeared the first of a series of biographical and critical sketches, entitled *Lives of the Poets*. The work was completed in 1781, and closed the literary career of our author. Paralysis, followed by dropsy and asthma, ended his days on the 13th of December, 1784.

The following extracts, illustrative of Johnson's different styles of composition, are taken from *The Rambler* :

Tuesday, November 6, 1750.

There is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent. Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and danger proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time

entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure and fragrant with blossoms, but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked heartily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colors of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew, still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome inquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to straggle in the crowd: and therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him; but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come when Mercury should loose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception; but he told me with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasures in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from inquiry, and try what my own observation could discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw tumultuously bustling round me were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth sitting on a throne; around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gayety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view

of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogations, and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress—she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency: so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Strait of Difficulty*, which those who entered by permission of the guard endeavored to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labor which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side inaccessibly steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labor and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Strait of Difficulty*.

Part of the favorites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favor of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth; but turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and a universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

Tuesday, October 1, 1751.

MR. RAMBLER:

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When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms. I had not slept many nights in my new apartment, before I began to inquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favorite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheapside, that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last, an elderly man of a grave aspect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out till evening, and then returned early, sometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket; and, though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why anybody should be hanged for making money, when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall, for the future, always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a public street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresher paper, asked questions about the neighborhood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meager man in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and, when he had stipulated for two long shelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon; but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated, in Greek,

This habitant th' aerial regions boast :

hard words, to which his neighbors listened so often that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy inquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants who left the house on Saturday, and, instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other: she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks without impatience or lamentation, except for the expense and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation. . . .

I am, Sir, etc.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1751.

The direction of Aristotle to those that study politics, is, first to examine and understand what has been written by the ancients upon government; then to cast their eyes round upon the world, and consider by what causes the prosperity of communities is visibly influenced, and why some are worse and others better administered. The same method must be pursued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The first task is to search books, the next to contemplate nature. He must first possess himself of the intellectual treasures which the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavor to increase them by his own collections.

The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. The wits of these happy days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors durst never attempt; they cut the knots of sophistry

which it was formerly the business of years to untie, solve difficulties by sudden irradiations of intelligence, and comprehend long processes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themselves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waste their lives over books as a race of inferior beings, condemned by nature to perpetual pupillage, and fruitlessly endeavoring to remedy their barrenness by incessant cultivation, or succor their feebleness by subsidiary strength. They presume that none would be more industrious than they, if they were not more sensible of deficiencies; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers, owes his modesty only to his weakness.

It is however certain that no estimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than those by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It generally happens at our entrance into the world, that by the natural attraction of similitude, we associate with men like ourselves, young, sprightly, and ignorant, and rate our accomplishments by comparison with theirs; when we have once obtained an acknowledged superiority over our acquaintances, imagination and desires easily extend it over the rest of mankind; and if no accident forces us into new emulations, we grow old, and die in admiration of ourselves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominion, readily listens to the voice of idleness, and soothes the slumber of life with continual dreams of excellence and greatness. A man, elated by confidence in his natural vigor of fancy and sagacity of conjecture, soon concludes that he already possesses whatever toil and inquiry can confer. He then listens with eagerness to the wild objections which folly has raised against the common means of improvement; talks of the dark chaos of indigested knowledge; describes the mischievous effects of heterogeneous sciences fermenting in the mind; relates the blunders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on the heroic merit of those who deviate from prescription, or shake off authority; and gives vent to the inflations of his heart by declaring that he owes nothing to pedants and universities.

All these pretensions, however confident, are very often vain. The laurels which superficial acuteness gains in triumphs over ignorance unsupported by vivacity, are observed by Locke to be lost, whenever real learning and rational diligence appears against her; the sallies of gayety are soon repressed by calm confidence; and the artifices of subtilty are readily detected by those who, having carefully studied the question, are not easily confounded or surprised.

But, though the contemner of books had neither been deceived by others nor himself, and was really born with a genius surpassing the ordinary abilities of mankind; yet surely such gifts of Providence may be more properly urged as incitements to labor, than encouragements to negligence. He that neglects the culture of ground naturally fertile, is more shamefully culpable than he whose field would scarcely recompense his husbandry.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labors of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge. The discoveries of every man must terminate in his own advantage, and the studies of every age be employed on questions which the past generation had discussed and determined. We may with as little reproach borrow science as manufactures from our ancestors; and it is as rational

to live in caves till our hands have erected a palace, as to reject all knowledge of architecture which our understandings will not supply.

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But, though the study of books is necessary, it is not sufficient to constitute literary eminence. He that wishes to be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must add by his own toil to the acquisitions of his ancestors, and secure his memory from neglect by some valuable improvement. This can only be effected by looking out upon the wastes of the intellectual world, and extending the power of learning over regions yet undisciplined and barbarous; or by surveying more exactly our ancient dominions, and driving ignorance from the fortresses and retreats where she skulks undetected and undisturbed. Every science has its difficulties, which yet call for solution before we attempt new systems of knowledge; as every country has its forests and marshes, which it would be wise to cultivate and drain, before distant colonies are projected as a necessary discharge of the exuberance of the inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whoever hopes for the veneration of mankind must have invention in the design or the execution; either the effect must itself be new, or the means by which it is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown must be discovered, or those which are already known enforced by stronger evidence, facilitated by clearer method, or elucidated by brighter illustrations.

Fame cannot spread wide or endure long that is not rooted in nature and manured by art. That which hopes to resist the blast of malignity, and stand firm against the attacks of time, must contain in itself some original principle of growth. The reputation which arises from the detail of transposition of borrowed sentiments may spread for awhile like ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident or contempt, and suffered to rot unheeded on the ground.

“Johnson decided literary questions like a lawyer, not like a legislator. His whole code of criticism rested on pure assumption, for which he sometimes gave a precedent or an authority, but rarely troubled himself to give a reason drawn from the nature of things. He took it for granted that the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry. He could see no merit in our fine old English ballads, and always spoke with the most provoking contempt of Percy’s fondness for them. Of all the great original works which appeared during his time, Richardson’s novels alone excited his admiration. He could see little or no merit in ‘Tom Jones,’ in ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ or in ‘Tristram Shandy.’ To Thomson’s ‘Castle of Indolence’ he vouchsafed only a line of cold commendation—of commendation much colder than what he has bestowed on the ‘Creation’ of that portentous bore, Sir Richard Blackmore. He criticised Pope’s Epitaphs excellently; but his observations on Shakespeare’s plays and Milton’s poems seem to

us as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, whom we take to have been the worst critic that ever lived.

“Even his remarks on society, like his remarks on literature, indicate a mind at least as remarkable for narrowness as for strength. He was no master of the great science of human nature. He had studied, not the *genus* man, but the *species* Londoner. Nobody was ever so thoroughly conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character, which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames, and from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike gate. Of the rural life of England he knew nothing; and he took it for granted that everybody who lived in the country was either stupid or miserable.

“His conversations appear to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language—in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse—in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love—in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite; his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even when there is no opposition in the ideas expressed; his big words wasted on little things; his harsh inversions, so widely differing from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit, and sweetness to the expressions of our great, old writers—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers, and parodied by his assailants, till the public has become sick of the subject.”*

* Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born of English parents in Hoey's court, Dublin, November 30, 1667. The strange vicissitudes of his life had an early beginning; for, a posthumous child, when only a year old, he was clandestinely carried away from his home to England by his too affectionate nurse, where he remained—not without his mother's knowledge and consent, however—until his sixth year. Upon his return, or soon afterward, he was sent by his uncle to school at Kilkenny, where he remained eight years, when he was admitted (in 1682) a pensioner in the university of Dublin. Here he soon provoked the hostility of the college authorities by his undisguised contempt for the system of scholastic learning then so revered, and by his contumacious conduct on not a few occasions; so that his degree was finally obtained *speciali gratia*.

Shortly after leaving the university, Swift went (in 1688) to reside with Sir William Temple, a distant relation, then living at Sheen, England. In this delightful retreat, and afterwards in the beautiful villa of Moor-park, near Farnham, he spent, with slight interruptions, the next ten years of his life, pursuing his favorite studies with uncommon zeal and success, serving as private secretary to his illustrious relative, and mingling in polite and cultured society. During the fourth year of this residence he took his master's degree at Oxford, and in 1694-95 assumed deacon's and priest's orders in the Irish Church.

It was while at Moor-park, also, that Swift formed the acquaintance of Esther Johnson, whom he served as tutor, and whom he afterwards immortalized as "Stella." This young lady—though she was a mere girl at the time of their first meeting—became strangely enamored of Swift, and when in after years he took up his residence in Ireland, she lovingly accompanied him thither, living near him, and was constantly visited by him. During his absence in England, Swift remembered

this fair devotee in numerous epistles, which now constitute his famous *Journal to Stella*. Yet this affair, while it was an exhibition of the purest and most absorbing affection on Stella's part, with the reserved and passionless Swift ever remained a matter of mere friendship. Similar to the above in kind, and even more remarkable in degree, was the case of Miss Vanhomrigh, or "Vanessa," as Swift idealized her.

Upon the death of his patron, Swift removed to London, and there published a complete edition of Sir William Temple's works. He had been now for some time encouraged to expect an appointment to some vacant prebend on English soil; but, after experiencing several disappointments, he was obliged (in 1700) to rest content with the small livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, Ireland. He continued here until 1710, discharging with commendable fidelity the duties of his office and repairing his dilapidated church and parsonage, and paying yearly visits to England. It was during this interval also (in 1704), that Swift published *The Tale of a Tub*, a burlesque of the three sects of Christians—the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Calvinistic, set forth in the drollest of language and the most farcical of incidents.

Among the distinguished men with whom Swift now associated as a peer were, of political characters, Lords Somers, Halifax, and Pembroke; and of men of letters, Addison, Prior, Parnell, Garth, Philips, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gray. Dryden he was even related to, but nevertheless despised him most heartily. With several of these our author formed the "Scriblerus Club," whose members made a common stock both of their affections and their writings. The latter constituted the famous *Miscellanies*.

About this time, too, Swift began to take a prominent part in political controversies and movements. His inherent love of freedom, justice, and patriotism inclined him to the Whig party, while his devotion to the interests of the Established church swayed him not a little toward the side of the Tories. Accordingly, in advocating what he conceived to be sound political views, he was in turn claimed as an ally by each party, and in turn denounced by each as a renegade; for his ready and

abundant wit, and his unparalleled powers of satire and vituperation, rendered him a most desirable friend and a most dreaded opponent.

Omitting the mention of less significant services, we may refer to the influence exerted by his *Drapier's Letters*, published in 1724, and which were instrumental in preventing the granting of a contract to one William Wood to circulate a large quantity of copper coin in Ireland. By this important service Swift secured the lasting gratitude of the Irish people. "He was known from this time by the appellation of 'The Dean.' He was honored by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. He was from this important year the oracle of the traders and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier."* Of his numerous political writings, we have space only for naming *The Conduct of the Allies*, *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and *History of the Peace of Utrecht*.

In 1713, Swift, having been created dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, again set out for Ireland. For twelve years he devoted himself to the twofold duties of the church and state, penning during that interval many of his most valuable political pamphlets. In 1726 he again returned to England, carrying with him the manuscript of the work which above all others established his literary fame—*Gulliver's Travels*. It was published—as were all of his writings—anonynously, and was received with extraordinary favor. "This work," as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition."

* *A Memoir of Jonathan Swift*, by Thomas Roscoe.

Swift again repaired to Ireland in 1728 to find "Stella" dying. He watched over her tenderly, soothed and prayed with her, but refused to the last to confess her as his wife, although they had been formally married in the garden of the deanery in 1716. The next eight or nine years were spent in an attentive and vigorous discharge of his duties as dean.

In 1736, a disease, which had greatly distressed him at intervals through life, and which by himself was declared to have originated in an early surfeit of fruit, began to manifest itself alarmingly in a loss of memory, and in a general torpor of his mental and physical powers. So serious were its ravages, that never afterwards did he attempt any composition requiring much thought or more than a single sitting. Indeed, during the last three or four years of his life he lay in a state of almost complete unconsciousness, seldom speaking a word. He died October 19, 1745, and "was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral; and by way of a monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraven a Latin epitaph written by himself."

Our first extract is taken from *A Tale of a Tub* :

Once upon a time, there was a man who had three sons* by one wife, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will † (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says this good father died, and the three sons went, alto-

* Peter (the Pope), Martin (Luther), and Jack (Calvin).

† The New Testament.

gether, to seek their fortunes. I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any further than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they traveled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent,* *Madame de Grands Titres*,† and Countess d'Orgueil.‡ On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception, and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. . . .

On the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of an hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed: Not to add to, or diminish from their coats, one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament. And it happened that, before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up: straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the quota of shoulder-knots.

They went immediately to consult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? Obedience was absolutely necessary; and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. "It is true," said he, "there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots; but I dare conjecture we may find them inclusive, or *totidem syllabis*." This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine the will. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*."

This discovery was also highly commended: upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguished brother (Peter), now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. "It is true," said he, "the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C. (MSS.) been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it is ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C." Upon this, all further difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. . . .

A while after, there came up all in fashion, a pretty sort of flame-colored

* Covetousness.

† Ambition.

‡ Pride.

satin for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. "Ain't please your Worships My Lord C—and Sir J. W— had linings out of this very piece last night. It takes wonderfully; and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept; the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father's in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep! * This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; and being resolved to avoid further scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar, "I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed; which is indeed a part of the will; and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us; and I cannot reckon it to be complete, for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously. I have had it by me some time. It was written by a dog-keeper † of my grandfather's; and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-colored satin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter, a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe; and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which, the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: "Item, I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, etc.," with a penalty in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found, in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called fringe, does also signify a broom-stick, and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This, another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a broom-stick. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick upon their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which, he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely seasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery, with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here they had no occasion to examine the will. They remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, imparting his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his ever-

* Take care of hell and subdue your passions.

† Apocrypha.

lasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in that sense as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favorable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will* in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgot which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver. Upon which the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*, that points were absolutely *jure paterno* as they might very well remember. . . .

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behindhand with the world, he obtained the favor from a certain lord † to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the lord died; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found a way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

From *Gulliver's Travels* we select the following fragment from his "Voyage to Liliput":

The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran on and held the bridle while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration: but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all: twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest.

The empress and young ladies of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted and came near to his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the

* Sequester the Bible.

† Constantine the Great.

breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself if I should happen to break loose: it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *Lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired; and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble; who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I sat him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

Next we shall accompany Gulliver upon an adventure of a diametrically opposite nature, his "Voyage to Brobdingnag:"

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husband-man), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant.

Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher's side; but as I walked on the table, being at great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, gave three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by the fall. But advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner my mistress's favorite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off, and though my mistress held her fast for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is

usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broken my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me.

"Swift's wit was the wit of sense. The ludicrous arises out of his keen sense of impropriety, his soreness and impatience of the least absurdity. He separates, with a severe and caustic air, truth from falsehood, folly from wisdom, 'shews vice her own image, scorn her own feature;' and it is the force, the precision, and the honest abruptness with which the separation is made, that excites our surprise, our admiration, and laughter. He sets a mark of reprobation on that which offends good sense and good manners which cannot be mistaken, and which holds it up to our ridicule and contempt ever after. His occasional disposition to trifling was a relaxation from the excessive earnestness of his mind. His better genius was his spleen. It was the biting acrimony of his temper that sharpened his other faculties. The truth of his perceptions produced the pointed coruscations of his wit; his playful irony was the result of inward bitterness of thought; his imagination was the product of the literal, dry, incorrigible tenaciousness of his understanding.

"Swift endeavored to escape from the persecution of realities into the regions of fancy, and invented his Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians, Yahoos and Houynhims, as a diversion to the more painful knowledge of the world around him: *they* only made him laugh, while men and women made him angry. His feverish impatience made him view the infirmities of that great baby the world with the same scrutinizing glance and jealous irritability that a parent regards the failings of its offspring. In other respects, and except from the sparkling effervescence of his gall, Swift's brain was as 'dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' " *

* *Lectures on the English Poets*, by William Hazlitt.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, near Ambros-Bury, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. Receiving the rudiments of his education in neighboring schools, he was then sent to the Charter House, whence, at fifteen, he departed for the university, carrying with him "a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a master of arts." He first entered Queen's College, Oxford; but had not been there many months when some of his Latin verses so pleased Dr. Lancaster, dean of Magdalene College, that, through the latter's influence, his removal to that great and opulent corporation was effected in 1689. Here he resided during ten years, distinguishing himself among his fellow-students by his amiability and modesty of deportment, by his assiduity and success in study, and by the purity of style and the melodiousness of his Latin poems.

Addison's first attempt in English verse was a complimentary address to Dryden, who was favorably impressed with the performance, and immediately took the young poet into favor. Shortly afterwards, so rapidly had Addison grown in the estimation of his illustrious patron, the latter intrusted him with preparing a critical preface to his own translation of the "Georgics."

Addison was about this time (1699) diverted from what seemed his probable destination, namely, the clerical profession, by the interference of Charles Montagu, chancellor of the exchequer, who determined on fitting this promising collegian for a diplomatist, and who for this purpose procured for him a pension of £300 a year, and sent him abroad to acquire a knowledge of the French tongue, and to enrich himself by foreign travel. The first of these objects was attained by a residence of a few months at Blois; after which, in the accomplishment of the second, he visited Marseilles, Genoa, Milan, Venice,

Rome, Naples, Sienna, Florence, and parts of Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, returning home in 1703.

During these three years of travel and study, besides the classic and gothic wonders of art and architecture, the ennobling spectacles of nature, the spots of historic interest, and the imposing ceremonies of foreign civilizations which met his eye, informed his mind, and expanded his sympathies, he saw and conversed with eminent philosophers, statesmen, and literati, among them Malebranche and Boileau; wrote several *Epistles* and his treatise on *Medals*; and, doubtless, received the hint, and actually completed four acts, of his tragedy of *Cato*.

For several months after his return, his powerful whig patrons—Lords Manchester, Somers, and Halifax (Montagu)—having, in the meantime, lost their offices by the accession of Queen Anne, Addison fell into great pecuniary embarrassment; and when the tory Lord Treasurer found it necessary to seek out some person capable of commemorating the recent battle of Blenheim, it was in a garret, up three pairs of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket, that such a poet was discovered, in the person of Addison. The *Campaign*, which was greatly admired both by the minister and the public, was unique in its manly and realistic treatment of the subject, and its rational praise of Marlborough. Soon after was published the *Narrative of Travels in Italy*; and this was shortly followed by the sprightly opera of *Rosamond*.

In 1706, the whigs having returned to power, Addison was made under-secretary of state, and two years later sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons. "But this was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent." At the close of 1708, in consequence of an appointment as chief secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Addison removed to Dublin. While here he served also as a member of the Irish parliament. About this time, too, (1709,) Addison began his contributions to the "Tattler," a periodical just started by his friend Richard Steele. This soon became, principally through the rare treasures of Addison's fifty or sixty numbers, the most popular publication of its sort ever printed. It was withdrawn,

however, in 1711, and was succeeded the next year by the "Spectator."

"The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison ; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The plan of the 'Spectator' must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately ; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England had appeared. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the 'Spectator's' essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists."*

The "Spectator" closed its career toward the end of 1712, and to the "Guardian," which succeeded it, Addison lent but a meager support ; for he was at this time engaged in completing his *Cato*. The play was brought out in 1713, in Drury-lane theatre, amidst tumultuous and universal applause. "To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation ; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high ; not indeed with *Athalie*, *Zaire*, or *Saul*, but, we think, not below *Cinna* ; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, Voltaire, and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that *Cato* did as much as the 'Tattlers,' 'Spectators,' and 'Freeholders' united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries."*

In 1714 Addison added an eighth volume to the "Spectator," containing "perhaps the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language." In the interim between the death of Anne and the arrival of George I., Addison filled the position of secretary to the lords justices, and upon the accession of the king he again went to Dublin as chief secretary to the lord lieutenant. Not the least agreeable of his experiences here was his meeting

* Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*.

with Swift, and the consequent renewal of their former friendly relations.

The year 1715 witnessed Addison's resignation of his secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade, the acting of his comedy of the *Drummer*, the editing of a political paper called the "Freeholder," and a final estrangement between himself and Pope. Two years later he succeeded to the acme of his political preferments, having been appointed at that time Secretary of State. "He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame." This elevation, however, was brief; for ill health incapacitated him for the discharge of his duties, and he resigned the next year. The following year his complaint grew worse, culminating in dropsy; and he died, June 17, 1719, serenely and hopefully, exclaiming with his last breath to his son-in-law, "See how a Christian can die!"

Addison's reputation as a poet we rest upon the following extracts from his *Cato*.

ACT II.—SCENE II.—The Senate.

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

Decius. My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Decius. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar:
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Decius. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honors,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Decius. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Decius. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Decius. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Decius. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Decius. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither,
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Decius. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Decius. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Portius. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Portius. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Portius. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

Portius. Long may they keep asunder!

Lucius. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the corpse.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Juba. Was ever man like this?

[*Aside.*

Cato.

Alas! my friends;

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

As illustrative of Addison's more distinctive literary character—that of a prose writer—we offer the following extracts from the *Spectator*.

NO. 440. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

* * * * *

"Mr. Spectator: We are glad to find that you approve the establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable conversation, and shall use our best endeavors so to improve ourselves in this our summer retirement that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our institution may be no less advantageous to the public than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you one week of our proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see anything faulty in them, to favor us with your admonitions.

"On Monday the assembly was in very good humor, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day; this is a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies about town. This you will say is a strange character, but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

"On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then; this insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew by a pain in his shoulder that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment above mentioned.

"On Wednesday, a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing color twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at anything that was said, the president told him that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbor cried out, 'to the infirmary;' at the same time pretending to be sick at it, or having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole the punster was acquitted and his neighbor sent off.

"On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

"On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behavior for the future.

"On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was indeed never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till upon my going abroad I observed that it was an easterly wind."

* * * * *

C.

No. 441. SATURDAY, JULY 26.

Man, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of everything that is capable of annoying or offending

us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage, which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life; an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man, who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succor us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives, which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of these that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised He will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succor at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history, of generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an almighty being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes and objects and companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity.

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of Pastoral Hymn, and

filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

C.

NO. 463. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

* * * * *

I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me, as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain in the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these weights, they shewed the value of everything that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew its comparative lightness, immediately "flew up and kick'd the beam."

But before I proceed, I must inform my reader that these weights did not exert their natural gravity till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances, for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity; though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honors, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word *Vanity*. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales, as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, "In the dialect of men," and underneath it, "Calamities;" on the other side was written, "In the language of the gods," and underneath, "Blessings." I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy;" I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries, for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning; I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and in the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters.

* * * * *

One of the most constant and attractive qualities of Addison's writings is wit, and that of the most genuine type; for they abound in felicitous analogies and ingenious illustrations. Invention, too, of a high and rare degree is met with on every page; and fictions of a unique order, and sometimes even whimsical, greet us most gracefully at no great intervals. A clear, deep, and just observation of life, manners, and human character everywhere manifests itself; and portraits of almost Shakesperean vitality accost us as we pass. A rich, inimitable sense of humor also prevails in his writings—a genius for investing the commonest incidents of experience with an uncommon charm—a delicious newness. But perhaps the most general and the most obvious characteristics of his writings are the grace and the moral beauty and elevation of their tone.

Addison was the kindest and most generous of writers. His works are utterly devoid of personalities and pettinesses; and even in his political controversies he never allowed himself to fall below the true pitch of gentlemanly moderation. His style, though it is no longer cited as a model of English prose, is remarkably lucid, expressive, and harmonious.

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9 (probably), 1631, in Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. The rudiments of his education he received at the small school of Tichmarsh; he was then admitted as a king's scholar at Westminster, and finally (in 1650) was elected to a scholarship of Trinity College, Cambridge. The only poetical accomplishment of his college life was an *Elegy on the Death of Lord Hastings*, which, though uncouth and uneven in versification, was in other respects indicative of his future characteristics. He took his bachelor's degree in 1653.

After leaving the university, nothing worthy of mention occurred until 1657, when Dryden removed to London, and settled there under the patronage of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a devoted Puritan and a sturdy upholder of the Protector. Our poet discovered his sympathy with the political and religious iconoclasm of the day by some heroic stanzas, written in 1659, *On the Death of Oliver Cromwell*. "His poetry was in the general style of the times in which he lived; it did not partake of any individual character, nor was it controlled by any presiding genius."*

On the restoration of royalty, Dryden hastened to obliterate the effects of his late poetical performance by publishing (in 1660) his *Astraea Redux*, and, the next year, joining in the general rejoicing attending the coronation of Charles II., wrote *A Panegyric to His Sacred Majesty*. Far exceeding in elaborateness, in polish, and in melody, any previous effort, was his poem *Annus Mirabilis*, commemorating the great events of the year 1666—the naval war and the fire in London.

Availing himself of the opportunity which the reopening of the theatres afforded, Dryden now directed his talents to the

* *Life of Dryden*, by Rev. John Mitford.

writing of plays; and between the years 1661 and 1664 produced *The Wild Gallant*, *The Rival Ladies*, the *Indian Queen*, and the *Indian Emperor*. In 1667, while residing at the house of the Earl of Berkshire, his father-in-law, Dryden wrote his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*. *The Maiden Queen*, *The Tempest*, *Sir Martin Marall*, and several other dramas, were next produced. In 1670 he was appointed successor to William Davenant as poet-laureate, also royal historiographer, receiving a salary of £200, besides the annual butt of canary.

Dryden's success as a playwright created him many bitter rivals and enemies. Of the latter the most implacable was the Duke of Buckingham, who, with the assistance of such poetasters as Butler, Spratt, and Clifford, succeeded for a time in provoking public ridicule against our poet's heroic dramas by the celebrated farce, the "Rehearsal." Dryden did not reply to the attack, but tacitly confessed its weight by turning his attention to comedy. Of this species of writing he produced, in 1672, *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, and *Love in a Nunnery*. Two years later was published his *State of Innocence*, a pitiable attempt at dramatizing "The Paradise Lost." In 1675 appeared his last heroic tragedy—*Aurengzebe*.

One of the best of Dryden's plays, produced during the next six years, was the tragi-comedy of the *Spanish Friar*, which was acted with great success in 1681. The same year, our poet brought out his celebrated political satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*. "If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible—acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigor of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers—and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition."* The parties satirized, under the mask of Hebrew names and allusions, were the anti-royal faction of Shaftesbury, Monmouth, and their adherents.

To the years 1682-4 belong the satire of *Mac Flecknoe*—a stinging reply to the personal attacks of Settle and Shadwell—and *Religio Laici*, a defense of the Anglican Church against

* Dr. Johnson's *Essay on Dryden*.

the Dissenters. Some have discovered in the latter poem the forebodings of that grave conviction, which, two years later, led Dryden to embrace the Roman Catholic religion. The years 1686 and 1687 were employed in the composition of *The Hind and Panther*, a long and labored poem, wherein the author details the arguments that had led him to embrace popery, and wherein he recommends a union of the Catholic and the Established churches. His first *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, which, until his second poem on the same occasion, was considered one of the finest lyrics in the language, was also written in 1687.

The abdication of James II. lost to Dryden his office of laureate, and what to a poor poet was more considerable still, his £200 a year. These reverses of fortune drove him to the stage again for support; and in 1690 he brought forward what is generally conceded to be his chief play—*Don Sebastian*. The opera of *King Arthur* followed in 1691, and proved eminently successful. The tragedy of *Cleomenes*, which he himself was too ill to finish, was brought out in 1692. One other piece closed his career as a dramatist,—a career of thirty years, and productive of a drama for almost every year.

Not to mention divers translations of minor extent of Greek and Roman writers, Dryden began in 1694 the task of translating *Virgil's Aeneid*. It was completed in 1697, and he received for the labor about £1200. In the latter year, also, he wrote a second ode for the celebration of St. Cecilia's day, entitled *Alexander's Feast*. "This ode certainly possesses the great constituents of the lyric style; its bold, abrupt transitions; its brilliant contrasts; its vividness and energy; its changes from exultation and triumph to the voice of pity and the notes of woe. Nor is it wanting in those quick flashes of the brightest imagery, passing as it were with electric rapidity down the chain of poetical connection." *

His imitation of the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer, called *Fables*, constituted Dryden's last work. He died on the 1st of May, 1700, at his house in Gerard street, London. A few days after, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, between Chaucer and Cowley. His resting-place was for a long time unmarked,

* *Life of Dryden*, by Rev. John Mitford.

when the Duke of Buckinghamshire bestowed a tablet, inscribed only with the name DRYDEN.

Our only extract from Dryden's dramatic writings shall be from *Don Sebastian* :

ACT IV.

A scene between DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, and DORAX, a noble Portuguese, now a renegade.

Enter DORAX, having taken off his Turban, and put on a Peruke, Hat, and Cravat.

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be *Alonzo*.

Dor. So you should be *Sebastian* :

But when *Sebastian* ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo*.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?

Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake;
And Death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes, but ever when they clos'd
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then tho' I loath this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And Honor be then judge.

Seb. Honor befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming Majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;

And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils,
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my Prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, Tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor; that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim the Traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heaven to hell,
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Saints,
I'll charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest, homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.

Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was beg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him,
That Thing, that Nothing, but a Cringe and Smile;
That Woman, but more daub'd; or if a Man,
Corrupted to a woman: thy Man Mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If Love produc'd not some, and Pride the rest?

Dor. Why, Love does all that's noble here below:
But all the advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming frauglited back, in either hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For *Violante's* Vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Henriquez*.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?

Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service:
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the Man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the Man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Seb. He durst: nay more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly; 't was thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt you swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.

Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant for me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed Power:—so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of Honor lost,
Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has Honor's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honor; give 'em back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now by this honor'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it:
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injured thee, that makes no equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that lie I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defense:
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That *Isthmus* stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that Isthmus.
 Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
 But to reprove it, for my own revenge.
 I favor'd thee out of honorable malice:
 Now draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not:
 Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. O Patience, Heav'n!

Dor. Beware of Patience too;
 That's a suspicious word: It had been proper,
 Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
 Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defense,
 I have thy oath for my security:
 The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
 Fight or be perjurd now; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd:
[Drawing.

Never was vow of honor better paid,
 If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
 The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
 More gladly enters not the lists of love.
 Why 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
 Go: bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
 And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His Ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
 Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life.
 When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
 And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
 I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
 Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
 Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
 Whose death next thine I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know:
 But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
 Which found will torture thee: He died in fight;
 Fought next my person; as in consort fought;
 Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
 Save when he heav'd his shield in my defense;
 And on his naked side receiv'd my wound.
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
 But roll'd his falling body 'cross their way;
 And made a bulwark of it for his Prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both, and (durst I say) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the shining Angel Host
Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favor'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine,
O worse than Hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse have been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life;
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought, and died; I fought against you;
Thro' all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name;
Thou meantst to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak!
Alas, I cannot answer to *Alonzo*!
No, *Dorax* cannot answer to *Alonzo*:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debar'd me into *Dorax*;
And lost like *Lucifer* my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent:
Thou couldst not be a villain, tho' thou wouldst:
Thou ownst too much in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. O stop this headlong torrent of your goodness:
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion!
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could thy threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n blest me!
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But Pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival: poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak:
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend.
'Tis vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n, to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.

Be kind, ye Pow'rs, and take but half away :
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ;
But, let my love, and Friend, be ever mine.

Of his non-dramatic poetry we select as the choicest production his second ode in honor of St. Cecilia's day, entitled

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In Flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd :
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head:
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair!
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!
 Thus long ago
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Just as in his political preferences he was influenced by the dominant party of the hour, so in his poetical affinities was Dryden swayed and molded by the literary fashion of the day. The Restoration brought with it into English society many of the worst features of French licentiousness, not the least of which was an unblushing grossness in both the action and the diction of dramatic representations; and these abominations Dryden greedily incorporated into his less serious plays—his comedies. Naturally deficient in humor and in that keen insight into human nature, which are so indispensable to writings of this kind, he essayed to make up for the lack by the introduction of all sorts of witty expedients, mysterious intrigues, and startling disguises.

His tragedies, though free from the immoralities just noticed as characteristic of his comedies, are none superior to the latter as works of dramatic art. They are wholly destitute of the vigorous naturalness of the dramatic writings of the Elizabethan epoch. They are extraordinary exaggerations in every sense,—in plot, in action, in sentiment, in diction. No such characters ever lived as Dryden daubed—characters stiff, stilted, monstrous, and ever pregnant with bombastic sentiments. Over the tender sentiments of our human nature he had no control whatever; and even love he perverted into a matter for hair-splitting discussions.

But to these great faults he opposed commanding talents—a marvelous faculty of language, and a free, varied, and splendid versification. He was a master of the rhymed heroic couplet, and his poetry abounds in fine descriptions, picturesque incidents, and eloquent rhetoric. In lyric poetry he possessed uncommon power; his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* being regarded as one of the most vigorous and noble of its kind in the English language.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN was born in the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. The son of a poor tinker, the most outrageous swearer, liar, debauchee, and corrupter of youth in his native village, the lucky survivor of many casualties, a courageous and dissolute soldier,—these are the rough, unamiable facts of the years of his minority. The marrying a virtuous and pious young woman, the charge of an abandoned woman that “he swore and cursed at that most fearful rate that she trembled to hear him,” and “that he was able to spoil all the youth in a whole town,” and the death, by a stroke of lightning, of two of his associates, while ringing the church-bells to summon Sabbath-breakers to a game of foot-ball,—these were the immediate agencies that turned Bunyan from a course of sin into one of formal religious observance.

But, report says, it was the conversation of some poor, pious women that first aroused his conscience to a realization of his spiritual poverty, and opened his mind to a knowledge of the real source of supply. The tortures of spirit that followed, the tears of penitence, the groans of anguish, the fastings, the prayers, the alternate hope and despair, the occasional light, the all but prevalent gloom, the wrestlings with the Angel of the Lord, the more frequent and fiercer struggles with the Prince of Darkness,—these are painful to contemplate, and are all but incredible. Through such tribulations, however, Bunyan, steadfastly relying on divine assistance, fought his way to church-fellowship—being then twenty-five years of age—and shortly afterwards to the Christian ministry as a Dissenter.

The scene of conflict was now shifted from his soul to the world. Within all was serene and auspicious, without all was agitated and unpropitious. Religious persecution arose with great violence; and Bunyan was incarcerated in Bedford Gaol,

for praying and preaching in nonconformity to the ordinance of the Established Church. In this narrow, crowded, and unwholesome prison-house, he passed twelve and a half years of the prime of his life: but not idly, nor ineffectively; for here it was that, among a large number of valuable compositions, he penned *The Holy City, Christian Behavior, Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, and the first part of that unique and imperishable allegory—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

From his imprisonment Bunyan was liberated by royal pardon, in 1672, and at once assumed pastoral charge of the church at Bedford, to which office he had been unanimously called the year previous, and which he filled with great popularity and success for the rest of his life. But while his peculiarly vigorous and picturesque sermons gave him local renown, his writings—at least two of them—*The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Holy War*, have won for him universal and lasting fame. The first was published in 1678, a number of years after its composition. A second part was added in 1684. *The Holy War* was published in 1682.

Bunyan died of a fever, contracted by exposure while on an errand of mercy, on the 31st of August, 1688.

From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, part first, we select the closing scene.

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them (Christian and Hopeful) and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men (the Shining Ones) that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The Pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The Pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the king of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep water, the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me! Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, "the sorrows of death

have compassed me about;" I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate.

Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavor to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother! said he, surely if I was right he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added this word, Be of good cheer. Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh! I see him again, and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now, now look how the holy pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide:
Who would not here for him all hazards run,
That thus provides for his when this world's done.

Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had there two men to lead them up by the arms; also, they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly

ter to maintain to the end the interest of readers, the question naturally arises, why is it that in this, the most elaborate of allegories, Bunyan has succeeded in fairly possessing himself of the attention and sympathy of all? The explanation lies undoubtedly in this,—that *Pilgrim's Progress* is a mirror of such surprising depth, clearness, and fidelity, that every reader recognizes therein features, if not the whole, of his own soul's image—of his own heart's progress.

Bunyan's virtues and vices, like the simple rib extracted from Adam's side, straightway, in the master's creative hand, develop into complex and perfect organisms of exquisite loveliness or terrifying ugliness. They become more real and human to us than many historical characters that we encounter in dramas and fictions.

It is wonderful, the sway that is exerted by the picturesque situations and personages of this allegory, not only over the intellectual part of one's nature, but also over the moral and religious sensibilities! And the wonder only augments when we consider the simplicity of the vehicle employed—nothing but the plainest and most usual words and phrases. Verily, if we would witness the most extraordinary triumph of a pure English mind, wielding as its weapon the pure English tongue, we must turn to *Pilgrim's Progress*!

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612. It is very probable that the only schooling he ever received was what he got in the grammar-school at Worcester.

Of the meager facts of his life known to us, one of the earliest is that he served for some time as clerk to one Justice Jefferys; and that his leisure moments, which were not few, were improved by study of the arts of painting and music. We next hear of him at the house of the Countess of Kent, where he enjoyed the advantage of an extensive library and the conversation of Selden, reputed as being the most scholarly man of his age. Subsequently, Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, became our poet's patron. In this home of Presbyterian austerity, it is believed Butler studied the originals of those inimitable burlesque characters found in his remarkable poem of *Hudibras*, and here commenced its composition.

The first part of *Hudibras* appeared in 1663. The hero of the poem—Hudibras—is a Presbyterian justice, who, vain of his legal authority and blinded by fanaticism, roams the country to correct the crazy faiths and immoral practices of the people at large, accompanied by an *Independent* Clerk, one 'Squire Ralpho, a very zealous, but also a very disputatious and stubborn fellow. The absurdities of their doings are intended as characterizations of the natural workings of the religious and political tenets of the Puritan and Republican party of those times.

The poem was, of course, received with marked approbation by the lately triumphant royalists, especially by the king and his court. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third part in 1678.

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The poem was, of course, received with marked approbation by the lately triumphant royalists, especially by the king and his court. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third part in 1678.

Notwithstanding the deservedly high reputation which But-

ler won by his poem, and the patronage his services merited at the hands of the government, he was suffered to starve upon the flattering promises of the court. Even the honor of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey was denied him, and his funeral expenses were allowed to be defrayed by his friend Mr. Longueville. He died September 25, 1680.

From *Hudibras* we excerpt, almost entire, our poet's description of his hero :

PART I.—CANTO I.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these
And styl'd of War, as well as Peace:
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;

Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was not such.

We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-color'd dress
Of patch'd and pyebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith;
 Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go;
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong;
 They might be either said or sung.

His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done;
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly:
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce:
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all;
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,

Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a high Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'T was Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sic:

That with more care keep holy day
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for:
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

Thus was he gifted and accoutred,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile;
 The upper part whereof was whey,
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.

* * * * *

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 't was fitter for his use
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To Old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own:
 Though they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood.
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise;

And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t'other magazine,
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood;
 And, till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade Toledo trusty
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack:
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The rancor of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devour'd, 't was so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.

* * * * *

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force
 He got on th' outside of his horse:
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,

It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall,
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt
Or mended pace than Spaniard whipt,
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('t is well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back,
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.

The main idea of *Hudibras* having been already stated, it only remains to add that Butler's attempt to create, somewhat after the fashion of Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, a knight-errant and his squire out of the harsh, prosaic, and wholly unchivalrous persons of an English Presbyterian and an Independent, and to invest their eccentric doings with a romantic, or even a picturesque, atmosphere is, however amusing in detail, a complete failure in art. The action of the poem, too, is remarkably lame and disjointed; there is a superfluity of talk and a paucity of deed; and the whole length of the poem is picketed with sententious distiches and bristling and challenging witticisms. Every page, however, is rich in the most ingenious allusions, the most unexpected juxtapositions of images, and in evidences of an extraordinary knowledge. The diction, which is prevailingly colloquial, is not unfrequently gross; and the measure keeps unflagging step to the sprightly sentiment.

JOHN MILTON.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

TENNYSON.

MILTON shall tell his own story. "I was born (December 9, 1608) at London, of an honest family: my father (he was a scrivener) was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life; my mother, by the esteem in which she was held, and the alms which she bestowed. My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of literature; and my appetite for knowledge was so voracious, that from twelve years of age I hardly ever left my studies or went to bed before midnight. This primarily led to my loss of sight; my eyes were naturally weak, and I was subject to frequent headaches; which, however, could not chill the ardor of my curiosity, or retard the progress of my improvement.

"My father had me daily instructed in the grammar-school, and by other masters at home: he then, after I had acquired a proficiency in various languages, and had made a considerable progress in philosophy, sent me (1624) to the university of Cambridge. Here I passed seven years in the usual course of instruction and study, with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon my character, till I took the degree of Master of Arts.*

"After this of my own accord I retired (1632) to my father's house (at Horton in Buckinghamshire), whither I was accompanied by the regrets of most of the fellows of the college, who showed me no common marks of friendship and esteem. On my father's estate, where he had determined to pass the remainder of his days, I enjoyed an interval of uninterrupted leisure, which I devoted entirely to the perusal of the Greek and Latin classics;

* While at college Milton wrote divers Latin and English poems, the most noted of which was the *Hymn on the Nativity* (1629).

though I occasionally visited the metropolis, either for the sake of purchasing books, or of learning something new in mathematics or in music, in which I, at that time, found a source of pleasure and amusement.* In this manner I spent five years, till my mother's death: I then became anxious to visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy. My father gave me his permission, and I left home with one servant (1638). . . .

"Taking ship at Nice, I arrived at Genoa, and afterward visited Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. In the latter city, which I have always more particularly esteemed for the elegance of its dialect, its genius, and its taste, I stopped about two months; when I contracted an intimacy with many persons of rank and learning, and was a constant attendant at their literary parties; a practice which prevails there, and tends so much to the diffusion of knowledge and the preservation of friendship. . . .

"From Florence I went to Sienna, thence to Rome; where, after I had spent about two months in viewing the antiquities of that renowned city, where I experienced the most friendly attentions from Lucas Holstein and other learned and ingenious men, I continued my route to Naples; there I was introduced by a certain recluse, with whom I had traveled from Rome, to John Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of distinguished rank and authority, to whom Torquato Tasso, the illustrious poet, inscribed his book on 'Friendship.' . . .

"When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotion in England made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be traveling for amusement abroad while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home. While I was on my way back to Rome, some merchants informed me that the English Jesuits had formed a plot against me if I returned to Rome, because I had spoken too freely of religion: for it was a rule which I laid down to myself in those places, never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion; but, if any questions were put to me concerning my faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear. I nevertheless returned to Rome. I took no steps to conceal either my person or my character; and for about the space of two months I again openly defended, as I had done before, the reformed religion in the very metropolis of popery. . . .

"By the favor of God, I got back to Florence, where I was received with as much affection as if I had returned to my native

* It was during this residence at home that Milton wrote his *Sonnet to the Nightingale*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, and *Comus*.

country. There I stopped as many months as I had done before, except that I made an excursion of a few days to Lucca, and crossing the Apennines, passed through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. After I had spent a month in surveying the curiosities of this city, and had put on board a ship the books which I had collected in Italy, I proceeded through Verona and Milan, and along the Lemman lake to Geneva. In all those places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is practiced with so little shame, I never once deviated from the paths of integrity and virtue; and perpetually reflected that, though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it would not elude the inspection of God.

"At Geneva I held daily conferences with John Diodati, the learned professor of theology. Then, pursuing my former route through France, I returned to my native country,* after an absence of one year and about three months, (1639,) at the time when Charles (I.), having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the episcopal war with the Scots. As soon as I was able, I hired a spacious house in the city for myself and my books; where I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence, and to the courage of the people.

"As long as the liberty of speech was no longer subject to control, all mouths began to be opened against the bishops; some complained of the vices of the individuals; others of those of the order. This awakened my attention and my zeal: I saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty; that the foundation was laying for the deliverance of man from the yoke of slavery and superstition; that the principles of religion, which were the first objects of our care, would exert a salutary influence on the manners and constitution of the republic; and as I had from my youth studied the distinctions between religious and civil rights, I perceived that, if I ever wished to be of use, I ought at least not to be wanting to my country, to the church, and to so many of my fellow-Christians, in a crisis of so much danger. I therefore determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged, and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object." †

The foregoing narrative embraces the events of what may be called the first period of Milton's life—the period of generous culture, of poetic preparation, and, to no slight extent, of poetic achievement. Beginning with the year 1640, and extending over

* While in Italy he also visited the renowned astronomer Galileo.

† Extracted from Milton's *Second Defense of the People of England*.

a period of twenty years, we encounter a totally different phase of life and mental activity. Herein we behold the student of literature transformed into the teacher of statecraft, the sweet and solemn poet into the radical and bitter tractarian, and the lover of classic lore and of nature's peaceful and sequestered walks, into the clamorous advocate of political, social, and religious innovations. Among the earliest fruits of this new life was *An Apology for Smectymnuus*, which was issued in 1641, and was a justification of the conclusions of a previous pamphlet directed against the character of Charles I.

Unhappily married, we find him in 1644 pleading, in opposition to existing laws and public sentiment, his own views on the subject of divorce, in the four tracts entitled, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, *Tetrachordon*, *The Judgment of the famous Martin Bucer, touching Divorce*, and *Colasterion*. In the same year he published his *Tractate of Education*, and, what is allowed to be his finest prose production, the *Areopagitica*—a *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. The most celebrated of his remaining prose writings are *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1648) and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*. The latter was written in 1651, by order of the State, in vindication of the late conduct of the English people in dethroning and beheading Charles I.; and was a reply to a pamphlet by Salmasius, reputed to be one of the greatest scholars of the age.

In 1648, Milton was appointed secretary for the foreign tongues, which office he held until a short time before the Restoration. In 1652, a great affliction befell our poet in the total loss of his eyesight. Yet he continued, with the aid of an assistant, to discharge the duties of his secretaryship until 1659, when he retired from public life. But the privacy and quietude which he now sought were not at once secured; for Charles II., recognizing the weight of Milton's influence in the late transactions of the Commonwealth, imprisoned him as a regicide. Whether it was his reputation for learning, or his age and infirmity, or the intercession of influential friends that prevailed with the king, is not known; but certain it is, that after a few months' confinement he was set at liberty. As the doors of his prison closed behind him, there flew open before his inner vision the pearly gates of a new and supernal state.

Upon a man well advanced in years, totally blind, with few material and still fewer domestic comforts about him, quite isolated from society, mentally abstracted from the turmoil of a late public career, and wholly absorbed in sublime and spiritual imaginings, we are now to gaze. By twenty years of incessant and excessive labor as a controversialist upon political, social, and

theological questions, one would suppose that the poetic predilections of his early years had been thoroughly eradicated; but, wonderful to contemplate, up through these superincumbent sands of controversy there now reappears the germinal nature of the man, suddenly to display itself in a transcendent florescence and fruitage.

Several years elapse from the date of his retirement, when, in 1667, Milton appears as the author of a manuscript which he disposes of to one Samuel Simmons for the immediate payment of five pounds, an additional five pounds being pledged upon the sale of each succeeding edition of thirteen hundred copies. This manuscript was *Paradise Lost*, the sublimest epic ever penned by hand uninspired. Only two editions of the poem were sold during Milton's remaining years.

In 1670 appeared our poet's *History of England*, carried down to the Norman Conquest. The next year were published *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. Though Milton's literary activity did not exhaust itself in the production of the above immortal poems, yet nothing of comparative merit was subsequently written. Milton died tranquilly at his home in Bunhill fields, on Sunday, November 8, 1674.

The following extracts from *Areopagitica* must suffice as specimens of Milton's mastery as a writer of prose:

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in 'a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced bruage, and better breakfasted than He whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

* * * * *

Truth indeed came into the world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, there straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mold them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation: no; if other things as great in the church, and in the rule of life both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long on the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beacons up to us, that we are stark blind.

* * * * *

Now once again by all the concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his

church, even to the reforming of reformation itself; what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city (London), a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. . . .

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men, who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world: neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. . . .

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up, even to her walls and suburb trenches; that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness, and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, lords and commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was who, when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused

sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

From *Paradise Lost* we select the following passages as representative severally of the sublimity, sweetness, and tenderness of Milton's poetic genius:

BOOK I.—Beginning with line 192.

Thus Satan,

With head uplift above the waves, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced: but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat,
That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,

Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors; hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

BOOK V.—Beginning with 136th line.

SCENE—*Paradise; ADAM and EVE the speakers.*

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute to harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in heaven;
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet; praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

BOOK VI.—Beginning with line 189.

Descriptive of the combat between ABDIEL and SATAN.

A noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept; ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
The archangel trumpet: through the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock.

Now storming fury rose,
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battle's main with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions; how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring; and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat:
Had not the eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of heaven, high overruled
And limited their might. . . .

Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day

Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased; and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains. . . .

Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to Almighty arm
Uplifted eminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appeas'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side.

Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The grinding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,

And all his armor stain'd, erewhile so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence: while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
 From off the files of war: there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke; so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or veins,
 Cannot but by annihilation die;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

* * * * *

The Son of God himself now enters upon the scene of action.

He, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glory where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heaven: forth rush'd with whirlwind-sound
 The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the showery arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming shone:
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen,
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
 Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
 First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their Head imbodied all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepared:
 At his command the uprooted hills retired
 Each to his place; they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious: heaven his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

* * * * *

At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host,
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
 The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God.

Full soon

Among them he arrived; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate;
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows from the fourfold-visaged Four.
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them ruled; and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
 The overthrown he raised; and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heaven; which, opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath
 Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.

Book X.—Beginning with 914th line.

Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness, Heaven,
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,
 I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen;
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable! both have sinn'd; but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee;
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
 Me, me only, just object of his ire!

Book XI.—Beginning with 268th line.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

“It is by his poetry that Milton is best known. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations, by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses as by what it suggests, not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

“Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him. . . . Poetry, which relates to the beings of another world, ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. His Spirits are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions and veiled in mysterious gloom.

“Though Milton wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by

anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairyland, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche." *

"Milton's chief talent, and, indeed, his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. . . . By the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, he has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments." †

"It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'" ‡

* Lord Macaulay's Essay on *Milton*.

† Addison's Essay on *Paradise Lost*.

‡ Macaulay's Essay on *Milton*.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was born in the early part of the year 1574, in (probably) the city of Westminster. After a few years spent in a private school, Jonson, through the kindness of a friend, now unknown, was sent successively to Westminster school and to Cambridge University. The lack of means, however, rendered his stay at the university very brief, and he returned home to pursue, for a time, his step-father's trade of bricklaying.

But bricklaying so completely disgusted young Ben, that to escape it he fled to the Continent, and entered, as a volunteer, the army in Flanders. His service as a soldier extended through only one campaign; but it was signalized by a successful encounter with an opposing champion in the presence of both armies.

Returning home, Jonson, now about nineteen years of age, began a theatrical career. This was interrupted for a time by a duel with a fellow-player, in which Jonson killed his antagonist and was himself severely wounded. He was thrown into prison for murder, and, to quote his own words, "brought near the gallows;" but was subsequently liberated. While incarcerated, he became, through the influence of an attendant priest, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith; but this step he retraced in maturer years.

Once more at liberty, Jonson resumed his theatrical pursuits, and, among the first of his dramas, produced, about 1596, *Every Man in his Humor*. His severely classical conception of dramatic construction, his stern moral purpose, and his high estimate of the office of poetry, rendered this drama, as also most of his subsequent ones, only tolerably successful as a play. "His was not language calculated to win the audiences of those days, nor did Jonson, on any occasion, stoop to court their favor by unworthy condescensions to their prejudices. He had nobler aims

in view—to correct their taste, to inform their judgment, to improve their morals; and to these he steadily adhered through good and evil report, and through all the exigencies of his checkered life. It cannot, therefore, be wondered that he was no favorite with the vulgar, and that those who trusted for a part of their success to the expedients thus openly condemned, should eagerly raise and zealously perpetrate a clamor against him.”*

This sort of writing did, however, commend Jonson to the esteem of the more select ranks of the wise and good and great; among them Queen Elizabeth herself, who by her presence honored the production of his next play—*Every Man out of his Humor*. The following year (1600), Jonson brought out *Cynthia's Revels*!—a comical satire, intended to ridicule the grave and pedantic manners and grotesque humors of the court.

The latter play proved the occasion of divers bitter attacks upon our poet, not only from the parties ridiculed, but also from a little knot of actors, critics, and playwrights, headed by Marston and Decker. These latter, Jonson shortly relieved of the necessity of arrogating to themselves the stripes intended for others, by providing them with a stinging and unmistakable lampoon in the *Poetaster*, brought out in 1601. Two years later, he wrote his first tragedy, *Sejanus*, in which Shakespeare played a part.

About this time, too, Jonson became a member of the celebrated club that met at the “Mermaid;” where, in company with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others hardly less eminent, he poured forth, in return for the liberal draughts of wine which he poured down, an incessant and brilliant current of wit, wisdom, and learning.

In 1605, Marston and Chapman brought out a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*! which reflected somewhat upon the Scotch, and for which impunity they were incarcerated by James. Although Jonson's part in the composition of the play was so slight as not to include him within the royal displeasure, yet, in magnanimity of soul, he voluntarily accompanied his friends to prison, and held himself ready to suffer with them. They were all, however, very soon released with whole ears and noses.

* *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, by William Gifford.

Up to this time, besides accomplishing the literary results already noticed, Jonson "had written several of his Masques and Entertainments, and almost the whole of his Epigrams; he had translated Horace, and, as it would seem, Aristotle's Poetics, and prepared a voluminous body of notes to illustrate them; he had made prodigious collections in theology, history, and poetry, from the best writers, and, perhaps, drawn up his grammar."* In 1605, he produced the comedy of the *Fox*, or, *Volpone*. It was written in five weeks, and yet it has been said of it, that "The English stage had hitherto seen nothing so truly classical, so learned, so correct, and so chaste."*

From 1606 to 1610 inclusive, Jonson was principally engaged in the composition of masques and entertainments, designed exclusively for the amusement of the nobility and the court, in the sumptuous privacy of their palaces. Among these were the *Masque and Barriers*, the *Masque of Beauty*, the *Masque of Queens*, and the *Masque of Oberon*. At varying intervals of one or two years, beginning with *Silent Woman*; or, *Epicoene*—which appeared in 1609—the *Alchemist*, a comedy; *Cataline*, a tragedy; *Bartholomew Fair*, and *The Devil's an Ass*, were given to the public.

In 1613, we find Jonson in Paris, mingling in the society of the most distinguished of literary and court circles; in 1616, he has conferred upon him, by letters-patent, a pension for life of a hundred marks, and, it is presumed, is created poet-laureate; and the two following years visits Scotland. Here he makes the acquaintance of the poet Drummond, who, in return for the most unbounded confidence and affection on Jonson's part, shortly afterwards maliciously betrayed to the public, in their most inauspicious phase, our poet's private judgments concerning the eminent men and works of the age.

From 1616 to 1625, Jonson had written nothing for the stage; when in the latter year, he brought forth the comedy the *Staple of News*. About this time, two evils began to harass our poet—want and disease. Only four years elapse, when we find him confined to his room, and writing, from sheer necessity, the comedy of the *New Inn*. An allusion in this play to the king

* *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, by William Gifford.

and queen touched Charles, and he sent him the present of a hundred pounds. Subsequently, in answer to Jonson's poetical *Petition to the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men*, the king converted his annuity of one hundred marks into one hundred pounds, and added, of his own accord, a tierce of our poet's favorite wine.

The remaining, distressful years of Jonson's life were productive of the *Magnetic Lady*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and several masques and epigrams. But, "one bright and sunny ray yet looks through the gloom which hung over his closing hours. In this he produced the *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama of exquisite beauty, which may not only safely be opposed to the most perfect of his early works, but to any similar performance in any age or country."*

Jonson died August 6, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common pavement stone, intended as temporary only, was laid upon his grave, upon which Sir John Young caused to be cut the unique and significant inscription,

O rare Ben Jonson!

From *Epicoene; or, the Silent Woman*, we make the following extract:

ACT III.—SCENE II.—*A Room in MOROSE's House.*

Enter MOROSE—a hater of all noise, EPICOENE, his newly-married wife—supposed to be a silent woman, PARSON, and CUTBEARD—a barber.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. (*Speaks as having a cold.*) I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *praesto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fat spouse!—uh! uh! uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

* *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, by William Gifford.

Cut. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. (*Aside to Parson.*) Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.

[*Exit CUT. thrusting out the PAR.*]

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise-mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What! Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I write simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE.

Mor. What sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[*Mute makes signs.*]

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coated, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

[*Exit Mute.*]

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicoene, with your grave and honorable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and so noted a remnant, as *lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well, sir, forgive it yourself, now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters? my mouths, now?—[*Enter Servants.*] Bar my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricade made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me, with their honorable visitation?

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason. . . . Give the day to open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse; we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness, what comfort and hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come.

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber.

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague—

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that may he get the small-pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some fellow's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread—

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands forever!—Now, no more, sir.

True. O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i' faith, and be revenged enough; as, that he never be able to new-paint his pole—

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

True. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker—

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into much greater, of ever getting another—

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers—

Mor. Sir—

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Enter DAW, introducing LADY HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, and MAVIS.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants, too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Lady Haughty—(*As he presents them severally, Epicoene kisses them.*) this my lady Centaure—mistress Dol Mavis—mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 't is decreed, 't is decreed of me, an' she have such servants. (*Going.*)

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away, now: they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honor in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favor: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, Mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*]

Hau. Is this the silent woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

Hau. O, Master Truewit! save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behavior, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night. . . .

Enter CLERIMONT, followed by a number of Musicians.

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, sirs, all of you.

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder! 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say!

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience; 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [*La-Foole passes over the stage as a Server, followed by servants carrying dishes, and Mistress Otter.*] Look you here, sir, what honor is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-server before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistress Otter, your neighbor, in the tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? hide me, hide me!

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-faced, here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress. . . .

Enter CAPTAIN OTTER.

True. Captain Otter! what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound within.*]

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

[*They sound again.*]

Mor. O, O, O!

Omnes. Follow, follow, follow.

Our remaining extract shall be from *The Sad Shepherd*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sherwood Forest.—Robin Hood's bower in the fore-ground.*

Enter AEGLAMOUR, the Sad.

Aegl. Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter MARIAN, FRIAR TUCK, JOHN, GEORGE-A-GREEN, and MUCH.

Mar. Know you, or can you guess, my merry men,
What 't is that keeps your master, Robin Hood,
So long, both from his Marian and the wood?

Tuck. Forsooth, madam, he will be here by noon,
And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,
That you by then have kill'd him venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolic with him, and make cheer:
Here's Little John hath harbor'd you a deer,
I see by his tackling.

John. And a hart of ten,
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:
For by his slot, his entries, and his port,
His frayings, fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the dogs; he bears a head
Large and well-beam'd, with all rights summ'd and spread.

Mar. Let's rouse him quickly, and lay on the hounds.

John. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds;
So is his brother Scarlet: now they have found
His lair, they have him sure within the pound.

Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a feast,
'T were sin in Marian to defraud a guest.

[*Exeunt MARIAN and JOHN with the Woodmen.*

Tuck. And I, the chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,

To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,
 And fit the fine devices for the feast:
 You, George, must care to make the baldrick trim,
 And garland that must crown, or her, or him,
 Whose flock this year hath brought the earliest lamb.

George. Good father Tuck, at your commands I am,
 To cut the table out o' the green sward,
 Or any other service for my lord:
 To carve the guests large seats; and these lain in
 With turf, as soft and smooth as the mole's skin:
 And hang the bulled nosegays 'bove their heads,

* * * * *

The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play;
 And a fair dial to mete out the day.
 Our master's feast shall want no just delights,
 His entertainments must have all the rites.

Much. Ay, and all choice that plenty can send in;
 Bread, wine, acates, fowl, feather, fish or fin,
 For which my father's nets have swept the Trent—

Enter AEGLAMOUR.

Aeg. And have you found her?

Much. Whom?

Aeg. My drowned love,
 Earine! the sweet Earine,
 The bright and beautiful Earine!
 Have you not heard of my Earine?
 Just by your father's mill—I think I am right—
 Are not you Much, the miller's son?

Much. I am.

Aeg. And bailiff to brave Robin Hood?

Much. The same.

Aeg. Close by your father's mills, Earine,
 Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!
 Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce, her daughter—
 Have you swept the river, say you, and not found her?

Much. For fowl and fish, we have.

Aeg. O, not for her!
 You are goodly friends! right charitable men!
 Nay, keep your way and leave me; make your toys,
 Your tales, your posies, that you talk'd of; all
 Your entertainments: you not injure me.
 Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath,
 And you will let me weep, 'tis all I ask,

Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth, what less suit can you grant a man?

Tuck. His phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;
The wound is yet too fresh to admit searching. [Exit.]

Aeg. Searching! where should I search, or on what track?
Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade
About my brows, enough describe her loss!
Earine! O my Earine's loss!

No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.

George. How will this sad disaster strike the ears
Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle master!

Much. How will it mar his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest! [Exeunt.]

Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my brows,
And weep like Swithen, or those watery signs,
The Kids, that rise then, and drown all the flocks
Of those rich shepherds dwelling in this vale;
Those careless shepherds that did let her drown!
Then I did something: or could make old Trent
Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in breaches,
To drown their herds, their cattle, and their corn;
Break down their mills, their dams, o'erturn their weirs,
And see their houses and whole livelihood
Wrought into water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,
That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!
When they have cast her body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make them mad,
To see how I will hug it in mine arms!
And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,
Feed round about her lips, and eat her kisses,
Suck off her drowned flesh!—and where's their malice!
Not all their envious sousing can change that.
But I will still study some revenge past this—

[Music of all sorts is heard.]

I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the bells, pipers, tabors, timbures ring,
That you can plant about me; I will study.

* * * * * *

Enter ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, KAROLIN, and others.

Kar. Sure he's here about.

Cla. See where he sits. *(Points to Aeglamour upon a bank.)*

Aeg. It will be rare, rare, rare!

An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!

Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock :
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turf,
On every green sward, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,
Till the whole country read how she was drown'd;
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
Or I will get some old, old grandam thither,
Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,
As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!
Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd into him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt phantasie!

Aeg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Aeglamour, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the proffer'd solace of the spring.

Aeg. A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,
Briars, and brambles? thistles, burs and docks?
Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake or the box?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made! In faith, in faith,
Ye do not fair to put these things upon me.
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose, or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled;
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,

And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
 Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,
 To last but while she lived! Do not I know
 How the vale wither'd the same day? how Dove,
 Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and Soare,
 Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
 That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
 No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
 Look'd out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
 As it were hung so for her exequies!
 And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;
 But of that dismal pair, the screeching-owl,
 And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the foul
 Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
 Peace! you shall hear her screech.

Cla. Good Karolin, sing,
 Help to divert this phant'sie.

Kar. All I can. [*Sings.*]

Jonson's familiarity with and admiration for classical literature imparted to the entire body of his dramatic writings a certain definite form and an artistic regularity, which were singularly foreign to the works of all his brother dramatists. His plots, which were his own, were elaborated with the nicest attention to consecutiveness and to a gradual climax of effect. His phrases, too, were symmetrical, his antitheses skilfully balanced, and his whole style classically correct.

Jonson's genius was of the analytic and logical order; and, accordingly, his men and women appear before us as incarnations of special phases of experience,—as personifications of particular virtues, vices, or follies. A satirist by nature, he sought out the unsound, the odious, and the weak spots of our humanity, and contented himself with rubbing the sore, instead of applying the plaster.

Jonson's partiality for antique models did not, however, prevent his employing most vigorously the unpolished, plain, strong, frank diction current in his day; nor did he hesitate to portray the free manners and the liberal social practices of the times. But this, be it owned, with a view to some noble moral intent; for he cordially hated and lampooned the false and vicious in literature as well as in life.

It is in the Masques and Court Entertainments that the classical austerity of form and phrase, so inseparable from his dramatic writings, is quite lost sight of; and the truer, sweeter-souled poet appears in rich and delicate creations, clad in graceful and melodious verse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That did so take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born on the 23d of April (probably), 1564, at Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire. His birthplace was a small and venerable town, of plaster-walled and thatch-roofed cottages, washed by the gently-flowing Avon, over whose insignificant waters there was built an imposing stone bridge. A goodly-sized church, embellished with pictures, monuments, and sculpture; a finely-proportioned chapel of the early Tudor style of architecture, and rich in paintings of sacred and historical subjects; the "Great House," a grand mansion one hundred years old; a college, a fine monastic structure; the old manorial Clopton House; the grand and hoary feudal pile of Warwick Castle; Kenilworth, the Earl of Leicester's splendid residence; these, with a surrounding and undulatory expanse of meadow, garden, and wood lands, dotted, not the most agreeably, with stables, cow-yards, and sheep-cotes, made up the picture-book which Nature and Art jointly held open to the eager eyes of the boy William.

From his eighth until his sixteenth year, Shakespeare attended the Free Grammar-School of Stratford, where he acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek, and such meager acquaintance with English as it was then the custom to aspire to. His father's business affairs became sadly involved about this time, and William was obliged to provide for his own future

support. His first independent steps were not wise ones; for, at twenty-one, we find him the husband of a wife eight years his senior, and the father of three children. He fell into bad company, too; stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, as is currently reported, and, to avoid the extremity of that gentleman's ire, fled to London.

If we follow Shakespeare to the metropolis, whither Sir Thomas' wrath did not, we shall presently discover him performing the parts of an actor and a mender of plays; the first of which offices he held to for the next twenty years. "Within six or seven years of his departure from Stratford a fugitive adventurer, he had won admiration from the public, respect from his superiors, and the consequent hate of some, and, what is so much harder of attainment, the regard of others, among those who were his equals, except in his surpassing genius." * Prominent among the playwrights whom he thus early rivaled were Greene, Marlowe, and Peele.

Up to this time Shakespeare had produced, as his earliest original works, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In 1593, he published *Venus and Adonis*, dedicating it to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton; and the next year, appeared the *Rape of Lucrece*, also dedicated to the Earl. The latter proved singularly appreciative of these honors, and munificently rewarded Shakespeare, by which good fortune he became a large owner in the Globe Theatre, built about this time (1594). The years from 1592 to 1596, inclusive, were fruitful of *King Richard the Third*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Richard the Second*, several *Sonnets*, and, in all probability, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*. Shakespeare's real and commanding genius had now won the confessions not only of his discomfited fellow play-writers and of aristocratic dilettantes, among them Queen Elizabeth herself, but also of the great public. The next four years (1596-1600) witnessed the production of *King John*, *King Henry IV.*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, *King Henry V.*, *As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*.

* *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, by Richard Grant White.

"The man who could put those plays upon the stage at a time when play-going was the favorite amusement of all the better and brighter part of the London public, gentle and simple, was sure to grow rich, if he were but prudent; and Shakespeare was prudent, and even thrifty. He knew the full worth of money. And he saw that pecuniary independence is absolutely necessary to him who is seeking, as he sought, a social position higher than that to which he was born. Therefore he looked after his material interests much more carefully than after his literary reputation. The whole tenor of his life shows that he labored as a playwright solely that he might obtain the means of going back to Stratford to live the life of an independent gentleman. His income now began to be considerable; and there are yet remaining records of the care with which he invested his money, and his willingness to take legal measures to protect himself against small losses."*

One of the first uses to which he put his earnings was the relief of his father's financial distresses. And not only did he prove equal to this filial service, but, in 1597, he was enabled to purchase for himself the "Great House" of his native town.

"The year 1598 was one of great professional triumph to Shakespeare. We may safely accept the tradition first mentioned by John Dennis a century later, that in that year he was honored with a command from Queen Elizabeth to let her see his Falstaff in love, which he obeyed by producing, in a fortnight, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in its earliest form. In that year, too, the greatness and universality of his genius received formal recognition at the hands of literary criticism. Francis Meres published in 1598 a book called *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, which was a collection of sententious comparisons, chiefly upon morals, manners, and religion. In this book Shakespeare is awarded the highest place in English poetical and dramatic literature, and is ranked with the great authors of the brightest days of Greece and Rome."*

Indeed, so enviable had Shakespeare's fame become at this time, that in 1599, and again the next year, attempts were made to vitalize and popularize certain publications of small merit by placing the great poet's name upon their title-pages. His name did, however, legitimately appear during the first decade of the seventeenth century, as author of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *All's Well that Ends Well*,† *Measure for Measure*, *Pericles*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*.

* *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, by Richard Grant White.

† In an amended form.

About the year 1604 Shakespeare withdrew from the stage, where he had been an unwilling and humble actor, and thereafter devoted his energies to his favorite pursuit of *writing* plays. Within the same year, too, it is surmised that our poet became a member—the “sweet” and “gentle” member—of a club founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which met at the “Mermaid”—a favorite tavern in Bread street. Here he joined in social converse and convivial enjoyments with such rare spirits as Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Colton, Carew, Donne, and others of like parts.

In 1611, it is thought, Shakespeare, having disposed of his theatrical property, returned from London to Stratford, where he passed in ease and elegance the remainder of his days. Only three of his plays were produced after his retirement, namely, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry VIII.* He died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday—April 23, 1616. The second day after, his remains were interred in Stratford Church. Upon the flagstone which covers his grave were inscribed the following lines:

Good Frend for Iesvs sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

As a specimen of Shakespeare's ability in the line of comedy, and that exhibited in one of his earlier plays, we cite

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll; masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus’ car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An’ I may hide my face? let me play Thisby, too; I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne*,—ah, *Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus’ father; myself, Thisby’s father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion’s part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion, too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again!*

Quin. An' you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters; here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu!

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal: this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, —

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that

will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'rlakin,* a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords: and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then, you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

* By our ladykin, or little lady.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,—

Quin. Odors, odors.

Pyr. — odors savors sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant briar,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. *O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help. [Exeunt players.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee!

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you? [Exit.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to frighten me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear that I am not afraid. [Sings.

Our remaining extracts will illustrate Shakespeare's dramatic power in its introspective aspects, and in its more intense manifestations.

KING RICHARD III.—ACT I.—SCENE IV.

A Room in the Tower.—Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happier days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not from this sore agony?

Clar. O, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field at Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
 That now give evidence against my soul,—
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!

[Clarence reposes himself on a chair.]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honor for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares;
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 't is better to be brief than tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
 I'll to the king; and signify to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom:

Fare you well.

[Exit Brakenbury.]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this holy humor of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot swear, but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offense?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest hath given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

2 Murd. And he that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder. Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
 For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
 He sends you not to murder me for this:
 For in that sin he is as deep as I.
 If God will be avenged for the deed,
 O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
 He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
 To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
 When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
 That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
 Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
 I am his brother, and I love him well.
 If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
 And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
 Who shall reward you better for my life,
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
 Go you to him for me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
 He little thought of this divided friendship:
 Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
 That he would labor my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
 That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—

Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince, what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit, with body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

MACBETH.

ACT V.—SCENE V.—Dunsinane.—*Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up;
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[A cry within, of women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors,
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefor was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing. [Enter a Messenger.]
 Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious, my lord,
 I shall report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in resolution; and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum bell:—Blow wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bear like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and childrens' ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[*Exeunt, fighting.* MACBETH is slain and beheaded.]

There are several respects in which Shakespeare transcends all other dramatists and poets. He is more comprehensive. It is quite unsatisfactory to attempt to classify his plays, as the plays of most writers may be classified, into the formal groups of dramas, tragedies, and comedies; for almost every one embodies the essential elements of all three—or at least two—of these different types of composition. And what is true of his plays is equally true of their different characters, particularly their leading characters. His men and women are as we find them in actual life—whole, complex creatures. True, some one trait of each is always seized upon and wrought into startling prominence; but the individual is not therefore distorted into a mere personification of that trait. The other lesser attributes are kept constantly in view, and afforded fair play.

Shakespeare is more intense. His creations do not talk about themselves, but they themselves speak. In them we, like as did their author, live and move and have our being. They transport

us with frenzy, or melt us with pity; they provoke our extremest abhorrence, or compel our tenderest love.

Shakespeare is more introspective. For us he has not only exhibited the world as a stage and on it all men as actors, but he shows us the spectacle from behind the scenes and in the privacy of the green-room. We are taken into the very minds and hearts of his characters, and experience with them the qualms of conscience, the struggles of conflicting interests, and the pricks of inexorable duty, that precede all weighty actions.

Shakespeare is at once real—as unblushingly so as Chaucer—and ideal—as airily and fantastically so as Spenser. And whether it be the delineation of a Richard III. or an Oberon, of a murderer or a witch, of a Falstaff or a Puck, he is sternly loyal to the demands of the realest art,—the Titanic strength of his imagination sufficing for the production of his fictitious creations quite as completely as did his open-eyed observation and generous experience for the composition of his real ones.

His style, compared even with that of his contemporaries, is involved and complex. This comes of his ungovernable passion for metaphor. At his touch the ghostly abstract assumes the fleshly concrete, and the vaguely general the tangible particular. Ideas become materialized and fancies embodied; and the procession of fervid, lusty figures is so constant, so rapid, so tumultuous, so varied, that we often fail readily and surely to recognize the main, the royal idea, in the midst of this carnival of imagery.

FRANCIS BACON.

FRANCIS BACON, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, was born at York House, London, January 22, 1561. His health was delicate, and partly, at least, on this account he was led to substitute for the customary pastimes of a boy the sedentary occupations of the mature student and thinker. His precocity and the natural but uncommon dignity of his demeanor readily attracted the attention of the Queen, who playfully styled him her young Lord Keeper.

At thirteen, young Bacon entered Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left three years later, not a little disgusted with the stale and unprofitable system of academic education then pursued. Immediately he was sent to France, in care of Sir Amias Paulet, the English ambassador. Whilst here, for several years, in the midst of the blandishments and seductions of the French capital, he heroically gave himself up to the study of statistics and diplomacy, and was habitually found in the society of statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters. But these congenial employments were suddenly terminated in 1579 by the death of his father, which rendered it necessary for him to return home, and, to use his own words, "to think how to live, instead of living only to think."

As a step to this end, he adopted the profession of the law, and for the next six years turned his extraordinary abilities to its mastery. This much by way of self-help having been done, he hoped, through the influence of Lord Burleigh, the Prime Minister, who was his uncle, joined to the remembrance of his father's long and eminent services, and favored by the Queen's good opinion of his abilities, to obtain a provision such as would enable him to turn his attention exclusively to the prosecution of his favorite philosophical and literary schemes. But in this he was destined to repeated disappointments. He was, how-

ever, elected to the House of Commons in 1585, and returned to that body in 1592; and during these terms he achieved a splendid reputation for statesmanship and oratory.

Twelve years of almost servile patience having satisfied Bacon that he might expect no favors from the patronage of Burleigh, he turned—drawn by his generous instincts—to that Lord's great rival, the young Earl of Essex. This royal favorite at once exerted himself to his utmost to procure for Bacon, first, the office of Attorney-General, and then that of Solicitor-General; and when he failed in both, determined, as it would seem, to render his influence of some material account, he presented Bacon with an estate worth about £1800.

These services, however, may not appear to be either so considerable or so disinterested, when we remember that in return for them Bacon proved, for ten years, the truest and wisest counsellor the Earl had, and that more than once he had interposed himself as a peacemaker between the impetuous hero at Essex House and the haughty sovereign at Whitehall. But these intimate relations were cut off by the Earl's conspiracy against the Queen in 1601.

Bacon has been both immoderately censured and commended for his conduct in appearing against Essex, his recent friend and benefactor, at the trial for treason which ensued. The facts are, however, that Bacon, as the Queen's Council Learned in the Law,—to which preferment he had succeeded in 1595,—and as one summoned by the Privy Council, was bound in duty to appear in the defense of his sovereign and for the prosecution of her enemies, whoever they might be, and as a patriot he was also bound to raise his hand against every enemy of the realm, however intimate his former relations with such might have been.

Upon the accession of James I. to the throne, Bacon, by hard work and not a little sycophancy, gradually procured the recognitions of his ability, which had been denied him under Elizabeth; for we find him, in 1607, Solicitor-General; in 1613, Attorney-General; in 1616, Privy Counsellor; in 1617, Lord Keeper; in 1618, Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam; and in 1621, Viscount St. Albans.

Rapid and splendid as was his rise after it had fairly begun,

his fall was much more rapid and striking. Following the corrupt but very general practice of the times, Bacon, during his Chancellorship, received presents from suitors in his court,—presents from both parties, and then decided their claims upon their legal merits. For this conduct he was arraigned, in 1621, by Parliament, impeached for corruption in his high office, sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the royal pleasure, declared incapable of ever holding any public office, and forbidden to sit in Parliament or come within the verge of the Court. The sentence was hardly pronounced before it was mitigated. His imprisonment lasted for only two days; his fine was remitted; and he was restored to the privilege of appearing at Court and sitting in Parliament. Of these two latter privileges, however, he took no advantage, but devoted the remaining five years of his life exclusively to literary and scientific labors. He died on the 9th of April, 1626.

Such was the superficial, the bread-and-meat, so to speak, life of Lord Bacon. His *real* life is met with only at intervals and in fragments as we see him, temporarily escaped from the sordid and vexatious concerns of the Temple, Parliament, and the Court, and seated in the midst of his books and apparatuses in the lovely solitudes of Twickenham and Gorhambury. At such intervals it was that Bacon, the scholar, the thinker, the romancer, the philosopher, and the moralist, discovered his genuine self;—a genius, in whose transcendent presence the Lord Chancellor and Viscount St. Albans must be wholly forgotten.

The achievements of this, Bacon's real and noble life, were his *Essays*, first published in 1597, but enlarged in 1598, 1612, and 1625; the *Treatise on the Advancement of Learning*,—which was afterwards (in 1623) expanded into the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*,—published in 1605; the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, in 1609, and the *Novum Organum*, in 1620; together with the uncompleted works of the last two or three years of his life,—*A Digest of the Laws of England*, *A History of England under the Princes of the House of Tudor*, a *Natural History*, a *Philosophical Romance*—*The New Atlantis*, and a *History of Life and Death*.

We invite the student's attention first to a description of "Solomon's House," excerpted from *New Atlantis*. In it Bacon would describe a model college, instituted for the interpretation of natural phenomena, and for the production of great benefits for mankind.

The preparations and instruments are there. We have large and deep caves of several depths; the deepest are sunk six hundred fathoms; and some of them are digged and made under great hills and mountains; so that if you reckon together the depth of the hill, and the depth of the cave, they are, some of them, above three miles deep. These caves we call the lower regions. And we use them for all coagulations, indurations, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies. We use them likewise for the imitation of natural mines: and the producing also of new artificial metals, by composition and materials which we use and lay there for many years. We use them also sometimes, which may seem strange, for curing of some diseases, and for prolongation of life, in some hermits that choose to live there, well accommodated of all things necessary, and indeed live very long; by whom also we learn many things. . . .

We have high towers, the highest about half a mile in height; and some of them likewise set upon high mountains; so that the vantage of the hill with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the upper region: accounting the air between the high places and the low as a middle region. We use these towers according to their several heights and situations, for isolation, refrigeration, conservation, and for the view of divers meteors; as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe. . . .

We have also a number of artificial wells and fountains, made in imitation of the natural sources and baths: as tinted upon vitriol, sulphur, steel, brass, lead, nitre and other minerals. And again, we have little wells for infusions of many things, where the waters take the virtue quicker and better than in vessels or basins. And amongst them we have a water which we call water of paradise, being, by that we do to it, made very sovereign for health and prolongation of life. . . .

We have also large and various orchards and gardens, wherein we do not so much respect beauty, as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs: and some very spacious, where trees and berries are set, whereof we make divers kinds of drinks, besides the vineyards. In these we practice likewise all conclusions of grafting and inoculating, as well of wild trees as fruit trees, which produceth many effects. And we make by art, in the same orchards and gardens, trees and flowers to come earlier or later than their seasons; and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by art greater much than their nature; and their fruit greater, and sweeter, and of differing taste, smell, color, and figure from their nature. And many of them we so order, as they become of medicinal use.

We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixture of earths without seeds; and likewise to make divers new plants, differing from the vulgar; and to make one tree or plant turn into another. . . .

We have also perspective houses, where we make demonstrations of lights and radiations; and of all colors; and out of things uncolored and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colors; not in rainbows as it is in gems and prisms, but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance; and make so sharp, as to discern small points and lines; also all colorations of light; all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colors; all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means yet unknown to you, of producing of light originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off; as in the heaven and remote places; and represent things near as far off; and things afar off as near; making feigned distances.

We have also helps for the sight, far above spectacles and glasses in use. We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colors of small flies and worms, grains and flaws in gems, which cannot otherwise be seen; observations in blood, not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rainbows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflections, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

We have also precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty, to you unknown; crystals likewise; and glasses of divers kinds; and amongst them some of metals vitrified, and other materials, besides those of which you make glass. Also a number of fossils, and imperfect minerals, which you have not. Likewise loadstones of prodigious virtue; and other rare stones, both natural and artificial.

We have also sound-houses, where we practice and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not of quarter-sounds, and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voice and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps, which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came; some shriller, and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sound in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

We have also perfume-houses; wherewith we join all practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange. We imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man's taste. And in this house we contain also a comfiture-house, where we make all sweetmeats, dry and moist, and divers pleasant wines, milks, broths, and salads, in far greater variety than you have.

We have also engine-houses, where we prepare engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practice to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets, or any engine that you have; and to make them, and multiply them more easily, and with small force by wheels and other means: and to make them stronger and

more violent than yours are; exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war, and engines of all kinds: and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gunpowder, wildfires burning in water, and unquenchable. Also fireworks of all variety both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flight of birds: we have some degree of flying in the air; we have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking of seas; also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents; we have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness, and subtilty. . . .

We have also houses of deceits of the senses, where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions; and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we that have so many things truly natural, which induce admiration, could in a world of particulars deceive the senses if we would disguise those things, and labor to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures and lies: insomuch as we have severally forbidden it to all our fellows, under pain of ignominy and fines, that they do not show any natural work or thing, adorned or swelling; but only pure as it is, and without all affectation of strangeness.

Of the *Essays*, we select first the one that formed the first of the earliest series (1597).

OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy* things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he

* Vapid.

had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend : "*Abeunt studia in mores* ;" * nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies. Like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises, bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like ; so, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "*Cymini sectores*." † If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases ; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Lastly, we produce one of the latest (1625) written of the *Essays*.

OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics) that "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God." This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed, and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it ; for it is, in effect, the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery ; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, "that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher," lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world.

But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needlework and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground : judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed ; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

* "Studies become habits."

† "Splitters of cummin-seeds."

"It is by the *Essays*," says Lord Macaulay, "that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind; but they have produced it through the operations of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the *Essays* alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There he opens an exoteric school, and he talks to plain men in language which everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested."

Speaking of his philosophy, the same authority above quoted remarks: "What Bacon did for the inductive philosophy may, we think, be fairly stated thus. The objects of preceding speculators were objects which could be obtained without careful induction. Those speculators, therefore, did not perform the inductive process carefully. Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be attained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a motive for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society."

The same authority sums up Bacon's mental characteristics as follows: "With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being. The *Essays* contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque, could escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade.

"In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that with which the archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation. There have been thousands of better mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, botanists, mineralogists, than Bacon. No man would go to Bacon's works to learn any particular science or art; any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kennington Turnpike to Clapham Common. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowl-

edge in which Bacon excelled all men was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge.

“Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with the weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the richest decorations of rhetoric. His eloquence, though not untainted with the vicious taste of his age, would alone have entitled him to a high rank in literature. He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable. In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal—not even Cowley—not even the author of *Hudibras*.

“The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon’s mind ; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. Yet, though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor.

“One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon’s mind is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained till the last : the blossoms did not appear till late. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth seem to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen ; and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration his later writings are far superior to those of his youth.”

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London, probably in the year 1552. His parents, though of gentle birth, were poor, as we learn from the fact that our poet, when seventeen, was admitted to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a *sizar*, or charity student. After seven years of university life, Spenser took his degree, and went to reside for a short time with some friends or relatives in the north of England.

A recommendation from Sir Philip (then Mr.) Sidney—whose acquaintance he had shortly before made—to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, brought Spenser, in 1579, back to London. In December of the same year he published his *Shepherd's Calendar*—a series of twelve eclogues inscribed to the twelve months of the year. These pastorals, not restricting themselves to a description of rural scenery and rustic manners and occupations, most unnaturally put into the mouths of shepherds learned ecclesiastical and philosophical sentiments and ideas. Moreover, in his solicitude to avoid over refinement of style and diction, Spenser fell into the opposite fault of employing a profusion of obsolete and uncouth words and phrases.

In 1580, Spenser went to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Grey. Six years later, as a reward for faithful and valuable services, he received from government a grant of 3028 acres of the confiscated lands of the Earl of Desmond—and here, in the castle of Kilcolman, environed with the most lovely scenery, he passed the major part of the rest of his days. Here, in 1589, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he read the first three books of *The Faery Queene*—a poem on which he had long been meditating, and whose progress the tranquillity and loveliness of his present abode greatly facilitated. Raleigh, enraptured of the poem, persuaded its author to return with him to England, where he presented him to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was graciously received.

The poem—the first three books—was published in 1590, but about a year elapsed before Spenser received the royal recognition of its merits that he had expected much sooner—a pension from the Queen. The splendors and the vanities of the court life he had witnessed at London were, on his return to Ireland, set forth in the poem, *Colin Clout's come Home Againe*, published in 1595. *Astrophel, a Pastorall Elegie upon the Death of the most noble and valorous knight, Sir Philip Sidney*, appeared in the same year. *Amoretti, or Sonnets*, and *Fowre Hymnes* were published in the two years following.

Again, in 1595, Spenser visited England, where, the next year, he gave to the world three more books—the last—of his *Faery Queene*. During this visit also he presented to the Queen a prose tract—*View of the State of Ireland*—“displaying the sagacity of an English statesman, but a spirit towards the poor native Irish as ruthless as Cromwell's.”

Hardly had he returned to Ireland, where, as Sheriff of Cork, his worldly prospects promised fair, when, by the Insurrection of Munster, he was driven from the country; his house was pillaged and burned, one of his children—so says Ben Jonson—perishing in the flames. Escaping to London, he soon afterwards,—on January 16, 1599,—died there, poor and broken-hearted. He was buried, at the expense of the Earl of Essex, in Westminster Abbey, next to Chaucer, and “his hearse was attended by poets; and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb.”

As explanatory of the original scope and design of the *Faery Queene*, we extract a few passages from the author's letter addressed “To the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.”

“Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this Booke of mine, which I have entituled ‘The Faery Queene,’ being a continued Allegory, or darke Conceit, I have thought good as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intencion and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purpose, or by-accidents, therein occasioned.

“The general end therefore of all the Booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profite of the ensample, I chose the Historie of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall. . . . By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave Knight, perfected in the twelve private Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of Politicke Vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. . . .

“So have I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our sovaine *the Queene*, and her kingdom in *Faery Land*. . . .

“So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth *Magnificence* (or Magnanimity) in particular; which Vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that Vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the xii other Vertues, I make xii other Knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history. . . . The beginning therefore of my History, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth Booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; uppon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall Adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii severall Knights, are in these xii Bookes severally handled and discoursed.”

Of this vast undertaking—for each of the projected twelve books was to consist of twelve cantos—our poet lived to complete only six books. But these six constitute one of the longest poems ever written. The virtues personified are in Book I., *Holiness*, in the

Knight of the Red Cross; Book II., *Temperance*, in Sir Guyon; Book III., *Chastity*, in Britomartis, a Lady Knight; Book IV., *Friendship*, in Cambel and Triamond; Book V., *Justice*, in Artegall; Book VI., *Courtesy*, in Sir Calidore. Besides these, our poet left two cantos on *Mutability*.

From Canto XI. of Book I., we extract the description of the *Dragon*, which the Knight of the Red Cross fought with through two days:

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the Knight.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennies,* that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes† when ever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,

* Feathers.

† Folds.

It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
 And at the point two stinges infixed arre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
 The sharpenesse of his cruel rending claws:
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abyссе all ravin* fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare;
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,†
 Out of his stinking gorge‡ forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
 As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,§
 And warning give, that enemies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,
 Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully towards him did pas,
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his new come guest.
 Eftsoones|| he gan advance his haughty crest;
 As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare;
 And shake his scales to battaile ready drest,
 (That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for feare,)
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

* Prey.

† Burning.

‡ Throat.

§ Region.

|| Immediately.

The Knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
 And fierseley ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
 Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,
 The wrathful Beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyled in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight;
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant Knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting* parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: He, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
 So far as ewghen† bow a shaft may send;
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar‡ hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle above his hable§ might,
 His wearie pounces|| all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse¶ the pray too heavy for his flight;
 Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The Knight his thrillant** speare again assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,††
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;

* Fleeting or light.

† Made of yew.

‡ Wild.

§ Proper might.

|| Claws.

¶ Bear aloft.

** Piercing.

†† Enclose.

Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd :
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth * smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite asunder broke : Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill :
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,†
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his ryder : who can quickly ryse.
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd ;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand :
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.‡

* Strange.

† Entangles.

‡ Avoid.

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;
 But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light,
 As if in adamant rocke it had been pight.*
 The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to stye† above the ground;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
 The scorching flame sore swinged‡ all his face,
 And through his armour all his body seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to ulace.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
 With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
 As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst§ him armd;
 That erst§ him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyld,|| grieved, brent,¶
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
 That never man such mischiefes did torment;
 Death better were; death did he oft desire;
 But death will never come, when needes require.
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast** to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

In Book II., Canto XII., we find the following description of the *Bowre of Blisse*:

Thence passing forth, they†† shortly do arrgue
 Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;

* Thrust.

† Mount.

‡ Singed.

§ Before.

|| Scorched.

¶ Burned.

** Determined.

†† Sir Guyon and Palmer.

A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,*
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispençe,†
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred gwestes to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard their force that fortilage‡ to win,
 But Wisedomes§ powre, and Temperaunces§ might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:||
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iason and Medaea was ywritt;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;¶
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry**
 Under the ship as through them she went,
 That seemed the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent††
 With vermell,‡‡ like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled
 Yt seemed th' enchaunted flame, which did Creusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tali,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,

* Delight. † Expense. ‡ Fortress. § Sir Guyon and Palmer.
 || Are. ¶ Departed. ** Foam. †† Sprinkled. ‡‡ Vermilion.

That travellers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call:
 Not that celestiall Powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
 That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
 He of this Gardin had the governall,*
 And Pleasures Porter was devized to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about; and by his side
 A mighty mazer† bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine. on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

* Government.

† Maple.

Thereto the heavens alwayes joviall
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attemptred, and disposed so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

More sweet and wholesome then the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieve did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, when of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;*
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will and maystering† his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate:
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
 All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered;
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire emerandes,‡ not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest

* Forsook.

† Mastering.

‡ Emeralds.

Did bow adowne as overburdened.
 Under that porch a comely Dame did rest
 Clad in fayre weedes* but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhood:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd† with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,‡
 That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,§
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,||
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:¶
 Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
 Yet no' te** the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does others happinesse envye;
 The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
 The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
 The trembling groves; the christall running by;
 And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
 To fly about playing their wanton toyes,††
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

* Clothes. † Squeezed. ‡ Injury. § Hand. || Found.
 ¶ Land or ground. ** Could not. †† Sports.

All over all of purest gold was spread
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
 Out of the fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pay'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

Eftsoones* they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonee might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
 To read† what manner musicke that mote bee;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consorted in one harmonee;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemptred sweet;
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
*Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day!
 Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first perpe foorth with bashfull modestee,*

* Immediately

† Explain.

*That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
 Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!*

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a lady, and many a paramoure!
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.**

Lastly we present a portrait of Diana, from Book II., Canto III.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant,† and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

* To an equal degree.

† Piercing

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes* and amorous retrate;†
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemed, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus‡ lilly whight,
 Purfled § upon with many a folded plight,||
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets,¶ that glistred bright
 Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about
 Was heimd with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed** did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld††
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,‡‡
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld§§
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:||||
 Before, they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld¶¶
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play.
 Or when the flying libbard*** she did chace,
 She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff with steel-headed dartes wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,

* Sweet looks. † Picture. ‡ Thin dress. § Embroidered. || Plait.
 ¶ Tagged Points. ** Dress. †† Bound up. ‡‡ Spanish leather.
 §§ Carved. ||| Enamelled. ¶¶ Twisted. *** Leopard.

Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,*
 They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

What Joseph was contemptuously regarded by his brethren, that Spenser must be proudly esteemed among his brothers of English poetry—the dreamer. His nature instinctively and habitually recoiled from contact with the hard actual, the sordid present, but lived and revelled within the fairy precincts of the ideal, or among the fascinating spectres of the past. His genius found its proper aliment in the fields of classic fable and mediæval chivalry. Into the latter the great Italian poets, Ariosto and Tasso, had preceded him, and had used much of the same materials which he afterwards employed; but Spenser's handling of these materials was characterized by a heartiness and sincerity peculiarly his own. In the principles and sentiments with which he inspires his gallant knights and lovely ladies, and in their virtuous achievements and conduct, we recognize him as a thoroughly Christian poet—a Bunyan in verse; but, on the other hand, in the sensibility to and lust for the sensuous which equally characterize his heroes and heroines,—in the frequent references had to the old Greek deities—in the introduction of nymphs, dryads, fauns, and satyrs, and in the employment of giants, monsters, witches, and enchanted castles, we quite as readily recognize a thoroughly pagan poet—a very Hesiod of ancient myth. In Spenser, however, the two do not conflict, but, through his most masterly skill at picturesque invention, are made sweetly to coalesce, and so to heighten the general effect. Spenser is preëminent, too, for the beauty, the harmony, and the pathos of his language, and for the exhaustless command and rare fitness of his imagery. As a word-painter he has been most aptly styled the Rubens of English poetry.

* Breathe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note,
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

LONGFELLOW.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, probably in the year 1328, of respectable, though not of noble parents. The first thirty years of his life are involved in almost total obscurity—the rumor that he was educated at Cambridge, its opposing one that Oxford is entitled to that honor, and the gracious compromise that each university in turn shared the distinction, being the only matter of interest assigned to this interval.

Not until the year 1359 do we encounter the first tolerably-well authenticated act of Chaucer's life—his military service under Edward III., during that monarch's celebrated invasion of France. Our poet was taken prisoner in the expedition, and, whether as captive or fugitive, it is uncertain how he passed the next few years. In 1366, however, we find him returned to England, and connected by marriage with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. From this time forward, with slight interruptions, royal confidences and pensions were bestowed upon him in no small measure.

Chaucer was several times dispatched abroad on embassies of great political moment, during one of which, in 1373,—our poet being, during the summer of that year, at Florence,—he is presumed to have seen and to have conversed with the eminent Italian poet, Petrarch. However this may be, that Chaucer was intimately acquainted with the poet Gower is certain, both from the fact of his having made the latter trustee of his private affairs during an embassy to Lombardy, and from their well-known interchanges of poetical compliments.

Not to mention divers grants and pensions bestowed during the eight years preceding, Chaucer was, in 1382, appointed Comptroller of Petty Customs in the Port of London. But four years later, in consequence of the absence from England of his powerful friend and relative, the Duke of Lancaster, and the presence at the head of government of the latter's enemy, the Duke of Gloucester, Chaucer was stripped, during the next three years, of his office. Still he did not, as has been asserted, fly the country, neither was he imprisoned in the Tower; but remained during the whole period of his disgrace in London, not only unmolested by rivals, but even in the enjoyment of his usual pension. Indeed, it was in the very year of his deposition from office that he was elected a knight of the shire for Kent.

A change in government affairs in 1389 again brought Chaucer into court favor, and he was made successively Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster, and at Windsor. After a year's service in each of these offices he was, for some unknown cause, superseded, and for the remainder of his life had to rely for support upon the revenue of his various grants and pensions. But this proved wholly inadequate not only for meeting the demands of one of his elevated position, but even for providing the comforts of a modest privacy. Only a short time before his death, this veteran courtier, this able ambassador, this life-long and favorite poet, was compelled to apply at the Exchequer in person for the petty loan of 6s. 8d., and to seek of the King letters of protection from arrest. This misery, however, was mitigated in 1399, by a liberal pension from Henry IV., son of his deceased friend, the Duke of Lancaster. It came none too soon; for on October 25, 1400, Chaucer died in London. Three days later he was buried in Westminster Abbey—"the first of that illustrious series of poets who were subsequently to repose beside him, and were not ashamed to call him 'Father.'"

Wherever pursued, Chaucer's education was as good a one as the times afforded, embracing an acquaintance with the classics of Rome and Palestine, and the current crudities of science. Then, by nature, his tastes were of the most catholic sort, and they were ministered to, as we have seen, by a life of cosmopolitan span.

He began to write at an early age, and zealously cherished the employ even to the end of his long life. His first efforts were doubtless imitative, *The Romaunt of the Rose*, for example, being a literal translation into English of an early French poem. More original, but still largely borrowed in incident and sentiment, were the allegorical poems, *The Court of Love*, *The Assembly of Foules*, *The Cuckow and the Nightingale*, *The Floure and the Leaf*, and *The Complaint of Pite*. These productions, and *Troilus and Creseide*, if they did not all engage his earlier efforts, certainly reflect Chaucer's earlier taste—his love for the fantasies of classical and Provencal bards, while *The Booke of the Duchesse*, *The Legende of Good Women*, *The House of Fame*, and *The Canterbury Tales*, are the fruits of his maturer and more original genius.

"During the fourteenth century, language, like thought, was in a state of transition. After a long and bitter struggle between the Norman-French and the Saxon, the obstinate vigor of the native tongue began to prevail, and to assert its supremacy over the polished but less vigorous French. In so great a state of confusion was the language, that 'moral' Gower, Chaucer's friend, uncertain which dialect would ultimately triumph and be the language of future England, solved the difficulty by writing in French, Latin, and Saxon. Chaucer, with a happier instinct, chose the last exclusively, and helped by his writings to bring about the realization of his hopes. He wrote in the common dialect of the upper middle classes, which was not pure Saxon, but a combination of three-fifths Saxon and two-fifths French and Latin.

"Chaucer's compositions, therefore, are marked by a large admixture of foreign words and phrases, and especially by the influence of accentuation. *The Tales* seem much more difficult to read than they really are. We shall give our readers one golden rule, by attending to which they will have little difficulty in reading Chaucer, viz.:—Pronounce the final *e* whenever the metre demands it, and the final syllable in all words of French origin, as *e. g.* in *corâge*, *visâge*, *honoûr*, *clamoûr*, *maniér*. Bear in mind, also, that the strangeness of three-fourths of the words results from the antiquated way in which they are spelled, and that when deprived of an *e* or an *n*, or otherwise slightly altered, they become familiar."*

As exhibiting his peculiarities of style, and his felicities of con-

ception in their highest perfection, we invite the student to Chaucer's master work, the *Canterbury Tales*—a work begun and completed when our poet was old, and for the most part poor and desolate. The plot of the poem is thought to have been taken from the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. Our poet relates in "The Prologue" how that

In Southwerk at the Tabard* as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devoute corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrye
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle†
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.

It was proposed that each of the "compaignie" should relate two tales while going on the pilgrimage, and two while returning, and that, in the end, he who should be declared as having related the most satisfactory one, should sup at the common cost. This first design, however, was not carried out. The pilgrims do not arrive at the shrine, and only twenty-five of the proposed number of tales remain to us. But these sufficiently reveal the varied composition of the company, being related severally by the Knight, the Miller, the Reve, the Coke, the Man of Lawe, the Wif of Bath, the Frere, the Sompnour, the Clerk, the Marchant, the Squier, the Frankelein, the Doctour, the Pardoner, the Shipman, the Prioress, the Monk, the Normes Preest, the Chanones Yeman, the Manciple, and the Person.

"Each tale is suited to the teller: the young squire relates a fantastic and Oriental history; the tipsy miller a loose and comical story; the honest clerk the touching legend of Griselda. All these tales are bound together, and that much better than by Boccaccio, by little veritable incidents, which spring from the characters of the personages, and such as we light upon in our travels. The horsemen ride on in good humor in the sunshine, in the open country; they converse. The miller has drunk too much ale, and will speak, 'and for no man forbere.' The cook goes to sleep on his beast, and they play practical jokes on him. The monk and the summoner get up a dispute about their respective lines of business. The host [the landlord of the Inn, who accompanied the pilgrims] restores peace, makes them speak or be silent, like a man who has long presided in the inn parlor, and who has often had to check brawlers.

* The Tabard Inn.

† Fallen.

"They pass judgment on the stories they listen to: declaring that there are few Griseldas in the world; laughing at the misadventures of the tricked carpenter; drawing a lesson from the moral tale. The poem is no longer, as in contemporary literature, a mere procession, but a painting in which the contrasts are arranged, the attitudes chosen, the general effect calculated, so that life is invigorated; we forget ourselves at the sight, as in the case of every life-like work; and we conceive the desire to get on horseback on a fine sunny morning, and canter along green meadows with the pilgrims to the shrine of the good saint of Canterbury."*

Let us first listen to a portion of the "Knichtes Tale"—the passage wherein is described the contest between Palamon and Arcite, with their hundred knights each, in the presence of king Theseus, for the hand of Emelie, the queen's "yonge sister shene."

Whan set was Theseus ful rich and hie,
 Ipolita the quene, and Emelie,
 And other ladies in degrees aboute,
 Unto the setes preseth all the route.
 And westward, thurgh the gates under Mart,
 Arcite, and eké the hundred of his part,
 With baner red, is entred right anon;
 And in the selve moment Palamon
 Is, under Venus, estward in the place,
 With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
 In all the world, to seken up and down,
 So even without variatioun
 Ther n'ere swiche compaignies never twey.
 For ther was non so wise that coude sey,
 That any hadde of other advantage
 Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,
 So even were they chosen for to gesse.
 And in two renges fayre they hem dresse.
 Whan that hir† names red were everich‡ on,
 That in hir† nombre gile‡ were ther non,
 Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude;
 Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.

The heraudes|| left hir† priking¶ up and doun.
 Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.
 Ther is no more to say, but est and west
 In gon the speres sadly in the rest;

* Taine's English Literature.

§ Error.

† Their.

|| Heralds.

‡ Every.

¶ Riding.

In goth the sharpe spore* into the side.
 Ther see men who can juste,† and who can ride.
 Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes‡ thicke;
 He feleth thurgh the herte-spone§ the pricke
 Up springen speres twenty foot on highte;
 Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.
 The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede;
 Out brest the blod, with sterne|| stremes rede.
 With mighty maces the bones they to-breste.¶
 He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste.
 Ther stomblen stedes strong, and doun goth all.
 He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.
 He foineth on his foo with a trinchoun,
 And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun;
 He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith** ytake
 Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,
 As forword was, right ther he must abide.
 Another lad is on that other side.
 And sometime doth hem†† Theseus to rest,
 Hem†† to refresh, and drinken if hem†† lest.

Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two
 Togeder met, and wrought eche other wo:
 Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.
 Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
 Whan that hire whelpe is stole, whan is it lite,‡‡
 So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite
 For jalous herte§§ upon this Palamon:
 Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon,
 That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,|||
 Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
 As Palamon to sleen¶¶ his foo Arcite.
 The jalous strokes on his helmes bite;
 Gut*** renneth blood on both his sides rede.

Somtime an ende ther is of every dede.
 For er the sonne unto the reste went,
 The stronge king Emetrius gan hent†††
 This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
 And made his swerd depe in his flesh to bite.
 And by the force of twenty is he take
 Unyolden,††† and ydrawen to the stake.
 And in the rescous§§§ of this Palamon

* Spur.	† Joust.	‡ Shields.	§ Concave part of the breast.
Cruel.	¶ Burst.	** Therefore taken.	†† Them.
‡‡ Little.	§§ Heart.	Mad.	*** Out.
††† Caught hold of.	††† Unyielding.	§§§ Rescue.	

The stronge king Licurge is borne adoun:
 And king Emetrius for all his strengthe
 Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,
 So hitte him Palamon or* he were take:
 But all for nought, he was brought to the stake:
 His hardy herte might him helpen naught,
 He moste† abiden, whan that he was caught,
 By force, and eke by composition.‡

Who sorweth now but woful Palamon?
 That moste† no more gon again to fight.
 And whan that Theseus had seen that fight,
 Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on,‡
 He cried, ho! no more, for it is don.
 I wol be trewe juge, and not partie.
 Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,
 That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.§
 Anon ther is a noise of peple begonne¶
 For joye of this, so loud and high withall,
 It semed that the listes shulden fall.

The *Miller* shall next discover to us his modern prophet—one “hendy Nicholas,” a “poure scoler,” or clerk, and his modern Noah,—one John, a carpenter, as they discuss the preparations for a second deluge.

Now, John (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie,
 I have yfounde in min astrologie,
 As I have loked in the moone bright,
 That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
 Shal fall a rain, and that so wild and wood**
 That half so gret was never Noes flood.
 This world (he said) in less than in an houre
 Shal al be dreint,†† so hidous is the shoure:
 Thus shall mankinde drenche, and lese‡‡ hir lif.

This carpenter answerd; Alas my wif!
 And shal she drenche? alas min Alisoun!
 For sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,
 And said, Is ther no remedy in this cas?

Why yes, for God, quod hendy §§ Nicholas,
 If thou wolt werken after lore||| and rede;
 Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede.

* E'er.
 † Won.
 ‡ Lose.

† Must.
 ¶ Begun.
 §§ Courteous.

‡ Agreement.
 ** Raging.
 ||| Advice.

§ Each other.
 †† Drenched.

For thus saith Salomon, that was ful trewe;
 Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.
 And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,
 I undertake, withouten mast or seyl,*
 Yet shal I saven hire, and thee and me.
 Hast thou not herd how saved was Noe,
 Whan that our Lord had warned him beforne,
 That al the world with water should be lorne?

Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.

Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
 The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
 Or that he might get his wif to ship?
 Him had he lever, I dare wel undertake,
 At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,†
 That she had had a ship hireself alone.
 And therefore wost thou what is best to done?
 This axeth hast,‡ and of an hastif thing
 Men may not preche and maken taryng.
 Anon go get us fast into this in
 A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn,§
 For eche of us; but loke that they ben large,
 In which we mowen swimme as in a barge:
 And have therin vitaille suffisant||
 But for a day; fie on the remenant;
 The water shall aslake and gon away
 Abouten prime upon the nexte day.
 But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,
 Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save:
 Axe not why: for though thou axe me,
 I wol not tellen Goddes privatee.
 Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
 To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
 Thy wif shal I wel saven out of doute.
 Go now thy way, and spede thee hereabout.

But whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me
 Ygeten us these kneding tubbes thre,
 Than shalt thou hang hem in the rooffe ful hie,
 That no man of our purveyance espie:
 And whan thou hast done thus as I have said,
 And hast our vitaille faire in hem ylaide,
 And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two
 Whan that the water cometh, that we may go,
 And breke an hole on high upon the gable
 Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,

* Sail.

† Black.

‡ Requireth haste.

§ Tub.

|| Victuals sufficient.

That we may frely passen forth our way,
 Whan that the grete shoure is gon away.
 Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,
 As doth the white doke* after hire drake:
 Than wol I clepe,† How Alison, how John,
 Be mery: for the flood wol passe anon.
 And thou wolt sain, Haile maister Nicholay,
 Good morwe, I see thee wel, for it is day.
 And than shal we be lordes all our lif
 Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.
 But of o thing I warne thee ful right,
 Be wel avised on that ilke night,
 That we ben entred into shippes bord,
 That non of us ne speke not o word,
 Ne clepe‡ ne crie, but be in his praiere,‡
 For it is Goddes owen heste§ dere.

This ordinance is said: go, God thee spede.
 To-morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,
 Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
 And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.
 Go now thy way, I have no lenger space
 To make of this no lenger sermoning:
 Men sain thus: send the wise, and say nothing:
 Thou art so wise, it nedeth thee nought teche.
 Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseche.

“Sire Clerk of Oxenforde” shall next introduce us to the hero and heroine of his most touching tale—Walter, a noble marquis, and Grisilde, a peasant maid, in the earliest and cheeriest episode of their wonderful career.

Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,
 Wher as this markis shope|| his mariage,
 Ther stood a thorpe,¶ of sighte delitable,
 In which that poure folk of that village
 Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,**
 And of hir labour take hir sustenance,
 After that the erthe yave hem habundance.

Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man,
 Which that was holden pourest of hem all;
 But highe God sometime senden can

*Duck.

†Shout.

‡Prayer.

§Precious command.

|| Prepared.

¶Village.

** Dwelling.

His grace unto a litel oxes stall:
 Janicola men of that thorpe* him call.
 A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,
 And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
 Than was she on the fairest under sonne:
 Ful pourely yfostred up was she:
 No likerous† lust was in hire herte yronne;‡
 Well offer of the well than of the tonne§
 She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plese,
 She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.

But though this mayden tendre were of age,
 Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
 Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage:
 And in gret reverence and charitee
 Hire olde poure fader fostred she:
 A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept,
 She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homward came, she wolde bring
 Wortes|| and other herbes times oft,
 The which she shred and sethe for hire living,
 And made hire bed ful hard, and nothing soft:
 And ay she kept hire fadres lif on loft¶
 With every obeisance and diligence,
 That child may don to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,
 Ful often sithe this Markis sette his eye,
 As he on hunting rode paraventure:
 And whan it fell that he might hire espie,
 He not with wanton loking of folie
 His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise
 Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise,

Commending in his herte hire womanhede,
 And eke hire vertue, passing any wight
 Of so yong age, as wel in chere** as dede.
 For though the peple have no gret insight
 In vertue, he considered ful right
 Hire bountee,†† and disposed that he wold
 Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can
 Tellen what woman that it shulde be,
 For which mervaille‡‡ wondred many a man,

* Village.

† Gluttonous.

‡ Grown.

§ A vessel for liquor.

|| Cabbages.

¶ Kept up her father's life.

** Countenance.

†† Goodness.

‡‡ Marvel.

And saiden, whan they were in privetee,
 Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?
 Wol he not wedde? alas, alas the while!
 Why wol he thus himself and us begile?

But natheles* this Markis hath do make†
 Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,
 Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake,
 And of hire clothing toke he the mesure
 Of a maiden liké unto hire stature,
 And eke of other ornamentes all,
 That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall.

The time of underne‡ of the same day
 Approacheth, that this wedding shulde be,
 And all the paleis put was in array,
 Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,
 Houses of office stuffed with plentee
 Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille,§
 That may be found, as fer as lasteth Itaille.

This real|| Markis richely arraide,
 Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,
 The which unto the feste weren praide,¶
 And of his retenue the bachelerie,
 With many a soun of sondry melodie,
 Unto the village, of the which I told,
 In this array the righte way they hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent,
 That for hire shapen was all this array,
 To fetchen water at a welle is went,
 And cometh home as sone as ever she may.
 For wel she had herd say, that thilke day
 The Markis shulde wedde, and, if she might,
 She wolde fayn han seen som of that sight.

She thought, I wol with other maidens stond,**
 That ben my felawes,†† in our dore, and see
 The markisesse, and therto wol I fond‡‡
 To don at home, as sone as it may be,
 The labour which that longeth unto me,
 And than I may at leiser hire behold,
 If she this way unto the castel hold.

And as she wolde over the threswold§§ gon,
 The Markis came and gan hire for to call,
 And she set down hire water-pot anon

* Nevertheless.

§ Dainty victuals.

†† Companions.

† Caused to be made.

|| Royal. ¶ Invited.

‡‡ Contrive.

‡ Nine o'clock.

** Stand.

§§ Threshold.

Beside the threswold* in an oxes stall,
 And down upon hire knees she gan to fall,
 And with sad countenance kneleth still,
 Til she had herd what was the lordes will.

This thoughtful Markis spake unto this maid
 Ful soberly, and said in this manere:
 Wher is your fader, Grisildis? he said.
 And she with reverence in humble chere
 Answered, lord, he is al redy here.
 And in she goth withouten lenger lette,†
 And to the Markis she hire fader fette.‡

He by the hond than toke this poure man,
 And saide thus, whan he him had aside:
 Janicola, I neither may ne can
 Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,
 If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,
 Thy doughter wol I take, or that I wend,
 As for my wif, unto hire lives end.

Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,
 And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
 And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain
 It liketh thee, and specially therfore
 Tell me that point, that I have said before,
 If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
 To taken me as for thy son in lawe.

This soden cas§ this man astoned so,
 That red he wex, abaist,|| and al quaking
 He stood, unnethes¶ said he wordes mo,
 But only thus: Lord, quod he, my willing
 Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking
 I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,
 Right as you list, governeth this matere.

Than wol I, quod this Markis softly,
 That in thy chambre, I, and thou, and she,
 Have a collation. and wost thou why?
 For I wol ask hire, if it hire wille be
 To be my wif, and reule hire after me:
 And all this shal be don in thy presence,
 I wol not speke out of thin audience.

And in the chambre, while they were aboute
 The trettee, which as ye shul after here,
 The peple came into the hous withoute,

* Threshold.

§ Sudden case.

† Longer delay.

|| Abashed.

‡ Fetched.

¶ Scarcely.

And wondred hem, in how honest manere
 Ententify* she kept hire fader dere:
 But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
 For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.

No wonder is though that she be astoned,
 To see so gret a gest come in that place,
 She never was to non swiche gestes woned,†
 For which she loked with ful pale face.
 But shortly forth this matere for to chace,
 Thise arn the wordes that the Markis said
 To this benigne, veray,‡ faithful maid.

Grisilde, he said, ye shuln wel understand,
 It liketh to your fader and to me,
 That I you wedde, and eke it may so stond
 As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:
 But thise demaundes aske I first (quod he)
 That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,
 Wol ye assent, or elles? you avise?

I say, this, be ye redy with good herte
 To all my lust,|| and that I freely may
 As me best thinketh do¶ you laugh or smerte,
 And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,
 And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,
 Neither by word, ne frowning countenance?
 Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
 She saide; Lord, indigne and unworthy
 Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,**
 But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
 And here I swere, that never willingly
 In werk, ne thought, I n'ill you disobeie
 For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he.
 And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,
 Out at the dore, and after than came she,
 And to the peple he said in this manere:
 This is my wif, quod he, that stondeth here.
 Honoureth hire, and loveth hire, I pray,
 Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more to say.

And for†† that nothing of hire olde gere
 She shulde bring into his hous, he bad

* Intently.

‡ Else will you consider it.

** Offer.

† Accustomed.

¶ Pleasure.

†† In order that.

‡ True.

¶ Cause.

That women shuld despoilen hire right there;
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad
To handle hire clothes wherein she was clad:
But natheles this maiden bright of hew
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.

Hire heres han they kempt,* that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smal
A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,
And sette hire ful of nouches† gret and smal:
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?
Unneth‡ the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse,
Whan she transmewed§ was in swiche richesse.

This Markis hath hire spoused with a ring
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette
Upon an hors snow-white, and wel ambling,
And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,||
(With joyful peple, that hire lad and mette¶)
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I say, that to this newe markisesse
God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,
That it ne semeth not by likelinessse
That she was borne and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,
But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dere,
And worshipful, that folk ther** she was bore,
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,
Unnethes‡ trowed†† they, but dorst han swore,
That to Janicle, of which I spake before,
She doughter n'as,‡‡ for as by conjecture
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that ever vertuous was she,
She was encreased in swiche excellence
Of thewes§§ good, yset in high bountee,
And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrace,
That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.

* Combed.

† Ornaments of dress.

‡ Scarcely.

§ Changed.

|| Ere he longer delayed.

¶ Led and met her.

** Where.

†† Believed.

‡‡ Was not.

§§ Manners or qualities.

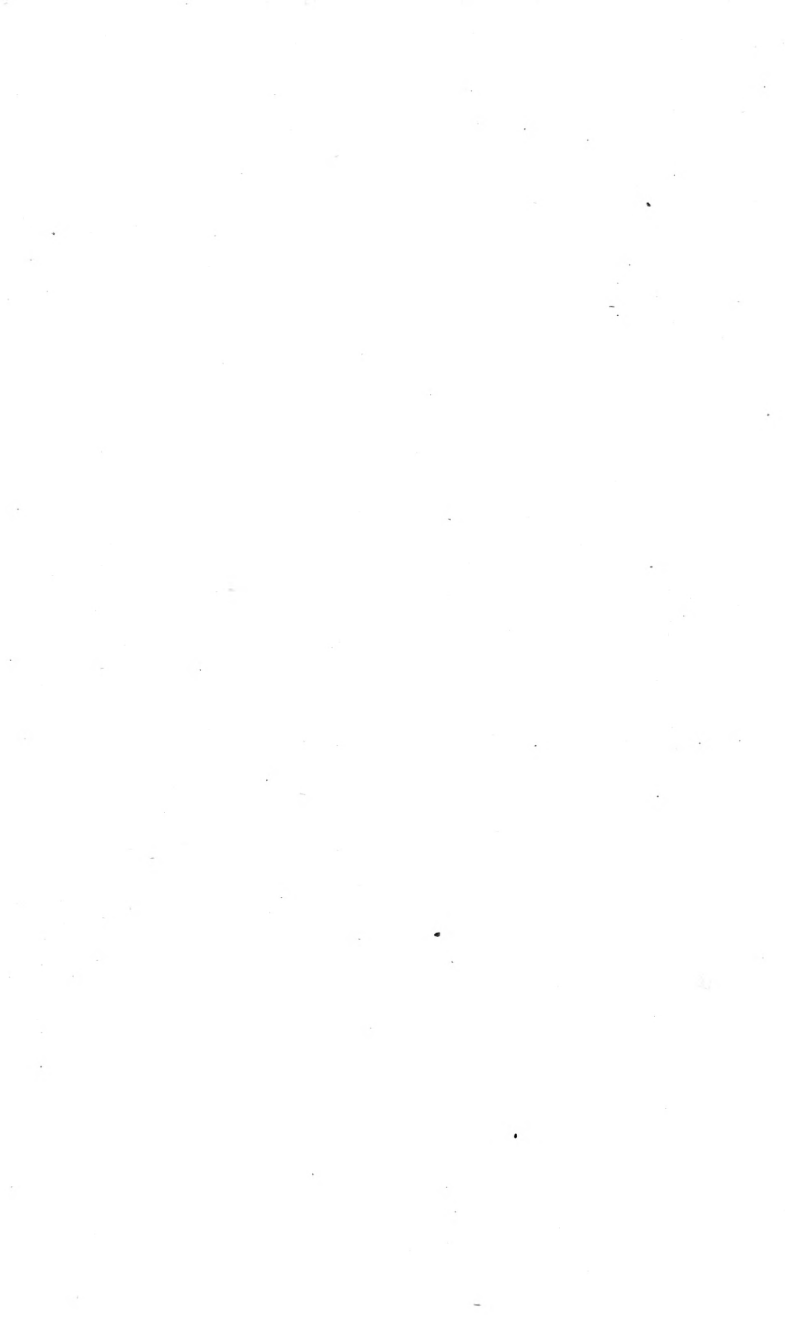
Not only this Grisildis thurgh hire wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homlinesse,
But eke whan that the cas required it,
The comune profit coude she redresse:
Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse
In all the lond, that she ne coude appese,
And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese.

Though that hire husbond absent were or no,
If gentilmen, or other of that contree
Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,*
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And jugement of so gret exquisite,
That she from heven sent was, as men wend,†
Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.

Chaucer's genius was one of most comprehensive mold, Shakespeare's alone surpassing it in this respect. And like the latter's, too, it was admirably balanced. Humor, pathos, and sound sense entered into his every creation, and these blended their various colors with singularly harmonious effects. He was emphatically a poet of Nature—a poetical Antaeos, whose safety and strength lay in keeping close to the bosom of his mother Earth. The dewy freshness of the grass, the multiplex dyes of flowers and their fragrant breaths, the melodious warblings of birds, the pleasing turmoil of running waters, and the play and chase of sky-tints salute us anew, and most charmingly, as we turn his pages. And through all what a vigorous, agile, lusty spirit do we espy, pursuing every beautiful thing, and yearning to embrace within its generous arms the physical universe and every sentient creature!

* Would bring them at one, *i. e.* reconcile them.

† Ween'd or supposed.



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